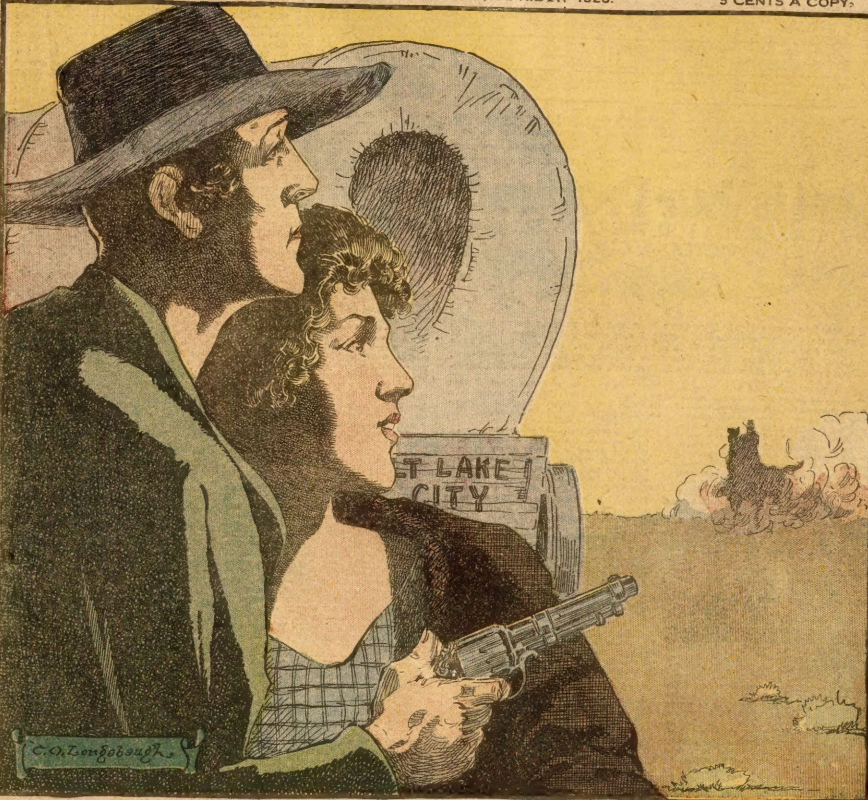
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. LI. NO. 16. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1923. 5 CENTS A COPY.



ANNOUNCEMENT—To the many thousands of Ledger readers who enjoyed that super-fascinating story "Riders of the Purple Sage", the Ledger announces with pleasure the beginning in this isssue of a new narrative full of the atmosphere of those days of the Old West, of hard-riding, quick-shooting gunmen of chap and spur, of the burning sands of the Utah desert, and of the Mormons themselves with their strange customs and still stranger recruits. This story, "Desert Dust", by Edwin L. Sabin, is more fascinating and more colorful, in the opinion of the editors, than was even "Riders of the Purple Sage." You can begin it in this number, with the first chapter, and be with it as its plot unfolds.

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1923, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

VOL. LI APRIL 21, 1923. NO. 16.

Entered as second-class matter June 24, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

500-514 North Dearborn Street.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $2.00 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for six months, three months 50 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

Single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $3.00 each Agate Line; for Classified, 35 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

All rights in stories purchased by the Ledger revert to the author following their publication by us. All persons are warned against reprinting them without first obtaining the consent of the author.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editors of the Ledger do not consider handwritten manuscripts. They purchase jokes, drawings and poems only by special arrangement with professional writers and artists. It is assumed by the Editors that manuscripts unaccompanied by stamped addressed envelope are not desired returned by their writers.

No articles are purchased; only fiction in all lengths. Payment is made on acceptance.

What is Your Problem?

CONDUCTED FOR THE LEDGER

by VICTORIA GREY

A word to you all! Letters have been and are raining in so heavily, that it now takes several months before I can even get to open them. If your letter has not been answered, do not lose patience. All will be attended to in time. Fifty to a hundred letters come in every week, yet, as you know, less than ten may be answered in the Ledger each week. So do not lose heart.

DEAR MISS GREY—I hail from a town of great writers; the home of the famous Robert Quillen—Fountain Inn. I wish you would please give me a little advice. I am a boy fourteen years old. My greatest ambition is to be a writer also. I have already written a collection of poems, several in number. Would you please tell me whether I am too young to write regularly or not for a magazine or newspaper? I am in the ninth grade at the Fountain Inn High school. I like to write poetry so well that I am afraid I oftentimes neglect my lessons too much, tho I never make below .75 on any of them. Below is one verse from my latest poem:

Ghostlike shadows fleet
Where yesterday the sun has shone;
But now there lays a thick white sheet
Over the sandy loam. R. P.

For a lad fourteen you are doing splendidly. Of course you are not nearly ready as yet—how could you be?—to contribute regularly to magazines or anything like that. Before that happens you will have to have written yourself out of all poetic expressions you have ever read and form striking phrases and draw comparisons that have never been draws before. You will, therefore, have to make unusual effects in rhythm, effects that no poet has ever produced yet. But go to it; you have started in early enough to grow and develop in poetic expression. There is about no money in the game, but most poets write poetry as a side line and earn their livings by some other occupation. Just pay more attention to your grammar lessons. You mustn't say "there lays a thick, white sheet," but "there lies a thick white sheet." Pay attention to the number of "feet" in the line and the kind of feet you use. Another thing: A verse is a line and not a stanza. There is a popular misconception about this word.

To know how good a cigarette really can be made you must try a—
LUCKY STRIKE
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"

Dear Miss Grey—If you were playing the piano and one of the girls walked away and sat down on a bench and let the boys sit down beside her and hug her, and she only thirteen years of age—IS IT POLITE? BLUE EYES.

It was very impolite of these young people and very tactless. I should not play for them again.

Dear Miss Grey—I have been going with a girl and I have learned to love her and she loves me. She is a Catholic and I, not at present, at least. But I would become one for her. We were engaged for a month when her mother stopped her from going with or speaking to me. If you will, answer this personally. A hopeful friend. H. O.

Have a talk with the mother and tell her you are willing to become a Catholic. Catholic or Protestant, it is the gospel of Christ that we adhere to, after all, is probably the way you figure it.

Dear Miss Grey—I would like to have a nice, up-to-date bedroom, but as I never go anywhere where I can see nice ones, I don't know just how to fix mine. What is a "sham sheet?" Is it a bedspread, and with it does one need a bolster sham?

I am very thin, but have no appetite, altho I have plenty of milk, eggs and butter. What can I do for it? Yours, truly,

IGNORANT MRS.

Four-poster twin beds of brown—not red—mahogany or else the single full-sized bed with the four high posts is stylish. Also, the bed with a footboard that rounds around to the side a few inches, thus holding in the corners, and made of Circassian walnut or crotch mahogany is very new. The white enameled bedroom furniture also continues to be fashionable if one cares for it. The other bedroom furniture should match the bed or beds and should consist of a chiffoniere or chifferobe for your husband, and a dressing-table or dresser, or both, for yourself, a bed-table between the twin beds or at one side of the single bed, with a silk-shaded lamp upon it, a bedroom rocker and straight chair. The spread and bolster cover should carry out the color scheme of the window drapes and lambrikin or valance. A lace curtain that may be rolled up as a shade is also in fashion, for when one opens the window at night the curtain otherwise interferes with the air and gets soiled and worn out by constant blowing.

I know of a very thin woman in New York who went on a milk diet for over two weeks and started in to eat again very slowly, the first day by taking just orange juice. It gave her system a rest and she filled out beautifully after that. Of course only a physician would be allowed to actually prescribe for you, but I am just telling you what one woman did under her doctor's prescription. She went to bed while she did it so as not to tax her strength.

Dear Miss Grey—I come to you for advice on a matter which is very important to me, and hope you will be kind enough to answer my questions in the Chicago Ledger. I am a young man of nineteen years and am in love with my first cousin, who is of the same age. We have decided to get married when we are a little older, if such a marriage is possible. We have known each other since childhood, and therefore know that we are suited for each other in every respect. Is a marriage of this nature prohibited by the laws of this State? I have heard say that we may have no children if we marry, or, if we have any, they will be deformed or sickly. Is this true? I might say we are both in good health.

I am anxiously awaiting your reply in the Ledger, and wish to thank you sincerely for your trouble.

SNOOKUMS.

If there is no family defect of health, physical or nervous, your marriage, the authorities now agree, will be all right. You two may be healthy yourselves, but there may be, say, consumption or cancer or a nervous instability in the family which makes you cousins. If so, your children would have double the chance of inheriting it—couldn't very plausibly escape it, in fact. But if the family is bright, your child may be even more bright. Emerson was the son of first cousins. I have not heard that the laws of your State forbid such a marriage.

ETHEL I H'TLER—I'm suspicious, I am! Do it again.

Dear Miss Grey—If a woman with a year-and-a-half-old baby went to the city of either Battle Creek, New York, Detroit or Cleveland with very little money, what work could she get that would support her? She has not a good education. Is there any place where she could have her baby during working hours? Thank you very much, as you will be helping a nearly distracted woman. Yours, sincerely, E. W. C.

Cannot say how sorry I am I did not get to this sooner. There are "Day Nurseries" where, for very few cents a day, her baby will be cared for scientifically. The woman would take her baby there on her way to work and call for it in the evening any time. Work is more plentiful in Detroit just now, I believe. Salary is better, also.

ONLY A CHILD—My dear! Your letter puzzles me. Well, first question: If the boys are under fourteen years old the law will compel your parents to send them to school. Second, a new violin costs about twenty-five dollars. A grand old instrument costs sometimes five thousand, and there are all sorts of prices between. He would not need other than a musical training to play in an orchestra. But, my little dear, your letter worries me. What a wonderful little girl you are! Don't you want to write me again?

MARY F. and ERMALD E.—Am still waiting for Lonesome to send address and name.

Dear Miss Grey—I am a boy of eighteen years and am working steadily and have very little time off. For a boy of my age, I have an extra large nose. Is there any way in the world for a fellow to have it reduced? It is a little crooked also.

J. C.

The only way is to have a facial surgeon perform an operation upon your nose. He alone can make it smaller and straight and leave no scar. Be sure he is highly recommended also.

Dear Miss Grey—I am only eighteen years old and have been married three years. My husband is ten years older than I. I was not married long when I came to realize I did not love him, and now I am quite sure I don't; and living with a man one doesn't love is no joke.

He is awfully good to me. But he always treats me as tho I were a kid, and, to cap the climax, Miss Grey, the man I should have married and the man I really do love has come into my life too late. He loves me, too, and wants me to tell my husband and get a divorce and marry him. But every time I try to tell my husband about it he just laughs or kisses me or says, "Your nerves are unstrung, dear," or "You've been working too hard," or "Lie down and take a good rest and you will feel better," and uses me just like a baby. Well, I just can't stand it any longer. I just dread for him to come home at night. I could just scream every time he touches me or speaks to me. I think I would go crazy if it weren't for our baby girl. She is two years old and just as dear as she can be. She is the main reason I have not acted long ago. I can bring myself to take her away from her daddy, for he loves her so. And I couldn't give her up, either. But must I go on living in misery and unhappiness just for her sake? Tell me, truly, Miss Grey, what you would do if you were in my place?

Thanking you in advance for your precious time and trouble, I remain,

SORELY PERPLEXED.

I am glad you asked me what I would do. I would ask his permission to slap his face, just once, good and hard. Then I'd do it. And then, as he winced, I'd have such a pang of pity in my heart for him that it would be no trouble at all to have a protecting love at least for him. Yes, I think that would do you good.

If you don't feel pity, however, when you hurt him, then I am afraid you really do not love him. It is such a pity, oh, such a pity, if this is not the case. He is a man in a thousand. I am warning you, my dear, you have one of the few, few good husbands.

I think you really could love him, but that it's a case of too much being babied and never having any of the babying to do. Most wives have to do all the spoiling and catering and babying of their husbands and very seldom does one find a man with a point of view so generous as that of your husband's. I'll not say try to love him for your baby's sake but for your own well-being and out of pity for this super-man. Let me hear from you.

* * *

To Find the Bird's Nest.

BY H. IRVING KING.

THE vitality with which the ancient, primitive idea with regard to the magic potency of spital is still endured is shown by the fact that in Miss Bergen's "Animal and Plant Lore" she cites no less than sixty-five different superstitions now current in the United States regarding the saliva—and these are only a few which she has happened to run across; there are a great many more which might be added to the list.

A mode of divination by saliva—not a very cleanly one, but one very common among children everywhere—is for boys when they go out birds nesting to spit in the palm of the hand and then saying: ing:

"Spitter, spatter, spat!,
Tell me where's the bird's nest's at,"

strike the palm of the left hand with the right forefinger. The direction in which the saliva flies will show the direction of the bird's nest. Probably no male reader of this but has performed this piece of primitive magic in his childhood. And, changing the rhyme to suit the case, children everywhere are accustomed to go thru a like operation to discover the direction of any lost or hidden article.

This rather unsanitary and uncleanly mode of divination is a survival, changed but little if at all, of one practiced by the ancients and resting upon the idea of primitive man with regard to the qualities of the human saliva which was supposed not only to partake strongly of the individuality of the man himself, but also to contain some inherent magical quality.

Why primitive man conceived this magical quality to have existed in saliva is a matter of speculation. But it was so conceived and the belief in it was strong among the wise men and scholars of the classic period; as is today among those who have faith in the superstitions of folk lore. Pliny, the great Roman naturalist, the first scientist of his day, had no doubts on the subject and wrote much and eruditely concerning it.

* * *

Greatest Snowfall Known.

THE greatest snowfall known in the United States occurs in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountain ranges in the Pacific Coast States, where at some places from thirty or more than forty feet of snow fall during the winter season. At Summit, Cal. (elevation about 7,000 feet), nearly sixty feet of snow have been recorded in a single season and about twenty-five feet in a single month.

In the Rock Mountains snowfall is not so heavy as in the Sierra Nevada and Cascades, but the amounts at some of the higher elevations reach 200 or 300 inches annually.

* * *

New Foreman Takes Hold.

A NEW foreman took charge of the shop this particular morning, and many of the men had not as yet met him. About the middle of the forenoon he was making a tour of the buildings to familiarize himself with the layout, when on passing a small inclosure he saw two workmen inside who were sitting down smoking. Before he had the opportunity to speak one of the men said: "Hello, what are you doing, stranger?"

"I'm Dodgen, the new foreman," was the reply.

"So are we, come in and have a smoke."

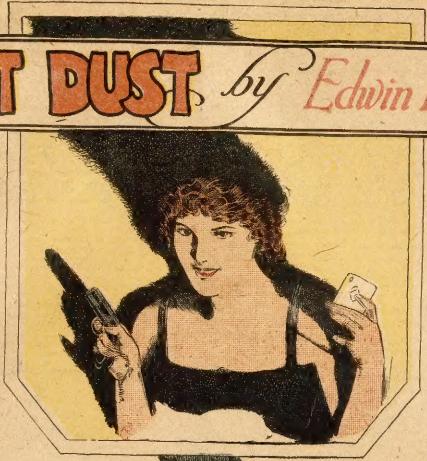
* * *

GOODYEAR RAINCOAT FREE

Goodyear Mfg. Co., 3114-R Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is making an offer to send a handsome raincoat free to one person in each locality who will show and recommend it to friends. If you want one, write today.—Adv.

DESERT DUST

by Edwin L. Sabin



IN THE estimate of the affable brakeman (a gentleman wearing sky-blue army pantaloons tucked into cowhide boots, half-buttoned vest, flannel shirt open at the throat, and upon his red hair a flaring-brimmed black slouch hat) we were making a fair average of twenty miles an hour across the greatest country on earth. It was a flat country of far horizons, and for vast stretches peopled mainly, as one might judge from the car windows, by antelope and the equally curious rodents styled prairie dogs.

Yet despite the novelty of such a ride into that unknown new West now being spanned at giant's strides by the miracluous Pacific Railway, behold me, surfeited with already five days' steady travel, engrossed chiefly in observing a clear, dainty profile and waiting for the glimpses, time to time, of a pair of exquisite blue eyes.

Merely to indulge myself in feminine beauty, however, I need not have undertaken the expense and fatigue of journeying from Albany on the Hudson out to Omaha on the plains side of the Missouri River; thence by the Union Pacific Railroad of the new transcontinental line into the Indian country. There were handsome women aplenty in the East; and of access, also, to a youth of family and parts. I had pictures of the same in my social register. A man does not attain to 25 years without having accomplished a few pages of the heart book. Nevertheless all such pages were—or had seemed to be—wholly retrospective now, for here I was, advised by the physicians to "go West," meaning by this not simply the one-time West of Ohio, or Illinois, or even Iowa, but the remote and genuine West lying beyond the Missouri.

Whereupon, out of desperation that flung the gauntlet down to hope I had taken the bull by the horns in earnest. West should be full dose, at the utmost procurable by modern conveyance.

The Union Pacific announcements acclaimed that this summer of 1868 the rails should cross the Black Hills Mountains of Wyoming to another range of the Rocky Mountains, in Utah; and that by the end of the year one might ride comfortably clear to Salt Lake City. Certainly this was "going West" with a vengeance; but as appeared to me—and to my father and mother and the physcians—somewhere in the expanse of brand new western country, the plains and mountains, I would find at least the breath of life.

When I arrived in Omaha the ticket agent was enabled to sell me transportation away to the town of Benton, Wyoming Territory itself, six hundred and ninety miles (he said) west of the Missouri.

Of Benton I had never heard. It was upon no public maps, as yet. But in round figures, seven hundred miles! Practically the distance from Albany to Cincinnati, and itself from Albany over two thousand miles! All by rail.

Benton was, he explained, the present end of passenger service, this August. In another month—and he laughed.

"Fact is, while you're standing here," he alleged, "I may get orders any moment to sell a longer ticket. The Casements are laying two to three miles of track a day, seven days in the week, and stepping right on the heels of the graders. Last April we were selling only to Cheyenne, rising of five hundred miles. Then in May we began to sell to Laramie, five hundred and seventy-six miles. Last of July we began selling to Benton, a hundred and twenty miles farther. Track's now probably fifty or more miles west of Benton and there's liable to be another passenger terminus tomorrow. So it might pay you to wait."

"No," I said. "Thank you, but I'll try Benton. I can go on from there as I think best. Could you recommend local accommodations?"

He stared thru the bars of the little window behind which lay a six-chambered revolver.

"Could I do what, sir?"

"Recommend a hotel, at Benton where I'm going. There is a hotel, I suppose?"

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed testily. "In a city of three thousand people? A hotel? A dozen of 'em, but I don't know their names. What do you expect to find in Benton? You're from the East, I take it. Going out on spec', or pleasure, or health?"

"I have been advised to try western air for a change," I answered. "I am looking for some place that is high, and dry."

"Consumption, eh?" he shrewdly remarked. "High and dry; that's it. Oh, yes; you'll find Benton high enough, and toler'bly dry. You bet! And nobobdy dies natural, at Benton, they say. Here's your ticket. Thank you. And the change. Next, please."

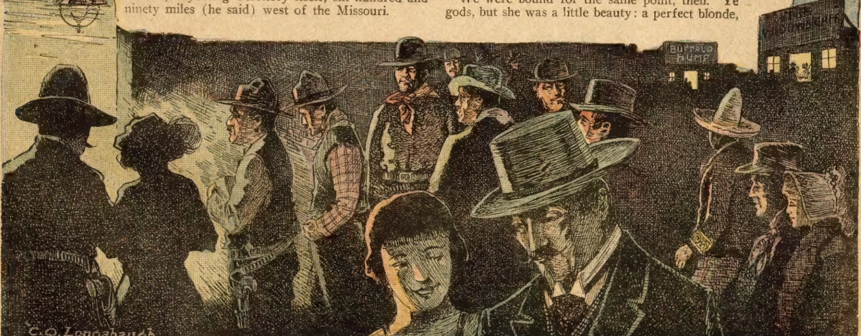
It did not take me long to gather the change remaining from seventy dollars greenbacks swapped for six hundred and ninety miles of travel at ten cents a mile. I hastily stepped aside. A subtle fragrance and a rustle warned me that I was obstructing a representative of the fair sex. So did the smirk and smile of the ticket agent.

"Your pardon, madam," I proffered, lifting my hat—agreeably dazzled while thus performing.

She acknowledged the tribute with a faint blush. While pocketing my change and stowing away my ticket I had opportunity to survey her further.

"Benton," she said briefly, to the agent.

We were bound for the same point, then. Ye gods, but she was a little beauty: a perfect blonde,



of the petite and fully formed type, with regular features inclined to the clean-cut Grecian, a piquant mouth deliciously bowed, two eyes of the deepest blue veiled by long lashes, and a mass of glinting golden hair upon which perched a ravishing little bonnet. The natural ensemble was enhanced by her costume, all of black, from the closely fitting bodice to the rustling crinoline beneath which there peeped out tiny shoes. I had opportunity also to note the jet pendant in the shelly ear toward me, and the flashing rings upon the fingers of her hands, ungloved in order to sort out the money from her reticule.

Sooth to say, I might not stand there gawking. Once, by a demure sideways glance, she betrayed knowledge of my presence. Her own transaction was all matter-of-fact, as if engaging passage to Benton of Wyoming Territory contained no novelty for her. Could she by any chance live there—a woman dressed as she was, as much ala mode as if she walked Broadway in New York? Omaha itself had astonished me with the display upon its streets; and now if Benton, far out in the wilderness, should prove another surprise——! Indeed, the western world was not so raw, after all. Strange to say, as soon as one crossed the Missouri River one began to sense romance, and to discover it.

As seemed to me, the ticket agent would have detained her, in defiance of the waiting line; but she finished her business shortly, with shorter replies to his idle remarks; and I turned away under pretense of examining some placards upon the wall advertising "Platte Valley lands" for sale. I had curiosity see which way she wended. Then as she tripped for the door, casting eyes never right nor left, and still fumbling at her reticule, a coin slipped from her fingers and rolled, by good fortune, across the floor.

I was after it instantly; caught it, and with best bow presented it.

"Permit me, madam."

She took it.

"Thank you, sir."

For a moment she paused to restore it to its company; and I grasped the occasion.

"I beg your pardon. You are going to Benton, of Wyoming Territory?"

Her eyes met mine so completely as well-nigh to daze me with their glory. There was a quizzical uplift in her frank, arch smile.

"I am, sir. To Benton City, of Wyoming Territory."

"You are acquainted there?" I ventured.

"Yes, sir. I am acquainted there. And you are from Benton?"

"Oh, no," I assured. "I am from New York State." As if anybody might not have known. "But I have just purchased my ticket to Benton, and——" I stammered, "I have made bold to wonder if you would not have the goodness to tell me something of the place—as to accommodations, and all that. You don't by any chance happen to live there, do you?"

"And why not, sir, may I ask?" she challenged.

I floundered before her query direct, and her bewildering eyes and lips—all tantalizing.

"I didn't know—I had no idea—Wyoming Territory has been mentioned in the newspapers as largely Indian country——"

"At Benton we are only six days behind New York fashions," she smiled. "You have not been out over the railroad, then, I suspect. Not to North Platte? Nor to Cheyenne?"

"I have never been west of Cincinnati before."

"You have surely been reading of the railroad? The Pacific Railway between the East and California?"

"Yes, indeed. In fact, a friend of mine, named Stephen Clark, nephew of the Honorable Thurlow Weed formerly of Albany, was killed a year ago by your Indians while surveying west of the Black Hills. And of course there have been accounts in the New York papers."

"You are not on survey service? Or possibly, yes?"

"No, madam."

"A pleasure trip to end of track?"

SHE evidently was curious, but I was getting accustomed to questions into private matters. That was the universal license, out here.

"The pleasure of finding health," I laughed. "I have been advised to seek a location high and dry."

"Oh!" She dimpled adorably. "I congratulate you on your choice. You will make no mistake, then, in trying Benton. I can promise you that it is high and reasonably dry. And as for accommodations—so far as I have heard anybody is accommodated there with whatever he may wish." She darted a glance at me; stepped aside as if to leave.

"I am to understand that it is a city?" I pleaded.

"Benton? Why, certainly. All the world is flowing to Benton. We gained three thousand people in two weeks—much to the sorrow of poor old Cheyenne and Laramie. No doubt there are five thousand people there now, and all busy. Yes, a young man will find his opportunities in Benton. I think your choice will please you. Money is plentiful, and so are the chances to spend it." She bestowed upon me another sparkling glance. "And since we are both going to Benton I will say 'Au revoir,' sir." She left me quivering.

"You do live there?" I besought, after; and received a nod of the golden head as she entered the sacred Ladies' Waiting Room.

Until the train should be made up I might only stroll, restless and strangely buoyed, with that vision of an entrancing fellow traveler filling my eyes. Summoned in due time by the clamor "Passengers for the Pacific Railway! All aboard, going west on the Union Pacific!" here amidst the platform hurly-burly of men, women, children and bundles I had the satisfaction to sight the black-clad figure of My Lady of the Blue Eyes; hastening, like the rest, but not unattended—for a brakeman bore her valise and the conductor her parasol. The scurrying crowd gallantly parted before her. It as promptly closed upon her wake; try as I might I was utterly unable to keep in her course.

Obviously, the train was to be well occupied. Carried on willy-nilly I mounted the first steps at hand; elbowed on down the aisle until I managed to squirm aside into a vacant seat. The remaining half was at once effectually filled by a large, stout, red-faced woman who formed the base of a pyramid of boxes and parcels.

My neighbor, who blocked all egress, was going to North Platte, three hundred miles westward, I speedily found out. And she almost as speedily learned that I was going to Benton.

She stared, round-eyed.

"I reckon you're a gambler, young man," she accused.

"No, madam. Do I look like a gambler?"

"You can't tell by looks, young man," she asserted, still suspicious. "Maybe you're on spec', then, in some other way."

"I am seeking health in the West, is all, where the climate is high and dry."

"My Gawd!" she blurted. "High and dry! You're goin' to the right place. For all I hear tell, Benton is high enough and dry enough. Are your eye-teeth peeled, young man?"

"My eye-teeth?" I repeated. "I hope so, madam. Are eye-teeth necessary in Benton?"

"Peeled, and with hair on 'em, young man," she assured. "I guess you're a pilgrim, ain't you? I see a leetle green in your eye. No, you ain't a tin-horn. You're some mother's boy, jest gettin' away from the trough. My sakes! Sick, too, eh? Weak lungs, ain't it? Now you tell me: Why you goin' to Benton?"

There was an inviting kindness in her query. Plainly she had a good heart, large in proportion with her other bulk.

"It's the farthest point west that I can reach by railroad, and everybody I have talked with has recommended it as high and dry."

"So it is," she nodded; and chuckled fatly. "But laws sakes, you don't need to go that fur. You can as well stop off at North Platte, or Sidney or Cheyenne. They'll sculp you sure at Benton, unless you watch out mighty sharp."

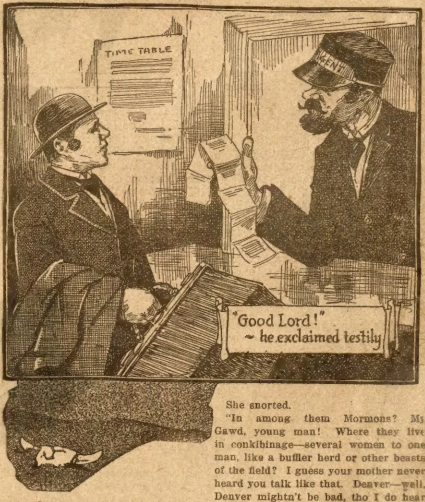
"How so, may I ask?"

"You're certainly green," she apprised. "Benton's roarin'—and I know what that means. Didn't North Platte roar? I seen it a its beginnin's. My old man and me, we were there from the fust, when it started in as a railroad terminal. My sakes, but them were times! What with the gamblin' and the shootin' and the drinkin' and the high-cockalorums night and day, 'twasn't no place for innocence. Easy come, easy go, that was the word. I don't say but what times were good, tho. My old man contracted Government freight, and I run an eatin' house for the railroaders, so we made money. Then when the railroad moved terminus, the wust of the crowd moved, too, and us others who stayed turned North Platte into a strictly moral town. But land sakes! North Platte in its roarin' days wasn't no place for a young man like you. Neither was Julesburg, or Sidney, or Cheyenne, when they was terminuses. And I hear tell Benton is wuss'n all roll into one. Young man, now listen: You stop off at North Platte, Nebrasky. It's healthy and it's moral, and it's goin' to make Omyha look like a shinplaster. I'll watch after you. Maybe I can get you a job in my man's store. You've j'ined some church, I reckon? Now if you're a Baptist——?"

But since I had crossed the Missouri something had entered into my blood which rendered me obstinate against such allurements. For her North Platte, "strictly moral," and the guardianship of her broad motherly wing I had no ardent feeling. I was set upon Benton; foolishly, fatuously set. And in after days—soon to arrive—I bitterly regretted that I had not yielded to her wholesome, honest counsel.

Nevertheless this was true, at present:

"But I have already purchased my ticket to Benton," I objected. "I understand that I shall find the proper climate there, and suitable accommodations. And if I don't like it I can move elsewhere. Possibly to Salt Lake City,



"Good Lord!" ~ he exclaimed testily

She snorted.

"In among them Mormons? My Gawd, young man! Where they live in conkibinage—several women to one man, like a buffler herd or other beasts of the field? I guess your mother never heard you talk like that. Denver—well, Denver mightn't be bad, tho I do hear tell that folks nigh starve to death there, what with the Injuns and the snow. Denver ain't on no railroad, either. If you want health, and to grow up with a strictly moral community, you throw in with North Platte of Nebrasky, the great and growin' city of the plains. I reckon you've heard of North Platte, even where you come from. You take my word for it, and exchange your ticket."

It struck me here that the good woman might not be unbiased in her fondness for North Platte. To extol the present and future of these western towns seemed a fixed habit. During my brief stay in Omaha—yes, on the way across Illinois and Iowa from Chicago, I had encountered this peculiar trait. Iowa was rife with aspiring if embryonic metropolises. Now in Nebraska Columbus was destined to be the new national capital and the center of population for the United States; Fremont was lauded as one of the great railroad junctions of the world; and North Platte, three hundred miles out into the plains, was proclaimed as the rival of Omaha, and "strictly moral."

"I thank you," I replied. "But since I've started for Benton I think I'll go on. And if I don't like it or it doesn't agree with me you may see me in North Placte after all."

She grunted.

"You can find me at the Bon Ton restaurant. If you get in broke, I'll take care of you."

With that she settled herself comfortably. In remarkably short order she was asleep and snoring.

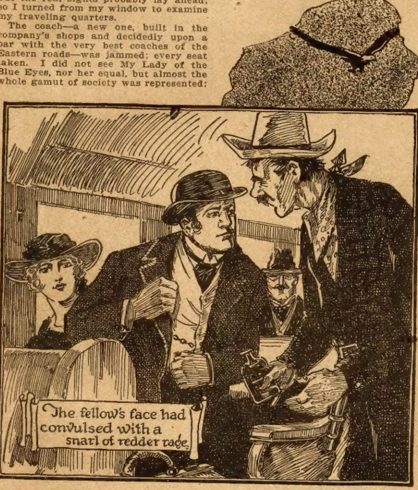
CHAPTER II.

TO BETTER ACQUAINTANCE.

THE train had started amidst clangor of bell and the shouts of good-by and good-luck from the crowd upon the station platform. We had rolled out thru train yards occupied to the fullest by car shops, roundhouse, piled-up freight depot, stacks of ties and iron, and tracks covered with freight cars loaded high to rails, ties, baled hay, all manner and means of supplies designed, I imagined, for the building operations far in the West.

Soon we had left this busy train town behind, and were entering the open country. The landscape was pleasing, but the real sights probably lay ahead; so I turned from my window to examine my traveling quarters.

The coach—a new one, built in the company's shops and decidedly upon a par with the very best coaches of the Eastern roads—was jammed; every seat taken. I did not see My Lady of the Blue Eyes, nor her equal, but almost the whole gamut of society was represented: Farmers, merchants, a few soldiers, plainsmen in boots and flannel shirt-sleeves and long hair and large hats, with revolvers hanging from the racks above them or from the seat ends; one or two white-faced gentry in broadcloth and patent-leather shoes—who I fancied might be gamblers such as now and then plied their trade upon the Hudson River boats; two Indians in blankets; Eastern tourists, akin to myself; women and children of country type; and so forth. What chifly caught my eye were the carbines racked against the ends of the coach, for protection in case of Indians or highwaymen, no doubt. I observed bottles being passed from hand to hand, ant tilted en route. The amount and frequency of the whisky consumption in this country were astonishing.



The fellow's face had convulsed with a snarl of redder rage.

My friend snored peacefully. Near noon we halted for dinner at the town of Fremont, some fifty miles out. She awakened at the general stir, and when I squeezed by her she immediately fished for a pactket of lunch. We had thirty minutes at Fremont—ample time in which to discuss a very excellent meal of antelope steaks, prairie fowl, fried potatoes and hot biscuits. There was promise of buffalo meat farther on, possibly at the next meal station, Grand Island.

The time was sufficient, also, to give me another glimpse of My Lady of the Blue Eyes, who appeared to have been awarded the place of honor between the conductor and the brakeman, at table. She bestowed upon me a subtle glance of recognition—with a smile and a slight bow in one; but I failed to find her upon the station platform after the meal. That I should obtain other opportunities I did not doubt. Benton was yet thirty hours' travel.

All that afternoon we rocked along up the Platte Valley, with the Platte River—a broad but shallow stream—constantly upon our left. My seat companion evidently had exhausted her repertoire, for she slumbered at ease, gradually sinking into a shapeless mass, her flowered bonnet askew. Several other passengers also were sleeping; due, in part, to the whisky bottles. The car was thinning out, I noted, and I might bid in advance for the chance of obtaining a new location in a certain car ahead.

The scenery thru the car window had merged into a monotony accentuated by great spaces. As far as Fremont the country along the railroad had been well settled with farms and unfenced cultivated fields. Now we had issued into the untrammeled prairies, here and there humanized by an isolated shack or a lonely traveler by horse or wagon, but in the main a vast sun-baked dead sea of gentle, silent undulations extending, brownish, clear to the horizons. The only refreshing sights were the Platte River, flowing blue and yellow among sand-bars and islands, and the side streams that we passed. Close at hand the principal tokens of life were the little flag stations, and the tremendous freight trains side-tracked to give us the right of way. The widely separated hamlets where we impatiently stopped were the oasis in the desert.

In the sunset we halted at the supper station, named Grand Island. My neighbor finished her lunch box, and I returned well fortified by another excellent meal at the not exorbitant price, one dollar and a quarter. There had been buffalo meat—a poor apology, to my notion, for good beef. Antelope steak, on the contrary, was of far finer flavor than the best mutton.

At Grand Island a number of wretched native Indians drew my attention, for the time being, from quest of My Lady of the Blue Eyes. However, she was still escorted by the conductor, who, in his brass buttons and officious air, began to irritate me. Such a persistent squire of dames rather overstepped the duties of his position. Confound the fellow! He would surely come to the end of his run and his rope before we went much farther.

"Now, young man, if you get shet of your foolishness and decide to try North Platte instead of some fly-by-night town on west," my seat companion addressed, "you jest follow me when I leave. We get to North Platte after plumb dark, and you hang onto my skirts right up town, till I land you in a good place. For, if you don't, you're liable to be skinned alive."

"If I decide upon North Platte I certainly will take advantage of your kindness," I evaded. Forsooth, she had a mind to kidnap me!

"Now you're talkin' sensible," she approved. "My sakes alive! Benton!" And she sniffed. "Why, in Benton they'll snatch you baldheaded 'fore you've been there an hour."

She composed herself for another nap. "If that pesky brakeman don't remember to wake me, you give me a poke with your elbow. I wouldn't be carried beyond North Platte for love or money."

She gurgled, she snored. The sunset was fading from pink to gold—a gold like somebody's hair; and from gold to lemon which tinted all the prairie and made it beautiful. Pursuing the sunset we steadily rumbled westward thru the immensity of unbroken space.

THE brakeman came in, lighting the coal-oil lamps. Outside, the twilight had deepened into dusk. Numerous passengers were making ready for bed; the men by removing their boots and shoes and coats and galluses and stretching out; the women by loosening their stays, with significaut clicks and sighs, and laying their heads upon adjacent shoulders or drooping against seat ends. Babies cried, and were hushed. Final night-caps were taken, from the prevalent bottles.

The brakeman, returning, paused and inquired right and left on his way thru. He leaned to me.

"You for North Platte?"

"No, sir. Benton, Wyoming Territory."

"Then you'd better move up to the car ahead. This car stops at North Platte."

"What time do we reach North Platte?"

"Two-thirty in the morning. If you don't want to be waked up, you'd better change now. You'll find a seat."

At that I gladly followed him out. He indicated a half-empty seat.

"This gent gets off a bit farther on; then you'll have the seat to yourself."

The arrangement was satisfactory, albeit the "gentleman" with whom I shared appeared, to nose and eyes, rather well soused, as they say; but fortune had favored me—across the aisle, only a couple of seats beyond, I glimpsed the top of a golden head, securely low and barricaded in by luggage.

Without regrets, I abandoned my former seat-mate to her disappointment when she awaked at North Platte. This car was the place for me, set apart by the salient presence of one person among all the others. That, however, is apt to differentiate city from city, and even land from land.

Eventually I, also, slept—at first by fits and starts concomitant with railway travel by night, then more soundly when the "gentleman," my comrade in adventure, had been hauled out and deposited elsewhere. I fully awakened only at daylight.

The train was rumbling as before. The lamps had been extinguished—the coach atmosphere was heavy with oil smell and the exhalations of human beings in all stages of deshabille. But the golden head was there, about as when last sighted.

Now it stirred, and erected a little. I felt the unseemliness of sitting and waiting for her to make her toilet, so I hastily staggered to achieve my own by aid of the water in the tank, tin basin, roller towel and small looking-glass at the rear—substituting my personal comb and brush for the pair hanging there by cords.

The coach was the last in the rtain. I stepped out upon the platform for fresh air.

We were traversing the real plains of the Great American Desert, I judged. The prairie grasses had shortened to brown stubble interspersed with bare sandy soil rising here and there into low hills. It was a country without north, south, east, west, save as denoted by the sun, broadly launching his first beams of the day. Behind us the single track of double rails stretched straight away as if clear to the Missouri. The dull blare of the car wheels was the only token of life, excepting the long-eared rabbits scampering with erratic high jumps, and the prairie dogs sitting bolt upright in the sunshine among their hillcocked burrows. Of any town there was no sign. We had cut loose from company.

Then we thundered by a freight train, loaded with still more ties and iron, standing upon a siding guarded by an operator's shack. Smoke was welling from the chimney of the shack—and that domestic touch gave me a sense of homesickness. Yet I would not have been home, even for breakfast. This wide realm of nowhere fascinated with the unknown.

The train and shack flattened into the landscape. A bevy of antelope flashed white tails at us as they scudded away. Two motionless figures, horseback, whom I took to be wild Indians, surveyed us from a distant sand-hill. Across the river there appeared a fungus of low buildings, almost indistinguishable, with a glimmer of canvas-topped wagons fringing it. That was the old emigrant road.

While I was thus orienting myself in lonesome but not entirely hopeless fashion the car door opened and closed. I turned my head. The Lady of the Blue Eyes had joined me. As fresh as the morning she was.

"Oh! You? I beg your pardon, sir," She apologized, but I felt that the diffidence was more politic than sincere.

"You are heartily welcome, madam," I assured. "There is air enoungh for us both."

"The car is suffocating," she said. "However, the worst is over. We shall not have to spend another such a night. You are still for Benton?"

"By all means." And I bowed to her. "We are fellow-travelers to the end, I believe."

"Yes?" She scanned me. "But I do not like that word: the end. It is not a popular word, in the West. Certainly not at Benton. For instance——"

We tore by another freight waiting upon a siding located amidst a wide debris of tin cans, scattered sheet-iron, stark mud-and-stone chimneys, and barren spots, resembling the ruins from fire and quake.

"There is Julesburg."

"A town?" I gasped.

"The end." She smiled. "The only inhabitants now are in the station-house and the graveyard."

"And the others? Where are they?"

"Farther west. Many of them in Benton."

"Indeed? Or in North Platte!" I bantered.

"North Platte!" She laughed merrily. "Dear me, don't mention North Platte—not in the same breath with Benton, or even Cheyenne. A town of hayseeds and dollar-a-day clerks whose height of sport is to go fishing in the Platte! A young-man like you would die of ennui in North Platte. Julesburg was a good town while it lasted. People lived, there; and moved on because they wished to keep alive. What is life, anyway, but a constant shuffle of the cards? Oh, I should have laughed to see you in North Platte." And laugh she did. "You might as well be dead underground as buried in one of those smug seven-Sabbaths-a-week places."

HER free speech accorded ill with what I had been accustomed to in womankind; and yet became her sparkling eyes and general dash.

"To be dead is past the joking, madam," I reminded.

"Certainly. To be dead is the end. In Benton we live while we live, and don't mention the end. So I took exception to your gallantry." She glanced behind her, thru the door window into the car. "Will you," she asked hastily, "join me in a little appetizer, as they say? You will find it a superior cognac—and we breakfast shortly, at Sidney."

From a pocket of her skirt she had extracted a small silver flask, stoppered with a tiny screw cup. Her face swam before me, in my astonishment.

"I rarely drink liquor, madam," I stammered.

"Nor I. But when traveling—you know. And in high and—dry Benton liquor is quite a necessity. You will discover that, I am sure. You will not decline to taste with a lady? Let us drink to better acquaintance, in Benton."

"With all my heart, madam," I blurted.

She poured, while swaying to the motion of the train; passed the cup to me with a brightly challenging smile.

"Ladies first. That is the custom, is it not?" I queried.

"But I am hostess, sir. I do the honors. Pray do you your duty."

"To our better acquaintance, then, madam." I accepted. "In Benton."

The cognac swept down my throat like a stab of hot oil. She poured for herself.

"A votre sante, monsieur—and continued beginnings, no ends." She daintily tossed it off.

We had consummated our pledges just in time. The brakeman issued, stumping noisily and bringing discord into my heaven of blue and gold and comfortable warmth.

"Howdy, lady and gent? Breakfast in twenty minutes." He grinned affably at her; yes, with a trace of familiarity. "Sleep well, madam?"

"Passably, thank you." Her voice held a certain element of calm interrogation as if to ask how far he intended to push acquaintance. "We're nearing Sidney, you say? Then I bid you gentlemen good-morning."

With a darting glance at him and a parting smile for me she passed inside. The brakeman leaned for an instant's look ahead, up the track, and lingered.

"Friend of yours, is she?"

"I met her at Omaha, is all?" I stiffly informed.

"Considerable of a dame, eh?" He eyed me. "You're booked for Benton, too?"

"Yes, sir."

"Never been there, myself. She's another hell-roarer, they say."

"Sir !" I remonstrated.

"Oh, the town, the town," he enlightened. "I'm saying nothing against it, for that matter—nor against her, either. They're both O. K."

"You are acquainted with the lady, yourself?"

"Her? Sure. I know about everybody along the line between Platte and Cheyenne. Been running on this division ever since it opened."

"She lives in Benton, tho, I understand," I proffered.

"Why, yes; sure she does. Moved there from Cheyenne." He looked at me queerly. "Naturally. Ain't that so?"

"Probably it is," I admitted. "I see no reason to doubt your word."

"Yep. Followed her man. A heap of people moved from Cheyenne to Benton, by way of Laramie."

"She is married, then?"

"Far as I know. Anyway, she's not single, by a long shot." And he laughed. "But, Lord, that cuts no great figger. People here don't stand on ceremony in those matters. Everything's aboveboard. Hands on the table until time to draw—then draw quick."

His language was a little too bluff for me.

"Her husband is in business, no doubt?"

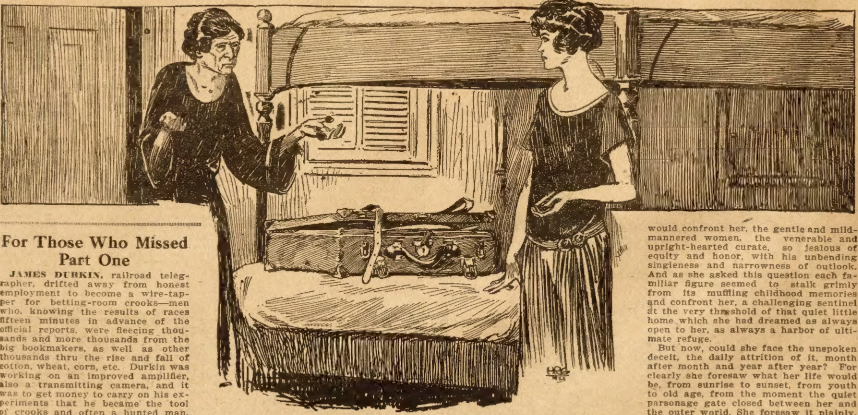
"Business?" He stared unblinking. "I see." He laid a finger alongside his nose, and winked wisely. "You bet yuh! And good business. Yes, siree. Are you on?"

(Continued on Page 18.)

In Which Durkin Plays a Daring Impromptu Part in

The Wire Tappers

By Arthur Stringer



There, Just Inside the Door, Stood the Yellow Hag. She Had Stolen Down, I Suppose, to Nose About My Luggage a Bit.

For Those Who Missed Part One

JAMES DURKIN, railroad telegrapher, drifted away from honest employment to become a wire-tapper for betting-room crooks—men who, knowing the results of races fifteen minutes in advance of the official reports, were fleecing thousands and more thousands from the big bookmakers, as well as other thousands thru the rise and fall of cotton, wheat, corn, etc. Durkin was working on an improved amplifier, also a transmitting camera, and it was to get money to carry on his experiments that he became the tool of crooks and often a hunted man. His last legitimate job had been up in Ontario, Canada, at $40 a month. In New York City he became an efficient worker in the employ of one **MAC NUTT**, a heavy winner thru the tapped wire game, in whose office **MISS FRANCES CANDLER**, an English girl, served in various capacities. MacNutt had tricked the famous Penfield poolroom out of ill-gotten cash to the amount of many thousands, as he had other poolrooms in the leading race-track cities. Durkin and Miss Candler—called Frank by MacNutt's men—quickly became interested in each other, and were soon exchanging interesting bits of their past lives. The girl detested the crooked work in which both were enagged.

MacNutt, highly enraged when she attempted to impart some secret information to Durkin over the 'phone, shot her, as he had threatened, inflicting a flesh wound. The last thing she remembered, as she sank to the floor, was that three plain-clothes men and two of Doogan's detectives were in the room—and they would get Durkin if he should return to MacNutt's rooms at that fatal moment.

CHAPTER IV (Continued).

THE suffering girl grew hysterical, and cried out to the groups of raiders that she was dying, yet waiting all the time for the sound of Durkin's step, trying to think how she might save him. At last, to her sudden joy, she remembered that he was to bring from her rooms her own hand-bag, filled with a few things she had gathered up to take away with her. He would surely carry that bag in with him when he came; that was her salvation.

She fell to shrieking again that she was dying, demanding shrilly why her doctor had not come. Thru her cries her alert ears heard the sound of voices at the street door. It was Durkin, at last; he had spoken a word or two with the two plain-clothes men, who, she knew, would readily enough let him pass.

"Doctor!" she screamed, as she heard his steps on the stair. "Doctor! I'm dying, doctor! Are you never coming!"

She wondered, in her agony of mind and body, if he would be fool enough not to understand. Would he be fool enough?

Doogan's agents and the three plain-clothes men gathered about her silently, as they saw the intruder hurry in and drop on his knee beside the woman. "Is it you, doctor?" she wailed, with chattering teeth, shaking with an oncoming chill.

Durkin, in his dilemma, did not dare to look away from her face. He was blindly trying to grope his way toward what it all meant. The others stood above him, listening, waiting for the least word. One of them moved to the open window, and closed it.

He bent lower, trying to read the dumb agony in the woman's face. Then another of the men went to the door, to guard it. Durkin could see the shoes and trousers-legs of the others, up to the knee. Each pair of boots, he noticed inconsequently, had a character and outline of their own. But still his frantic brain could not find the key to the enigma.

Then, out of the chaos and the disorder of the chattering of her teeth, seemed to come a hint, a whisper. She was sounding the double "i" of the operator about to "send"—she was trying to catch his attention, to tell him something, in Morse. He bent still closer, and fumbled artfully with the sleeve, wet and sodden with her warm blood.

He read the signal, as she lay there with chattering teeth: "All up—Get away quick—these are police—meet you in London—Hotel Cecil—in two months—hurry."

"Where—write?" he implored her, by word of mouth, covering the question by shifting his busily exploring fingers from the wounded left shoulder to the right.

She closed her eyes. "C-N," she answered. She repeated it, in the strange Morse, weakly, and then fainted dead away.

Durkin dropped the sleeve he was carefully turning up. He looked at the men about him with a sudden towering, almost drunken madness of relief, a madness which they took for sudden rage.

"You fools, you," he called at them. "You fools, couldn't you see it—this woman's dying! Here, you, quick—compress this artery with your thumb—hard, so! You, you—oh, I don't care who you are—telephone for my instruments—Doctor Hodgson, No. 29 West Thirtieth!"—luckily he remembered a throat doctor Frank had once consulted there—"and get me a sheet off one of the beds, quick!"

He tossed his hat into the hall, jerked up his cuffs, almost believing, himself, in the part he was acting.

"Water—where'll I get a water-tap?" he demanded, feverishly, running to the door. Outside the room, he suddenly kicked his hat to the foot of the back-stairs. He caught it as it rebounded from the second step, and bolted noiselessly up the stairway, never turning or looking back until he had gained the roof. There he crept, cat-like, across half a dozen houses, and slipped down the first fire-escape that offered.

At the third window, which was open, a stalwart Irish housemaid barred his progress. He told her, hurriedly, he was a fire-escape inspector for the city department. Seeing that she doubted his word, he thrust a five-dollar bill in her hand. She looked at it, laughed cynically—and time, he felt, was worth so much to him—looked out at him dubiously, and then in silence led him thru the passage and down to the street door.

As he turned hurriedly into Madison avenue, toward the Grand Central station, he heard the clang of a bell, and saw an ambulance clatter down the street. Then, to make sure of it, he repeated her message to himself: "Hotel Cecil—two months—C-N."

For a moment or two the "C-N" puzzled him. Then he remembered that only the day before he had been telling her the episode of the Charleston earthquake, how every wire was "lost" after the final shock, and how every operator for hundreds of miles about, during the next day of line-repearing, kept calling "C-N" until an answer finally came from the debris of the dead city .

Thru some trick of memory, he then knew, she had recalled the Morse signal for that Southern city, in her emergency. There had been no time for thought, no chance for even momentary deliberation. "Charleston!" From that day the very name took on a newer and stranger meaning. He knew that during weeks of loneliness and wandering it would be the one city toward which his eyes and his heart would turn.

CHAPTER V.

"TOMORROW for the States—for me England, and Yesterday,"—murmured Frances Candler as she stood at her window looking down over the tangle and tumult of the Strand. "For me, England and Yesterday!" she repeated, and it was not until she had said the lines twice over that she remembered how she had first copied them into her day-book, during her early homesick weeks in New York.

It was the lassitude of her week at sea, and the loneliness of her second week in a London hotel, she told herself, that had brought about the change. If there were deeper and more dormant reasons, she was content to let sleeping dogs lie. But she did not deceive herself as to the meaning of the move. It was more than flight; it was surrender. It was, indeed, the bitter and desperate remedy for a bitter and desperate condition. For, inappositely, on the very brink of what seemed the waiting and widening vista of all her life, she had decided to go back to Oxford and her uncle's home.

The steps that led to this determination were no longer clear to her questioning mind. She was also able, hour by brooding hour, to pile up against it ever new objections. But she clung to it blindly, with a forlorn tenacity of spirit that swept aside all momentary issues and all dread of the future. For out of that seeming defeat, she contended, she would wring her belated and her inner victory, even while her active imagination, playing lambently ahead of dragging reality, showed her how painful would be that return to old conditions and outgrown surroundings.

For a woman who has known the world to go back to such a roof is always a sign and a confession of defeat. Yet the sweep of her aggressive young mind, once made up, flung blindly aside each half-accumulated bar of indecision.

But was it fair to them?—she suddenly demanded of herself, as she pictured the scenes and the faces that would confront her, the gentle and mild-mannered women, the venerable and upright-hearted curate, so jealous of equity and honor, with his unbending singleness and narrowness of outlook. And as she asked this question each familiar figure seemed to stalk grimly from its muffling childhood memories and confront her, a challenging sentinel at the very threshold of that quiet little home which she had dreamed as always open to her, as always a harbor of ultimate refuge.

But now, could she face the unspoken deceit, the daily attrition of it, month after month and year after year? For clearly she foresaw what her life would be, from sunrise to sunset, from youth to old age, from the moment the quiet parsonage gate closed between her and the outer world. She foresaw it plainly, as distinctly and indelibly as tho it had been set down in black and white before her eyes—the long and narrow and grimly defined path leading from a narrow and weather-beaten gate to a still narrower open grave.

In summer time, in the quiet grounds behind the shielding gray walls, there would be the Provence roses to tend and the border-flowers to cut and trim, the sedate visiting and receiving, the frugal jam-making, the regular Bible readings and the family prayers, the careful mending and remaking, the hemming of the clerical old-fashioned white cravats, the lonely cawing of the rooks thru the quiet mornings and the long afternoons. And in the winter there would be the woolen jackets and cough mixtures to distribute thruout the parish, the stockings to be knit for the workhouse children, the long, silent games of chess in the mullion-windowed study, the lettering and numbering of the new books for the parish lending library, the pathetically threadbare suit of respectable broadcloth to press and repair, the summer linens and serges to be made over, the discussions of impending Disestablishment and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the languid flow of life within the doors and the gentle diversions of life without, punctuated by long Sundays, in gloomy, high-partitioned pews with faded crimson cushions.

"It is too hard!" she moaned, in her misery. The test of life itself was so crucial—that was the thought that kept recurring to her—the ordeal by fire was foredoomed to be so exacting!

"I will do it!" she at last said aloud. "It will be my punishment!" She could no longer demand so much of life. She looked on existence, now, with older and disillusioned eyes. For what she had taken she must stand ready to pay. It would be her penance and penalty for past transgressions.

While this new expiatory passion was still warm in her blood, she packed her boxes, soberly, and then as soberly wrote to Durkin. It was not a long letter, but she spent much time tnd thought in its composition. In it, too, she seemed to cast off her last vestige of hesitation. For she felt that the very note of impersonality in its stiffness of phrasing was a new means of support. It was a support as clumsy and retarding as a child's walking-chair, but she was willing enough to catch at it, whimsically, in those first tottering steps of renunciation.

"My Dear Jim," she began, after much hesitation, and with many long and thoughtful pauses as she wrote, "It will surprise you, I know, but I have decided to go back to Oxford—to the Oxford I have so often told you about. Do not think it is only cruelty on my part, or cowardice, or self-interest. I have thought over everything long and carefully. And it has led, always led, to one end—that end is: Neither you nor I must go on leading the lives we have been leading! It will hurt me, and it will hurt you, I believe, to break the ties that time has made. But there is, today, all the width of the Atlantic between us—and it is there, I think, that I am the coward. For it is only this that makes it possible for me to do what I'm doing.

With you, I would bend to your will: here it will be easier.

"Now, above all things, both you and I must learn not to look on ourselves as beings apart from the rest of the world. If we have ever been enemies to society we must learn not to remember it—for it is this feeling, I know, which holds the key of our undoing. I have often wondered and looked to see in what ways I reproduced the atavistic conditions of the primitive woman—for they say that we evil-doers are only echoes out of the past—but I'm going to do it no more. We are both of us ill-fitted for the things and the deeds we have drifted into. They make us suffer too much. It is work that should fall to souls dwarfed and stunted and benumbed. We are not morbid and depraved and blind; we have intelligence and feeling. We have only been unhappy and unlucky, let's say.

"So now we must fight along and wait for better luck, as you used to put it. We are not what they call 'recidivists.' We are not abnormal and branded; we must fight away the deadly feeling that we are detached from the rest of the world, that mankind is organized and fighting against us, that we are the hunted, and all men the hounds! What we have done, we have done. But I know that we were both initiated into wrong-doing so quietly and so insidiously that the current caught us before we knew it. Yet I feel that I have none of the traits of the Female Offender. We are both too normal to succeed happily in the ways we began.

"I shall miss you, but I shall always love you. Oh, Jim, pray for me; as I, daily, shall pray for you! I can't write more now. Go back to your work, tho it means being hungry and lonely and unhappy, fight out the problem of your amplifier, and struggle along with your transmitting camera, until you accomplish something we can both take pride in and be happy over! Sometime, later, when I write, I shall be able to explain everything more fully. . . . I was eleven days in the hospital, and crossed on the Nieuw Amsterdam. There will always be a scar—but a very small one—on my arm. That will be the only reminder. Good-by, dear Jim, and God bless and keep you, always, in the right."

SHE read over the letter, slowly, dispassionately, and fought back the temptation to write further, to fling more of her true feeling into it. That, at best, would be only a cruel kindness.

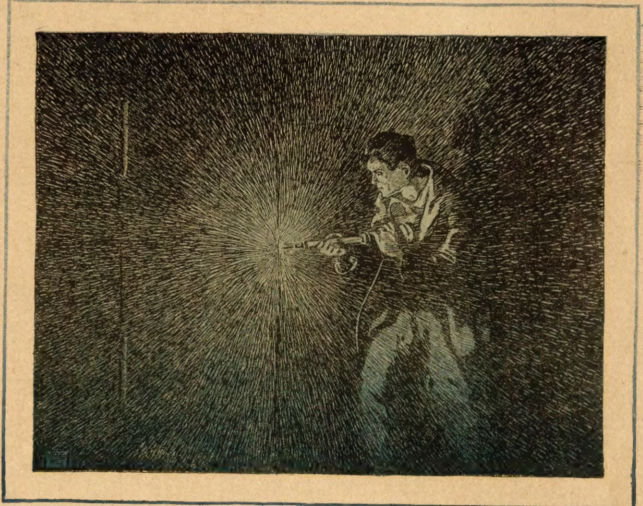
As she folded and sealed the letter she felt that she was sealing down many years of her past youth. She already felt that she had passed over some mysterious Great Divide, that some vast morainic loop already walled her back from her former existence. And then, as a sudden, rushing sense of her isolation swept over her, she broke down, in that very hour of her ironic triumph, and wept miserably, passionately, hopelessly.

Her misery clung to her all that day, until, late in the afternoon, she caught the first glimpse of Oxford from her compartment window. At one touch it carried her back to the six long years of girlhood, for she had been little more than a child when first taken from the dubious care of her father—and the happiest stretch of her life had been lived within sound of Oxford's tranquil bells.

It had been her first plan, when she left the train, to take a carriage and drive leisurely thru the old university town. It would be her one hour of freedom before crossing that final Rubicon; it was only, she protested, a human enough hesitation before the ultimate plunge. Vividly and minutely she remembered the town, as she had seen it from the familiar hills, wrapt in sunlight and purplish shadows by day, lying cool and dark and tranquil under the summer moon by night, steeped in the silences and the soft mistiness of the river valley, with here and there a bell tinkling and a roof glimmering thru the gloom. She even used to say she found a strange comfort in the number of these bells and in the thought of their wakefulness thruout the night. But now, thru some underground circuit of memory, they carried her thoughts back to the clanging brilliance of Broadway at midnight, to the movement and tumult and press of light-hearted humanity. And by contrast, they now seemed to her to toll lugubriously. The quiet city about her seemed tainted with antiquity, autumnal, overshadowed by the grayness of death. It almost stifled her. She had forlornly hoped that the calm beauty of that town of bells and towers would still fall as a welcome balm to her torn feelings. But she had changed—oh, how she had changed! It was not, she told herself, the mere fruit of physical exhaustion. Her one desire on that day, indeed, was to reach that condition of bodily weariness which would render her indifferent to all mental blows. It was only her past, whimpering for its own.

The afternoon was already late when the familiar square tower of the church and the gray walls of the parsonage itself came into view. She gazed at them, abstracted and exalted, and only once she murmured: "How different, oh, how different!"

Then she opened the gate of that quiet home, slowly and deliberately, and stepped inside. The garden was empty.



He Watched the Slender, Burning, Spinning Shaft Bite and Grind and Burrow Its Way Into the Slowly Yielding Bar.

CHAPTER VI.

IT WAS one week later that Frances Candler wrote her second letter to Durkin. She wrote it feverishly, and without effort, impetuous page after page, until she came to the end. Then she folded and sealed it, hastily, as tho in fear that some reactionary sweep of hesitation might still come between her and her written purpose.

"I was wrong—I was terribly wrong," was the way in which she began her letter. "For as I told you in my cable, I am coming back. It is now all useless, and hopeless, and too late. And I thought, when I was once away from you, that it would be asy to learn to live without you. But during these last few weeks, when I have been so absolutely and so miserably alone, I have needed you! I have learned, too, how even an inflexible purpose, how even a relentless sense of duty, may become more sinister than the blindest selfishness. It was cruel and cowardly in me—for as you once said, we must now sink or swim together. I forgot that you, too, were alone, that you, too, needed help and companionship, even more than I. And I had thought that morality and its geography, that mere flight from my misdoings meant that they were ended, that here in some quiet spot I could be rid of all my past, that I could put on a new character like a new bonnet, that life was a straight and never-ending lane, and not a blind mole-run forever winding and crossing and turning on itself! I thought that I could creep away, and forget you, and what I had been, and what I had lived thru, and what had been shown to me. But the world is not that easy with us. It defeats us where we least expect it; it turns against us when we most need it.

"I had always dreamed that my uncle's high-walled home at Oxford could be nothing but a place of quiet and contentment. I had always thought of it as a cloister, into which I could some day retire, and find unbroken rest and a solemn sort of happiness. Then came the revelation, the blow that cut the very ground from under my feet. They had their troubles and their sorrows, as well as I. Life could hang as dark for them as it hung for me. My cousin Albert, a mere boy, reading for the Bar in London, had a friend in the city named Singford. I will try to tell you everything as clearly and as briefly as possible.

"Young Singford is rather a black sheep, of an idle and wealthy family. He involved Albert in a stock-gambling scheme—oh, such a transparent and childish scheme, poor boy—and Albert, in despair, went to his father. He had to have money to cover his losses; it would be paid back within the month. His father, the soul of uprightness, borrowed the money from what was, I think, the Diocesan Mission Fund, in the belief that it would be promptly repaid. Then came the crash. I found them broken and dazed under it, helpless, hopeless, bewildered. It was so new to them, so outside their every-day life and experience!

"I went straight to London, and hunted up my cousin, who was actually talking about shooting himself. I found that young Singford, who had been sent down from Balliol, had blindly plunged with Albert on some foolish Texas Oil enterprise. I needn't tell you more, except that the whole sum was not quite two hundred pounds. But it meant Albert's giving up his study, and my uncle's disgrace. I straightened it out for the poor boy—it all seemed so easy and natural and commonplace for my practiced hand—and I believe I brought some little peace and comfort back to that crushed and despairing household. But it all means, of course, that now I'll have to go back to America. Still, whatever I may have to go thru, or whatever happens to me, I shall always have the consolation of knowing that I made that one small sacrifice and did that one small kindness. But from the firstI saw that my sanctuary was no longer a sanctuary. And when I saw that I should really have to go back, I was almost glad. The very thought of it seemed to give a new zest to life.

"I had been trying to tell myself that my future there would not be empty and lonely. But all along, in my secret heart of hearts, I knew better. I could not close my eyes to anticipation; I could not shut activity out of my life.

"It seemed suddenly to people all my lonely future with possibilities, that first thought of going back. And then there was you. Yes, I believe all along that it was you I wanted. I tried to argue myself away from the feeling that I was deserting you, but I knew it was true. It was this feeling that saved me, that made me feel almost elated, when I saw that fate was once more flinging me into the life from which I had been fighting to escape.

"You don't know what the very word 'America' now means to me—it's like the shrill of a call-bell, it's like the double 'I' of our operating days, warning us to be ready! I want to go home; and home, now, is where you are. I can't entomb myself yet—I am too young. I want to live! Those feverish years must have left some virus in my veins, some virus of recklessness and revolt. And there is so much to do, so many things are challenging us, waiting for us. I cannot be satisfied with memories, and Yesterday. I want Tomorrow, and You! It may be blind, and wrong, and wicked—but, oh, Jim, the wires are all down between my head and my heart!"

CHAPTER VII.

DURKIN sat at the restaurant table, smoking, his watch in his hand. It was already seven minutes to four. As the seventh minute slipped into the sixth, and the sixth into the fifth, some first vague sense of impending disaster stole over him.

"Is this seat taken, sir?"

It was a waiter speaking, with a short, florid man at his heels.

"Yes," said Durkin, quietly, "I'm expecting a lady—in five minutes."

The florid man bowed. The waiter said "Yes, sir," tipped the chair against the table edge, and went on in search of a seat.

Durkin smoked hard once more, relishing the touch of irony in it all. He did not, naturally enough, explain that the lady he was expecting had made the engagement three thousand miles away from the table at which he sat and at which he was to meet her precisely on the stroke of four. Such things were theatrical, and unnecessary; besides, one had to allow for accidents. And once more, with a puzzled brow, he took up his paper and looked thru the Majestic's passenger list, still involuntarily cast down by a wayward sense of possible calamity.

He imagined some dark coalition of forces against him, obscurely depressed, for the moment, by the shadow of some immense, seemingly impassive, and yet implacable animosity of eternal rule toward the accidental revolter. The same vague feeling had possessed him that infelicitously happy day when, after abandoning his operator's key, he had become an "overhead guerrilla." Still later it had come to him, from time to time, as, dazzled by the splendor of that vast hazard which had ended in such disastrous triumph, he had revolted against MacNutt, and preyed on the preyer himself. He had begun to feel, and he had felt, from that time forward, that he was existing under a series of conditions other than those of the men about him. He was no longer one of them. He was out of the fold. He carried the taint of the pariah. He was, henceforth, however he might try, as Frances Candler had warned him, to muffle or forget it, a social anomaly.

To the consciousness of this he applied his customary balm, which lay in the thought that now the older creeds and ethics of life had crumbled away. The spirit which dominated America today, he felt, was that of the business man's code of morals; it was the test, not of right, but of might, as it flowered in intelligence and craftiness. And that first dubious victory, of his own, he argued wih himself, had been one of intelligence—should not victory, then, always be with the alerter head and the warier hand? And this vague and mysterious enemy whose emissaries, even tho relentless, were always so temptingly dull—would they not always meet and clash, and the battle be to the strong?

A woman, dressed in black, with a dark veil caught up around the rim of her hat, pushed her way thru the crowded restaurant toward the table in the corner. She might have passed for a mere girl, but for the heavy shadows about the weary-looking, violet eyes and the betraying fullness of her soberly gowned figure. She glanced at the clock, and smiled a little, with her calm, almost pensive lips, as she placed a pearl-gloved hand on the back of the tilted chair.

"I am on time, you see," she said, quietly in her soft contralto, as she sank into the chair with a contented sigh, and began drawing off her gloves. "It is precisely four o'clock."

Outwardly she appeared at ease, well-poised and unruffled. Only the quick rise and fall of her bosom and the tremulousness of her hands gave any sign of her inner agitation.

"Why—Frank!" cried Durkin, with eloquent enough inadequacy, his face paling a little, for all his own assumption of easy fortitude. He continued to look at her, a sudden lump in his throat choking back the hundred stampeding words that seemed clamoring to escape. He noticed, as he had so often noticed before, how rapid and easy were her movements, and how, thru all her softness, she impressed one with a sense of her great muscular agility.

For one wavering moment she let her eyes lose their studied calmness, and, inwardly surrendering, gazed at him recklessly, abandonedly, with her very soul in her face.

"Is it safe here?" she murmured, as she drew her chair up.

He nodded. "As safe as anywhere," he was on the point of replying, but did not speak the words.

"Dearest!" she whispered to him, with her eyes still on his face, and her back to the crowded room.

He tried to seize her ungloved hand in his, but she drew him up with a sudden monitory "Hssssh!" Then he, too, remembered, and they took up their role of outward indifference once more.

"I had to come back, you see!" she confessed, with what seemed a shamed and mournful shake of the head.

"Something told me you would, all along, even after your first letter. I saw it, as surely as I see you now!"

"Oh, Jim, what I wrote you was true! —it showed me that we can't bury our past, in a day, or a week, or a month! It's made me afraid of myself and taught me how weak I am!"

And again she looked at him, across the quiet but abysmal gulf of her reawakening despair.

"But there is just where we make ourselves so unhappy—we're so afraid about being afraid! Life without some fear—what is it?"

"Oh, I am without defence!" she lamented, indeterminately and inconsequently. She sighed again, and still again gazed into his face with her shadowy and unhappy and seemingly hungry eyes. Then, with a sudden abondoning uptoss of her reckless hands, that seemed to fling both solemnity and memory from her, she laughing declared that it was already too late to cry over spilt milk. Yet the sound of her careless laughter fell, in some way, more lugubriously on Durkin's ear than had all her earlier lamentation.

"But why did you ever write that first letter?" he persisted.

She knew she could not explain satisfactorily. "It was the result of being lonesome, let's say, and perhaps being morbid, after my illness!"

Durkin called the waiter and gave him an order, puffing his cigar with assumed unconcern, while the woman murmured across the table at him: "You look quite foreign with that magnificent Vandyke And, by the way, how do you like my English bang?"

"Why, it's dyed!" said Durkin, for the first time missing the sunny glint in the familiar crown of chestnut.

"Jim," said the woman, in lower tones, sobering again, "there's trouble ahead, already!"

SHE drew her chair a little closer, and leaned forward, her elbows on the table and her chin in her hands. Durkin lighted another cigar, and lounged toward her with the same careless pose, his face alert with new and different interest.

"MacNutt?"

"No, not him, thank heaven!"

"You don't mean Doogan's men?"

"Not so loud, dear! No, not Doogan's men, either. It's nothing like that. But tell me, quickly, has anything gone wrong over here?"

"Not a thing—except that you were away!"

"But hasn't any thing happened since I saw you?"

"Nothing worth while—no. It's been so dull, so deadly dull, I all but jumped back into the old game and held up a Charleston pool-room or two! Five whole weeks of—of just waiting for you!"

She caught up her veil, where a part of it dropped down from her hat-rim, and smiled her wistfully girlish smile at him. Then she glanced carefully about her; no one seemed to be within earshot.

"Yes, I know. It seemed just as long to me, dearest. Only, because of several things, I had to jump into something. That's what I must tell you about—but we can't talk here."

"Then we'll have William call a taxi?"

She nodded her assent.

"We can talk there without having some one hanging over our shoulders."

"Do you know," she went on, as she watched the waiter push out thru the crowded, many-odored room, "I often think I must have lived thru the ordinary feelings of life. I mean that we have already taken such chances together, you and I, that now only a big thing can stir me into interest. I suppose we've exhausted all the every-day sensations."

"Yes, I know the feeling," said Durkin, thru his cigar-smoke. "I suppose it's really a sort of drunkenness with us now. I couldn't go back to the other things, any more than I could go back to—to stogies. All this last four weeks of hanging about I have felt like—oh, like a sailor who has come home to be told not to go out of his own back yard."

"That's how I felt, toward the last, in London, with nothing to do, nothing to think about, or plan, or live for. I got so I nearly screamed every time I faced the four walls of that hotel room. But, you see, we have both fallen back on the wrong sort of stimulant. After all, what I wrote you in that leter was true! Neither of us two should ever have been evil-doers. I am too—too much like other women, I suppose. And you're too thin-skinned and introspective—too much of a twentieth-century Hamlet. You should never have tapped a wire; and I should never have been a welcher and robbed MacNutt. You ought to have gone on being a nice, respectable young train-dispatcher; and I ought to be a prim little branch-office telegrapher in one of those big Broadway hotel corridors, in a little wire cage, between the news-stand and the cigar-counter. Then we should both have a lot still to look for and to live for."

She broke off inconsequently, and gazed out thru the lightly-curtained window, to where a street piano was throbbing out the waltz-tune of "Stumbling."

"Do you remember our first days together?—the music and theaters and drives! Oh, what a happy four weeks they were!" And she gazed at him dreamily, as she hummed the tune of "Stumbling" in her throaty, low-noted contralto, ending with a nonchalant little laugh, as she looked up and said, "But here's our taxi, at last!"

In the half-light of the taxicab, as they turned into Fifth avenue, and swung up toward Central Park, she let her tired body rest against his shoulder, with her arm clinging to him forlornly. There was a minute or two of silence, and then putting her face up to him, she said, with a sudden passionate calmness:

"Kiss me!"

He felt the moist warmth of her capitulating lips, the clinging weight of her inert body, and, deep down within his own consciousness he knew that, if need be, he could die for her as the purest knight might have died for some old-world lady of spotless soul and name.

Yet, after all, he wondered, as he held her there, were they so irretrievably bad? Was it not only their game, this life they had drifted into?—their anodyne, their safeguard against exhausted desires and the corroding idleness of life?

She must intuitively have felt what was running thru his mind, as she slipped away from him, and drew back into her own corner of the taxicab, with a new look of brooding melancholy in her shadowy eyes.

"If I were ignorant and coarse, and debased, then I could understand it. But I'm not! I have always wanted to be honest. From the first I have longed to be decent."

"You are honest, thru and thru," he protested. "You are as strong and true as steel."

She shook her head, but he caught her in his arms, and she lay there half-happy again.

"Oh, Frank, for the twentieth time," he pleaded, "won't you marry me?"

"No, no, no; not till we're honest!" she cried, in alarm. "I wouldn't dare to, I couldn't, until then."

"But we're only what we have been. We can't change it all in a day, can we—especially when there is so much behind?"

"I want to be decent," she cried, in a sort of muffled wail. "No, no; I can't marry you, Jim, not yet. We may not be honest with other people, but we must be honest with ourselves!"

One of the policemen directing the street traffic at Forty-Second street glanced in at them, thru the misty window, and smiled broadly. It seemed to remind her of other worlds, for she at once sat up more decorously.

"Time! Time! we are losing time—and I have so much to tell you."

"Then give me your hand to hold, while you talk."

She hesitated for a half-laughing moment, and then surrendered it.

"Now, tell me everything, from the first!"

CHAPTER VIII.

"IT'S the Blue Pear," she said, hesitatingly, wondering how to begin—"which, of course, means nothing to you."

"And just what is it, please?"

"The Blue Pear, Jim, is a diamond. It's a diamond that you and I, in some way or another, have got to get back!"

"To get back? Then when did we lose it?"

"I lost it. That's what I've got to tell you."

"Well, first tell me what it is," he said, wondering at her seeming gaiety, not comprehending her nervous rebound from depression to exhilaration.

"It's a very odd diamond, and a very big diamond, only tinted with a pale blue coloring the same as the Hope Diamond is tinged yellow. That's how it came to get its name. But the odd thing about it is that, when it was cut in Amsterdam, rather than grind away a fifteen-carat irregularity, it was left in a sort of pear-shape. Even before it was mounted by Lalique, it sold in Paris for well over six thousand pounds. Later, in Rio de Janeiro, it brought something like seven thousand pounds. There it was given to a French actress by a Spanish-American coffee king. It was an African stone, in the first place."

"But what's all this geography for?" asked Durkin.

"Wait, dear heart, and you'll understand. The coffee king quarreled with the Paris woman. This woman, tho, smuggled the stone back to France with her. It was sold there, a few months later, for about one-fourth its market value. Still later it was bought for a little under six thousand pounds, by the late Earl of Warton, who gave it to his younger daughter, Lady Margaret Singford, when she married young Cicely—Sir Charles Cicely, who was wounded the first year of the war, you remember. Well, Sir Charles didn't like the setting—it had been made into a marquise ring of some sort—so he took it to Rene Lalique's work-shop in Paris, and had it mounted after his own ideas."

"But who is Lalique?"

"A French goldsmith—the Louis Tiffany of the Continent. But I've a lot to tell you, Jim, and only a little time to do it in, so we shall have to cut out these details. Lalique made a pendant out of the Blue Pear, hung on a thin gold stem, between little leaves of beaten gold, with diamond dew drops on them. Well, four weeks ago the Blue Pear was stolen from Lady Margaret's jewel case. No, Jim, thank you, not by me; but if you'll wait, I'll try to explain.

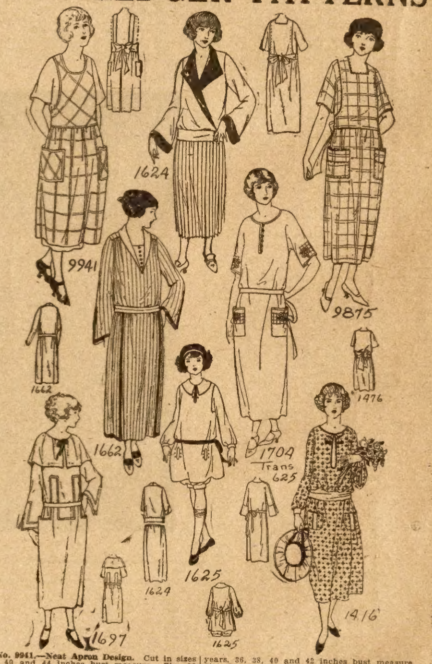
"I hardly know what made me do it—it was ennui, and being lonesome, I suppose. Perhaps it was the money—a little. But, you see, when Albert, my innocently wayward young cousin, got mixed up with young Singford, I found out a thing or two about that less innocent gentleman. It started me thinking; and thinking, of course, started me acting."

He nodded, as a sign that he was following her.

"I had detective agency cards printed, and went straight to the Cicelys. Lady Margaret wouldn't see me; she sent down word that the reward of three hundred pounds was still open, and that there

(Continued on Page 21.)

NEW LEDGER PATTERNS



No. 9941.—Neat Apron Design. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material with 5¾ yards binding. Price 12 cents.

No. 1624.—Youthful Style. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 9875.—Attractive Porch or House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with 3¼ yards edging. Price 12 cents.

No. 1662.—Dress That Will Make You Appear Slim. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 15-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

No. 1704.—Slip-on Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch material. Price 12 cents. **Transfer Pattern No. 625**—in yellow only—12 cents extra.

No. 1625.—Girls' Dress with Bloomers. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material with 2¾ yards binding and 2¾ yards ribbon for the sash. Price 12 cents.

No. 1697.—Smart Style for the Young Miss. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch material. Price 12 cents.

No. 1476.—Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price 12 cents.

ORDER BLANK FOR LEDGER PATTERNS.

Please Note Carefully New Address.

Chicago Ledger Pattern Dept., 230 South Wells St., Chicago, Ill.
Inclosed find.......... Send me the Patterns listed below:
Pattern number .... Size .... Price 12 cents.
Pattern number .... Size .... Price 12 cents.
Name ....
Street or P. O. Box...
Town.................................... State........................
Inclose stamps or coin (each pattern is 12 cents). Wrap coins carefully.

What Happened to a Living Man Destined to a Grave Filled With Quicklime.

The Cross-cut

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

To Refresh Your Memory

The assayer reported that the samples of ore from the Blue Poppy mine were amazingly rich. Robert reasoned that Squint Rodaine, and possibly others so anxious to buy the mine, must have known of this. Robert discovered a big cave-in down in the mine, after a series of heavy blasts had been heard by the Silver Queen miners, but Harry was nowhere about, nor did inquiry or search reveal his whereabouts—and his trial for the dance robbery was only one week away. Naturally, the sheriff and deputies began searching for him.

A note from Anita Richmond informed Robert that Squint Rodaine was terribly worried about something, and the note advised Robert to keep watch on him. When Harry did not appear, Robert trailed Squint Rodaine to a ramshackle old building where "Crazy Laura," Rodaine's wife, lived alone. From a weird conversation between the odd pair, in which poisons, drugs, grave-digging and other mysterious things were mentioned, Robert concluded that some black villainy was being plotted, and his mind at once diverted to the continued and strange absence of Harry Harkins, his partner.

This story began in No. 11, the Ledger for March 17. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XXI (Continued).

NOW she was talking again and chanting, but Fairchild did not attempt to determine the meaning of it all. Upstairs was some one who had been found by this woman in an unconscious state and evidently kept in that condition thru the potations of the ugly poison-laden drugs she brewed—some one who now was doomed to die and to lie in a quicklime grave! Carefully Fairchild gained his feet; then, as silently as possible, he made for the rickety stairs, stopping now and again to listen for discovery from below. But it did not come; the insane woman was chanting louder than ever now. Fairchild went on.

He felt his way up the remaining stairs, a rat scampering before him; he sneaked along the wall, hands extended, groping for that broken door, finally to find it. Cautiously he peered within, striving in vain to pierce the darkness. At last, listening intently for the singing from below, he drew a match from his pocket and scratched it noiselessly on his trousers. Then, holding it high above his head, he looked toward the bed—and stared in horror!

A blood-encrusted face showed on the slipless pillow, while across the forehead was a jagged, red, untended wound. The mouth was open, the breathing was heavy and labored. The form was quite still, the eyes closed. And the face was that of Harry!

CHAPTER XXII.

SO THIS explained, after a fashion, Harry's disappearance. This revealed why the search thru the mountains had failed. This——

But Fairchild suddenly realized that now was not a time for conjecturing upon the past. The man on the bed was unconscious, incapable of helping himself. Far below, a white-haired woman, her toothless jaws uttering one weird chant after another, was digging for him a quicklime grave, in the insane belief that she was aiding in accomplishing some miracle of immortality.

In time—and Fairchild did not know how long—an evil-visaged, scar-faced man would return to help her carry the inert frame of the unconscious man below and bury it. Nor could Fairchild tell from the conversation whether he even intended to perform the merciful act of killing the poor, broken being before he covered it with acids and quick-eating lime in a grave that soon would remove all vestige of human identity forever. Certainly now was not a time for thought; it was one for action!

And for caution. Instinct told Fairchild that for the present, at least, Rodaine must believe that Harry had escaped unaided. There were too many other things in which Robert felt sure Rodaine had played a part; too many other mysterious happenings which must be met and coped with, before the man of the blue-white scar could know that finally the underling was beginning to show fight, that at last the crushed had begun to rise. Fairchild bent and unlaced his shoes, taking off also the heavy woolen socks which protected his feet from the biting cold. Steeling himself to the ordeal which he must undergo, he tied the laces together and slung the footgear over a shoulder. Then he went to the bed.

As carefully as possible, he wrapped Harry in the blankets, seeking to protect him in every way against the cold. With a great effort, he lifted him, the sick man's frame huddled in his arms like some gigantic baby, and started out of the eerie, darkened house.

The stairs—the landing—the hall! Then a query from below:

"Is that you, Roady?"

The breath pulled sharp into Fairchild's lungs. He answered in the best imitation he could give of the voice of Squint Rodaine:

"Yes. Go on with your digging, Honey. I'll be there soon."

"And you'll kiss me?"

"Yes. Just like I kissed you the night our boy was born."

It was sufficient. The chanting began again, accompanied by the swish of the spade as it sank into the earth and the cludding roll of the clods as they were thrown to one side. Fairchild gained the door. A moment more and he staggered with his burden into the protecting darkness of the night.

The snow crept about his ankles, seeming to freeze them at every touch, but Fairchild did not desist. His original purpose must be carried out if Rodaine were not to know—the appearance that Harry had aroused himself sufficiently to wrap the blankets about him and wander off by himself. And this could be accomplished only by the pain and cold and torture of a barefoot trip.

Some way, by shifting the big frame of his unconscious partner now and then, Fairchild made the trip to the main road and veered toward the pumphouse of the Diamond J. mine, running as it often did without attendance while the engineer made a trip with the electric motor into the hill. Cautiously he peered thru the windows. No one was there. Beyond lay warmth and comfort—and a telephone. Fairchild went within and placed Harry on the floor. Then he reached for the phone and called the hospital.

"Hello!" he announced in a husky, disguised voice. "This is Jeb Gresham of Georgeville. I've just found a man lying by the side of the Diamond J. pumphouse, unconscious, with a big cut in his head. I've brought him inside. You'll find him there; I've got to go on. Looks like he's liable to die unless you can send the ambulance for him."

"We'll make it a rush trip," came the answer, and Fairchild hung up the phone, to rub his half-frozen, aching feet a moment, then to reclothe them in the socks and shoes; watching the entrance of the Diamond J. tunnel as he did so. A long minute—then he left the pumphouse, made a few tracks in the snow around the entrance, and walked swiftly down the road.

Fifteen minutes later, from a hiding place at the side of the Clear Creek bridge, he saw the lights of the ambulance as it swerved to the pumphouse. Out came the stretcher. The attendants went in search of the injured man. When they came forth again, they bore the form of Harry Harkins, and the heart of Fairchild began to beat once more with something resembling regularity. His partner—at least such was his hope and his prayer—was on the way to aid and to recovery, while Squint Rodaine would know nothing other than that he had wandered away! Grateful, lighter in heart than he had been for days, Fairchild plodded along the road in the tracks of the ambulance, as it headed back for town.

The news already had spread by the time he reached there; news travels fast in a small mining camp. Fairchild went to the hospital, and to the side of the cot where Harry had been taken, to find the doctor there before him, already bandaging the wound on Harry's head and looking with concern now and then at the pupils of the unconscious man's eyes.

"Are you going to stay here with him?" the physician asked, after he had finished the dressing of the laceration.

"Yes," Fairchild said, in spite of aching fatigue and heavy eyes. The doctor nodded.

"Good. I don't know whether he's going to pull thru or not. Of course, I can't say—but it looks to me from his breathing and his heart action that he's not suffering as much from this wound as he is from some sort of poisoning.

"We've given him apomorphine and it should begin to take effect soon. We're using the batteries, too. You say that you're going to be here? That's a help. They're shy a nurse on this floor tonight, and I'm having a pretty busy time of it. I'm very much afraid that poor old Judge Richmond's going to lay down his cross before morning."

"He's dying?" Fairchild said it with a clutching sensation at his throat. The physician nodded.

"There's hardly a chance for him."

"You're going there?"

"Yes."

"Will you please give——?"

The physician waited. Finally Fairchild shook his head.

"Never mind," he finished. "I thought I would ask you something—but it would be too much of a favor. Thank you just the same. Is there anything I can do here?"

"Nothing except to keep watch on his general condition. If he seems to be getting worse, call the interne. I've left instructions with him."

"Very good."

THE physician went on, and Fairchild took his place beside the bed of the unconscious Harry, his mind divided between concern for his faithful partner and the girl who, some time in the night, must say bood-by forever to the father she loved. It had been on Fairchild's tongue to send her some sort of message by the physician, some word that would show her he was thinking of her and hoping for her. But he had reconsidered. Among those in the house of death might be Maurice Rodaine, and Fairchild did not care again to be the cause of such a scene as had happened on the night of the Old Times dance.

Judge Richmond was dying. What would that mean? What effect would it have upon the engagement of Anita and the man Fairchild hoped that she detested? What—then he turned at the entrance of the interne with the batteries.

"If you're going to be here all night," said the white-coated individual, "it'll help me out a lot if you'll use these batteries for me. Put them on at their full force and apply them to his cheeks, his hands, his wrists and the soles of his feet alternately. From the way he acts, there's some sort of morphinic poisoning. We can't tell what it is—except that it acts like a narcotic. And about the only way we can pull him out is with these applications."

The interne turned over the batteries and went on about his work, while Fairchild, hoping within his heart that he had not placed an impediment in the way of Harry's recovery by not telling what he knew of Crazy Laura and her concoctions, began his task. Yet he was

(Continued on Page 18.)

Freckles

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

BIGGEST BARGAIN EVER OFFERED!

ONLY $3.98 On Arrival

King "Tut" FLOWERED Paisley and Canton Crepe

Bertha Collar of Lace and Net

$15 VALUE

Almost unbelievable at our special low price but — see for yourself, without any risk and entirely on approval. Can you imagine, only $3.98 for this latest style, original Paris model of King "Tut" flowered Paisley in many colored Egyptian pattern and highly lustrous mercerized cotton CANTON CREPE. The most beautiful dress of the season. Waist! newest overlapping panels and sleeves of Paisley. Stylish long length skirt, newest flare cuffs and belt forming into big bow are of French Blue cotton Canton Crepe. Smart Bertha collar of finest quality Valenciennes lace and ruffled French net. This dress is finely tailored of the best quality materials and has every popular style feature shown this season. Take advantage of this once-in-a-life-time opportunity to be stylishly dressed and at such a low cost.

Paisley Panels Latest Paris Style

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

SIZES for Women 32 to 46 For Misses 14, 16 and 18

Be Sure to State Size

Send No Money

But rush your order Now! Give us name, address and size. Pay the mailman as good faith deposit $3.98 plus a few cents for postage when the package arrives. Then examine the dress to your heart's content. Note the splendid material and the trim stylish lines. If not satisfied return to us and we will refund every cent of your money.

Fred'k M. Dunham & Co., Dept. A 207 CHICAGO

This Stylish Combination Bag Only $1.34

Retails at $2.00

Four bags in one. Handbag unfolds and makes Boston Bag, Shopping Bag or Market Bag, 12x15 inches. Made of Dupont Fabricord, the same material used in automobile tops. Has pocket for purse, powder, etc. Beautifully finished. Our Profit-sharing price only $1.34 postpaid.

Big Catalog Free

Write today for our new catalog showing hundreds of other daily needs at money-saving prices. It explains our plan which saves you the dealer's profit. We have been in business nearly 40 years. Thousands of thrifty women are furnishing their homes without cost under our plan. Money back promptly if any article fails to please you. Send for the bag or free catalog today.

Agents wanted everywhere.

Great Eastern Coffee & Tea Co.
Dept. B.W. St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA

Why suffer longer with asthma or Hay Fever? Wonderful new medicine brings QUICK and PERMANENT relief. Write for FREE proof to R. M. B. LABORATORIES, 700 Alaska Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

SPECTACLES FREE
ON TRIAL

Send No Money

Let me send you on Ten Days' Free Trial a pair of my famous "True Fit" Shell Rim Spectacles. Hundreds of thousands now in use everywhere.

These splendid Glasses will enable anyone to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, **see far or near,** and prevent eyestrain or headaches. If after trying them for 10 days and nights you are amazed and delighted, and think them equal to glasses sold elsewhere at $15.00, send only $4.49; if you don't want to keep them, return them and there will be no charge. **Send no Money! Pay no C. O. D.!** Beautiful gold-lettered Spectacle Case FREE. Just send your name, address and age on the coupon below and spectacles will be sent you at once on 10-day free trial.

CUT AND MAIL TODAY

RITHOLZ SPECTACLE CO., Dept. BW15, 1462-1466 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me a pair of your spectacles on 10-day trial. If I like them I will pay $4.49, if not I will return them and there will be no charge.

Name.. Age............
Post Office.. State...............
Street and No.............................Box No...........R. F. D. No.........

A Page for the Woman in the Home

Victoria Grey's Talks to Women

WHO'S looney now?" is a slogan that is just declining after a decade of years of popularity.

At first glance, this statement may seem to have nothing to do with a woman—comparatively young—of 40 years of age whose business is to engrave names on jewelry. But let us see.

This engraver walked into a marble office building one day and took one of the handsome brass-glittering elevators up to the offices of a well-known "eye-doctor."

"Just be seated and explain the nature of your work," said the eye-doctor after his examination of the eyes. "Eye-work, I imagine."

"Yes," agreed the young engraver of 40 years, "and I have been doing this work ever since I was 16 years old. I do nothing for ten hours a day but sit upon a high stool at a bench and engrave in gold. I wish I had only a penny—a penny would suffice—for every time I have engraved the word 'Baby' upon a locket."

"Say no more," said the noted eye specialist. "For about twenty-five years your eyes have been forced to keep a downward direction ten hours, almost at a stretch, each day. Naturally, the eye yearns to move—up; sidewise; any direction to relieve that continual downward one. I wonder you have not nearly gone crazy. You should have come to me sooner. Come with me a moment."

The doctor led the patient into a room where he had a most intriguing device with the nickle-plated guide for the head of a person and a tiny electric light that could move around in a circle, or up and down or left and right.

"Sit down here," directed the doctor.

The patient did as told. The doctor fitted the head guide upon the engraver and laid hold of the little arm that piloted the light about.

"Watch this light," ordered the doctor. He then proceeded to move the light left to right in a circle upwards. After some moments of this the doctor told his patient to arise again.

"How good my eyes feel," said our heroine enthusiastically.

"Just what your poor eyes needed, my lady," rejoined the doctor. "Now let me see! Come back three days from now for a longer treatment like this. In the meanwhile, frequently, during the day, I want you to stop your work and watch your finger tip while you make it go thru just about the movements I have made the light go thru. It is what you need."

"Yes, doctor," replied the engraver.

"By the way, I wonder you didn't feel the need of relieving your eyes long ago by this means of watching your uplifted finger. It would have saved you an amount of wear and tear measured in years!"

The woman made answer thus:

"I did, doctor—I did feel the need of it, as many as twenty years ago. I was relieving my eyes by exercising them upwards, guiding them with my pencil, which I made perform these gyrations, when I was arrested and sent to an insane asylum for it. My work thus ceasing, I had no need for eye exercise and was therefore discharged as cured of my 'insanity.' I went back to work, but have done without the exercise since."

"Hmmm!" commented the doctor. "I guess you had better go in hiding, at that, while you take these exercises I have given you."

So you see, as the world gets older it finds that there are legitimate reasons for many actions that, in the past, called forth a verdict of "insanity." Perhaps in the far future the world will have acquired such knowledge that legitimate causes and cures purely physical may be found in all cases now designated as "insanity."

❦

DISHES THAT TEMPT

HOW TO MAKE THEM

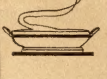
Grilled Sardines.

Dip sardines in oil and broil on both sides. Serve on tiny strips of toast, garnished with lemon.

Pineapple Custard.

Make a boiled custard of a quart of milk, the yolks of five eggs and a half cupful of sugar. When smooth and thick mix with a can of grated pineapple, turn into a serving dish, cover with meringue, and put into the oven until puffed and brown.

An Idea for Sunday's Three Meals



BREAKFAST.

Apple Sauce
Hominy and Cream
Boiled Eggs
Rolls
Coffee or Milk

DINNER.

Veal Cutlets
Stuffed Sweet Potatoes
Spinach
Pineapple Custard

SUPPER.

Grilled Sardines.
Toast
Cup Custard
Chocolate Cake
Tea

The preparation of these dishes will be found in Column 2 of this page, under "Dishes That Tempt."

THE LEDGER'S WEEKLY HOUSEKEEPING HINT

WITH NEW POTATOES

NEW potato season is at hand, and most of us look forward gratefully to the change from the rather inferior old potatoes we get at this time of year to the fresh, new ones.

Remember, that new potatoes, like old ones, should not be of a green color This indicates that they have been too near the surface of the ground, and sometimes indicates an almost poisonous unwholeness in the potatoes.

New potatoes should be a clear, creamy white, whiter than old potatoes, which should, when raw, be slightly yellow.

A good way to test potatoes is to cut one of a lot in half. Look at the color. Then see how moist it is. If the water stands out in drops it will be soggy when cooked. Rub the two halves together. If there is a good deal of froth at the edges, the potato is good and starchy. The more froth there is, the more starch, which is, of course, a desirable quality in a potato.

Another way some judges test for starch is to place the two halves of a cut raw potato together. If they cling to each other the starch content is high. If one drops off, the starch content is not sufficient to satisfy.

New potatoes are best, really, when they are served most simply. Just boiled, and sent to the table with melted butter, salt and minced parsley sprinkled over them, they are delicious.

Like old potatoes, they should be drained a few minutes before being served, and stood in a warm place, covered with a cloth.

Slip-ons for Furniture.

TO GET a change or an appearance of newness to your furniture, try the slip-on scheme. There is no limit to what these slip-ons will do for a room and you will also come to love your furniture.

New-fashioned, sprightly slip-ons for furniture are made from crinkly chintz or beruffled taffeta.

Very often the furniture becomes worn or shabby and the owner doesn't care to invest in a complete new set. Here the slip-ons serve their purpose. Any dealer will advise you as to color, material, and your problem is solved. You have a change and aspect of newness for your room.

Just lay the material on the piece of furniture and cut exactly the same size. Cut the back length six inches longer and three inches wider than the back of the chair, if you wish to make your own slip-ons. In the same way cut the seat pieces. Keep the cretonne straight and let any large figure design come squarely in the middle of the back or seat. Extra pieces can be cut for the arm pieces and up over the back, giving the appearance or effect of an applied banding. The bottom may be straight or plaited. If cretonne is not available or used, awning or crash will do, but are not adaptable for plaiting.

WHAT YOUR NAME SIGNIFIES

Facts About It; Its History; Its Meaning; Whence It Was Derived; Your Lucky Day and Lucky Jewel.

By **Mildred Marshall.**

DORA

THE influence of Teutonic literature is responsible for the existence and popular usage of Dora. Tho coming originally from the same source as Dorothea, and often regarded as a contraction of that name, since the two translations, "gift of God," are identical, Dora is a completely separate and individual feminine appellative.

The Greek word Theodoros was the root of masculine and feminine names without number. Most of the first named, saints, one of the favorites being a young soldier of Heraclea who burnt the temple at Cybele and was martyred in consequence. The Venetians brought home his legend and made him one of their patron saints, Teodoro.

Theodora named a Greek empress and a beautiful Cappadocian martyr, thus springing to fame as a feminine name early in history. Under Teutonic influence, however, the first syllable was dropped, and Dora, or more properly Dore, became a nationally common name. Teuton literature is filled with heroines who bear the charming little title which has found such favor in this country. The South has a quaint old-fashioned form—Medora—very popular in antebellum days.

The aquamarine is Dora's talismanic stone. It is the gem of friendship and promises its wearer great popularity and a compelling charm of manner. Tuesday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

Next Week: ELEANOR. Watch For It.

And Here Are Other Departments of Interest to Woman and Her Children

What Is Your Problem?
Page 2.

Patterns
Page 8.

Puzzles.
Page 26.

Further Developments in

The House of Intrigue

By Arthur Stringer

What Happened in Last Week's Installment

After a long trip thru the night by motor car, Wendy and Baddie arrived at the "Big House" up the river, where Baddie finally had a chance to get some much needed sleep, even tho she slept with a revolver under her pillow and in spite of the fact that she had discovered a young woman sleeping in another room when that room was supposed to be vacant. In the morning she went down to meet Wendy, and even tho she knew they were in another house of mystery she did not permit the knowledge to interfere with her appetite, and insisted that she was ready to do justice to the breakfast which her Hero-Man had prepared.

This story began in No. 9, the Ledger for March 3. Back copies may be obtained from our agents or newsdealers.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

We sat down, one at each side of the table. Then he suddenly got up again.

"Will you excuse me for one minute?" he said over his shoulder, as he started for the door.

"Where are you going?" I asked him, with a good deal of trepidation, and one hand firmly on the roll plate, to make sure that the best part of my breakfast wasn't going to follow him. But he didn't wait to answer me. And I sat there wondering if he'd gone for good, or merely slipped out for a policeman, or remembered to awaken the mysterious lady in the cream and gold room above stairs.

But I was wrong on every count. For he came back in a moment or two with the black club-bag in his hand and a look of relief on his face.

"It isn't the sort of thing, you know, that you care to leave lying around in corners!" he apologetically remarked, as he stepped into the room and quietly closed the door behind him.

He put the club-bag close beside his chair as he sat down again.

"Shall I pour?" I asked, as I lifted the cosey from the silver coffee-pot.

"Thanks," he said, but his eyes, I noticed, were studious and abstracted. He served the bacon and eggs. Then he nodded in the direction of the library, where I had answered that mysterious telephone call. The eagle, I knew, was still busy with its clawing act.

"Were you expecting a visitor?" he asked, in an offhandeded way.

"I'd prefer not having one!" I told him, quite as impersonally

"I trust you will not be disappointed in that wish," he said. But there was a note of constraint in his voice as he spoke. And his eyes, from time to time, kept searching my face.

"And you?" I inquired, remembering the sleeper above us. "Were you expecting a visitor?"

"It would rather interfere with our plans, wouldn't it?" he suggested.

I looked up at him.

"What plans have we?" I asked. We were both eating by this time. And I observed that his appetite was quite as normal as my own.

"That's something we have to talk over," he acknowledged

"I think we have a great deal to talk over," I amended.

"Yes, a great deal," he agreed, as he passed me the breakfast rolls. Then he laughed as he followed my example and took one of them. "You know, it's years since I've done this sort of thing!"

"You mean—er—paid for things?" I calmly inquired, with a head-movement toward the roll plate.

He nodded his own head, almost gleefully, like a street urchin who'd raided a fruit cart.

"I find I fail quite often, in the little things," he acknowledged. "It's only the big coups that I care to count on."

"Such as half a million in a club-bag!" I suggested.

Still again he nodded his head.

"Well, I want to talk about this club-bag, and certain things that happened last night," I told him.

He at once became serious.

"I was hoping you wouldn't go back to that."

"Why?" I asked him.

"Because I thought perhaps you'd had all you wanted of that sort of thing, and would prefer talking about the future."

"I don't think I've got any future," I told him, with a gulp of self-pity that I couldn't altogether succeed in laughing down.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," he calmly retorted.

"For instance?" I said, very much on my guard.

He sat staring at me across the table for a full minute before he spoke.

"Why don't you like me?" he asked, as off-handedly as tho he were inquiring the time of the day.

"Who said I didn't?"

"Your face says so five or six times every minute!"

It was my turn to sit and look at him. For it suddenly came home to me that I was enjoying this novel tete-a-tete much more than I had imagined. He was a man easy to talk to, was Wendy Washburn. He was natural and unaffected, and there were times when you seemed to fit into his humor as easily as you fit into an armchair. There was a quiet impersonality about him that put you at your ease. He never reminded you of your sex. There was no smirking gallantry about him. Even in spite of the fact that there were a good many corners in his life that he'd kept covered up, he suggested, in his apparent openness, a young and healthy boy. He always seemed to be doing the right sort of thing. It may not have been the right sort of thing, of course, but he had a way of doing it which made it seem right. And he would always be easy to get on with.

"You oughtn't to trust my face," I finally told him.

"But I do," he said with utmost solemnity. "I trust it more than you do yourself."

I couldn't quite catch what he meant by that. But I didn't think any the less of him for saying it.

"Go on," I mocked. "Tell me all about myself."

He seemed to jump at the chance.

"All right, I will. And you can tell me whether I'm right or wrong. You've always rather liked nice things. If I'm revolted, even as a young girl, at the not greatly mistaken, you always secretly thought of life in a pigeonhole on one of the side-streets. You've always had a sort of ache to be in touch with the splendor of life—to swim with the swell push, as some of our Center street friends might express it."

He declined to countenance my interruption.

"Now pull down those Elsie Ferguson eyebrows until I finish, please," he went on. "I don't mean the white lights and lobster-palace floaters and fifteen-carat diamond rings, by the splendor of life. But no girl is as fastidious as you are about her clothes, and about her hair, and about herself altogether, without having that streak of fineness extending right up into her mind. It has to be a part of her. Now, wait; don't interrupt! I'm not trying to flatter you. You clipped the wings of anything like that one afternoon down at Long Beach. But what I do acknowledge is that the whole thing puzzles me, that I can't quite square you, as you sit there at that side of the table, with what happened that day at Long Beach, and with what happened, well, last night, if we don't want to go back too far."

I THINK I both liked him and hated him for the things he was saying. I didn't bother to ask myself why. But he was breaking into that high-walled garden which has "Personal" written over its gate-arch. And it had become an instinct of life with me, I suppose, to resent all such intrusion.

"You seem to be rather interested in me," I observed, by way of a "No-Trespassing" sign.

"I am!" he promptly acknowledged. "I'm tremendously interested in you!"

"And how far back does this interest extend?" I coldly inquired.

"Back to the first day I ever met you," he had the candor to acknowledge.

"And how far does it promise to extend in the future?" I asked, more unsettled by his solemnity than I had been by his flippancy.

But Wendy Washburn did not answer my question. Instead he asked me one of his own.

"You don't worry much about things, do you?"

"What's the use?" I retorted.

"You rather surprise me, on that point," he ruefully admitted.

"Then it may surprise you to know that at this very moment I am worried, terribly worried."

"About what?"

"About everything!"

He smiled a little.

"You don't look it."

"I was always told to keep up a good front," I explained, as that old streak of perversity, which kept tempting me to key my talk down to the underworld plane, reasserted itself. And I could see my Hero-Man's mouth harden.

"The sentiment may be admirable, but the phrase strikes me as rather obnoxious!"

I had always been too much of a pepper-pot, I suppose, to take criticism like that with folded hands and a meekly bowed head.

"It seemed good enough for the man who taught it to me," I said. And I had the satisfaction of beholding a hope fulfilled, for his face clouded up in spite of himself.

Don't Send 1 Penny

All-Wool Cape $3.98

Delivery FREE

This is the greatest bargain ever offered. Cape is made of all-wool plaid velour in newest large block pattern. Has collar and closes with self cloth ties. Openings for arms. Unlined. Length, 38 in. Very stylish for everyday or dress wear. COLORS: Tan with brown overplaid, or bluewithgreen overplaid. Sizes to fit misses 14,16 and 18 years; women, 32 to 44 bust.

Delivery Free! Just send your name and address—no money. When the postman delivers this all wool cape at your door, pay him $3.98 for it. We have paid the transportation charges. If, for any reason whatsoever, it is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. Order by No. 35.

Fashion's Favorite

WALTER FIELD CO., Dept. W 1032, CHICAGO

SEND NO MONEY

FOR THIS

FAMOUS 6 SHOT 1923 MODEL HAND EJECTOR REVOLVER

Positive Swing Cylinder

32 cal. $17.50

32.20 or 38 cal. $18.50 A Product of Spain

"One of the Finest Revolvers Made" regardless of Name, Make or Price. Blue Steel or Nickel Finish, Best Workmanship Guaranteed; Fires 6 shots without reloading; solid frame; Western Grip. Use Standard Ammunition.

32 Cal. No. 458..............$17.50
32.20 or 38 Cal. No. 558.......$18.50

Rush Order—Supply Limited; pay postman on arrival our price plus postage, or send cash, check, money order and save postage charges. Examine merchandise carefully upon delivery and if not satisfied return at once and your money will be promptly refunded.

EDWARDS IMPORT TRADING CORP.
258 Broadway, New York

BOYS!!

LEARN HOW TO PLAY ANY TUNE IN ONE AFTERNOON

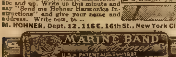
FREE Complete instructions for making real music with a Hohner Harmonica (Mouth Organ) sent free to any American Boy. First learn the scale—"do, re, me, fa" etc. Then try "Home Sweet Home" Diagrams and full explanations show you how you can do this easily with a

HOHNER HARMONICA

After you've done this you can play any tune you can whistle -- with chords and full accompaniment. Harmonica is most popular music on the radio. Biggest hit of the year in New York Orchestras. Be the first boy in your neighborhood to play a harmonica well. Astonish your folks and friends Be sure to ask at the music goods store, general store, stationery or drug store in your town for a Hohner Harmonica - 50c and up. Write us this minute and say "Send me Hohner Harmonica Instructions" and give your name and address. Write now, to:--

Wesley Barry, Warner Bros star is a Hohner fan
Send now for free instructions

M. HOHNER, Dept. 12, 116 E. 16th St., New York City



Get a Hohner at Your Local Store

ALL SIX FREE

This fashionable Ox Blood Red Persian Ivory NECKLACE, 30 inches long, these 4 lovely Gold plated RINGS and this handsome Gold plated, stone-set PENDANT and CHAIN will ALL be Given FREE by us to anyone selling only 12 cards of our fast-selling Rosedale Dress Fasteners at 10c. per card and returning the $1.20 to us. Order today

W. A. DALE MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

SEX EXPLAINED!

Sex Truth at Last. Dr Cowan's book answers in plain understandable language all you want to know. "The SCIENCE OF A NEW LIFE" TELLS ABOUT: The Sex Appeal—Choosing a Mate—Blissful Marriage—HOW BABIES ARE CONCEIVED AND BORN—What to Avoid—Twilight Sleep—etc., 408 pages (illustrated) THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR CHILDREN. Special edition of this $3.00 book sent postpaid for $2.00 (C.O.D. 10c extra).

Ogilvie Pub. Co., 57 Rose St., Dept. 18, New York City

SEXUAL—LOVE AND LIFE!

"FIBRE-LITE" LIMBS

Easy Payments--Do Nature's Work. AGENTS WANTED who wear Artificial Leg. GOOD PAY. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO WORMAN CO., 252-B Hennepin, Minneapolis, Minn.

20¢ A DAY PAYS FOR THIS LUXURIOUS VELOUR SOFA

A thousand other beautiful Furnishings in latest styles Save big money. Factory-to-Family prices. Pay as little as $3 down. Small monthly payments.

1 to 4 Years to Pay

☐ Furnishings ☐ Symphonola Phonographs
☐ Symphonic Pianos ☐ Symphonic Player Pianos

Check offer interested in and mail this adv. with full name and address today for *104-page beautifully illustrated FREE Book*

Larkin Co Inc. Desk FBW 123 Buffalo, N.Y.

GUARANTEED 10,000 MILES BRAND NEW CORDS

30×3 $6.95

Every One First Quality—Guaranteed

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.95	$0.95
30x3½	8.45	1.15
32x3½	9.95	1.25
31x4	10.65	1.35
32x4	11.85	1.40
33x4	12.45	1.45
34x4	13.25	1.50
32x4½	16.25	1.75
33x4½	16.95	1.80
34x4½	18.60	1.85
35x4½	18.95	1.90
33x5	22.05	2.10
35x5	24.95	2.25

Buy at these amazing prices. Send no money. Specify sizes and number of tires; fill every possible need—save—TODAY.

CHARLES TIRE CORPORATION
1440 S. Michigan Ave. Dept. 52, Chicago

42 PIECE DINNER SET Free

Distribute only 3 doz. pkgs. of our famous Soaps, Perfumes, etc., among friends and neighbors to introduce and we will send you free this magnificent 42-pce. gold and floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed. 50 other fine premiums. Write for Free Sample Outfit.

TYRRELL WARD CO., 4531 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

BOX OF SEEDS—10c

MILLS SEEDS

This is a Wonderful Box of Seeds and will produce bushels of Vegetables, Fruits and Flowers.

The following 10 Packets of Seeds will be mailed to any address for only 10c.

1 Pkt.	(300 seeds)	Cabbage--60-day--Produced heads in 60 days.
1 "	(600 ")	Lettuce--Earliest or 12-day--Record breaker.
1 "	(100 ")	Radish--Red Bird--Earliest of all reds.
1 "	(100 ")	Vegetable Peach--Fine for preserving.
1 "	(1000 ")	Turnip--6 Wks. or Snowball--Quickest grower.
1 "	(100 ")	Tomato--EarlyTree- best of all Erect grower
1 "	(25 ")	Garden Berry- Fruits in 4 months from seed --good for Preserves and Pies.
1 "	(50 ")	Aster-Bouquet-1 plant is a gorgeous bouquet.
1 "	(1000 ")	Poppy-Firefly-Most gorgeous poppies grown
1 "	(2000 ")	Flowers- 27 varieties--Great mixture--Wonderful colors.

I Guarantee you will be more than pleased. New 1923 Seed Book of the best Vegetable and Flower seeds, many Novelties in Colors, free to all. Order today.

F. B. MILLS, Seed Grower, Box 40, ROSE HILL, N. Y.

$1.95 Special Sale

FREE: KNIFE & CHAIN

We are offering special bargain in men's watches at the remarkably low price of $1.95--with FREE gold filled Waldemar chain and knife. Gunmetal case guaranteed never to tarnish; full jewel. Well-known Exposition Movement; adjusted and regulated. Open face, metal luminous gold leaf dial, thin model. Stem wind and set. Excellent timekeeper. Send no money. Pay postman only $1.95. Order now—supply limited. Satisfaction or money back.

SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CORP.
Dept. 02, 434 Broadway, New York

3 Khaki Shirts $2.75

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG

Wonderful Bargain—good looking—strong long-wearing washable shirts worth $1.25 each. Excellent for work or sport. Sizes 14 to 17.

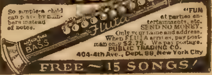
SEND NO MONEY

Pay postman, plus postage Money refunded if not satisfied (One shirt 95c

Send for Army, Navy & Outing Catalog

Russell's, Inc., 245 W. 42 St.
Dept. 202, New York City.

ANYBODY CAN PLAY



So simple a child can play by numbers instead of notes.

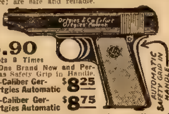
"FUN at parties entertainments, etc. SEND NO MONEY. Only your name and address. When FLUTA arrives, pay postman only $2.75. We pay postage.

PUBLIC TRADING CO.
404-4th Ave., Dept. 99, New York City

FREE—15 SONGS!

MODEL CO., 145-B Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.
LOWEST PRICES IN U. S. A.
$25.00 Genuine German Ortgies Automatic Pistols

One of the most famous, highest grade automatic pistols in the world. Guaranteed not to jam or miss fire; are safe and reliable.


Ortgies & Co Erfurt Ortgies Patent
AUTOMATIC SAFETY GRIP IN HANDLE

25 Cal. Special At $6.90 Shoots 8 Times

Every One Brand New and Perfect. Has Safety Grip in Handle.

$27-32-Caliber German Ortgies Automatic $8.25

$30-38-Caliber German Ortgies Automatic $8.75

The most remarkable weapon made regardless of name, make or price.

These pistols shoot regular 25, 32 and 38 Caliber Winchester American steel bullets. Small in size, easily carried. Powerful and accurate. Genuine Leather Holster 85c Extra magazines $1 25

Parcel Post Insured 30c extra on Pistols.

PLEASE NOTICE: Do not confuse the Ortgies Automatic with the cheap nameless unreliable Spanish Automatics sold for a few pennies less. You can depend on the Ortgies

22 Cal. Genuine Ortgies Rifle

With Automatic Shell Ejector

SHELL EJECTOR

Imported from Germany. Length over all 38 inches. Fine wood stock. Krupp steel, blue barrel. Lever action. With improved shell ejector. Very accurate. Shoots .22-cal. American bullets, long or short Wonderful for target shooting and small game.

Regular Value $15.00 Our Price $4.25

Parcel Post Insured 40c extra on rifle.

$16.50 BRAND NEW Genuine German LUGER

30-Caliber 3⅝-inch barrel. 9-Shot Automatic, with automatic magazine ejector; the latest, best and most reliable large size pistol made Safety attachment. Shoots American Ammunition. Regular Value $50. Our Price 30-Caliber....$16.50

Parcel Post Insured 30c extra on Luger.
Extra Luger Magazines $1.75. Luger Holsters $1.25
Box of 50 Luger Bullets $1.65.

We sell Lugers and Ortgies cheaper than anybody in the U. S. Compare our prices with others.

ALL OUR MERCHANDISE IS BRAND NEW

Order one of these Specials NOW from this advertisement. Mail orders promptly filled upon receipt of cash or money order, or if you prefer

SEND NO MONEY

Unless you wish. We will ship by return mail and you can pay the above low price, plus postage, to the postman on arrival of goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

MODEL CO., 145-B Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$1 FOR THIS STANDARD TIRE ANY SIZE

GUARANTEED SIX MONTHS

For a limited time, we will send with each tire ordered, another tire same size for only $1 00.

Look at these bargain prices! Get 10,000 to 12,000 miles from our Goodyear, Goodrich, Fisk, U. S. and other Standard Tires slightly used. No double tread or reconstructed tires of any kind.

You are absolutely protected by our guarantee to replace any tire that does not wear 6 months at one-third the Original Price. Order Quick before this sale ends.

LOWEST PRICES EVER OFFERED

Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Tubes	Size	1 Tire	2 Tires	Tubes
30x3	$4.95	$ 5.95	$0.95	32x4½	$ 9.50	$10.50	$2.25
30x3½	5.95	6.95	1.15	33x4½	9.75	10.75	2.35
32x3½	6.75	7.75	1.40	34x4½	10.00	11.00	2.50
31x4	7.75	8.75	1.50	35x4½	11.00	12.00	2.50
32x4	8.25	9.25	1.75	36x4½	12.25	13.25	2.75
33x4	8.75	9.75	1.85	35x5	12.25	13.25	3.00
34x4	9.00	10.00	2.00	37x5	13.50	14.50	3.00

EXAMINE TIRES ON ARRIVAL

But send $1.00 deposit as good faith, or save 10% by sending cash with order now. In either case, if tires are not satisfactory you can return them. Don't Delay. Order TODAY—While our stock lasts.

MOTORIST TIRE COMPANY,
2613 S. Wabash Ave., Dept. 213 Chicago, Illinois

Bunions
STARTLING NEW DISCOVERY
FREE TRIAL Costs Not One Cent

Just send your name for this startling new discovery that has at last put an end to all bunion suffering. I don't care how many remedies you have tried without success - nor how discouraged you may be — I will prove to you FREE, as I have to thousands of others, that this new amazing discovery absolutely ends the oldest, most stubborn bunion. Nothing like it was ever before conceived. It is entirely different.

FAIRYFOOT

So simple it takes but a moment to apply—yet it works miracles. Suffering twinges stop at once. Redness and soreness end quickly. Inflammatory swelling is quickly dispersed. Don't suffer another day. Send name at once for *Free Trial* before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

Foot Remedy Co., Dept. 304
2207 Millard Ave., Chicago

ECZEMA OPEN SORES

and other Skin Eruptions. A FREE trial of Smith's Magic Treatment should quickly convince you that your suffering is needless. For ten years it has proved a blessing to thousands. Send now for FREE trial. Address: Reedsburg Chemical Co., Dept. 12, Reedsburg, Wis.

"What man?" he inquired.

"Bud Griswold," I told him, with a touch of malice. "Bud always claimed that a good front helped out in our line of business!"

"Our line of business!" echoed Wendy Washburn, in a sort of groan.

"Well, isn't it about the same as your line of business?" I demanded.

He looked at me vacant-eyed, for a moment or two. Then he sat back in a brown study.

"I think I resent, more than anything else, that man's influence over you," he finally asserted. He even sighed, I suppose at the memory of my misspent life.

"There was one thing that Bud was rather particular about," I said with all the sugary indifference that I could command, "and that was to respect the dead!"

"The dead?" he echoed, batting his eyes with perplexity. Then he seemed to waken up to the fact that I had been hurling a harpoon at him, for her looked self-conscious and awkward.

"But so many of us are half dead without quite realizing it," he lamely contended, doing his best to emulate the humble cuttlefish.

"Thank you!" I retorted.

"On the contrary, I couldn't accuse you of not being alive," he protested "I think, perhaps, that you're rather too much alive. But I can't help feeling it's been a foolish sort of liveliness, like the kind you see in a squirrel-cage."

"Again I thank you!" I solemnly told him. But he refused to be shaken out of his seriousness.

"What I mean is that you've never lived up to your potentialities. You've never given yourself a chance. You've never really risen to your opportunities. You've wasted your time on the small caliber things of life. Instead of conquering, you've merely fretted. Instead of using that restless brain and body Heaven gave you, for one big end, you've let them blow like a leaf in the winds of chance!"

"I don't quite follow you," I coldly affirmed, trying to throw dignity up, like a guard-arm, to ward off the blows that were beginning to hurt.

"I mean that you're too clever a woman, yes, and too fine a woman, to be doing the things you have been doing," he said, still speaking without heat.

"I'm afraid I'm a very stupid woman, or I wouldn't be letting you say the things you are saying to me," I said, meeting his gaze. I was even able to laugh at him, tho there wasn't much merriment in that laughter of mine. For there was only too much truth in many of the things he had been saying. He was quite right in suspecting that I was a sort of whiptop, that I could only keep my balance by being kept forever in motion. He was also right in suspecting that I'd always nursed a secret and absurd ache for grandeur, a sort of vague homesickness for some splendor which I couldn't quite define. Often, even as a youngster, I'd imagined myself a changeling. Many a lonely hour of my childhood had been spent in devising romantic fictions as to my origin and ancestry. But every rose-crowned avenue of romance had led me wearily back to Minetta Lane. Yet I'd always loved beautiful things, and hungered to explore beautiful houses, and yearned foolishly after even beautiful clothes.

It was because Bud Griswold had first brought me into touch with these things, I remembered, that I had been weak enough to swing in with him. He had brought me into touch with them crazily and accidentally, perhaps, but it had seemed the only way open to me. Bud had never been able to give me a home. But he'd been able to let me come up like a spoon-bill to breathe in the tawdry beauty of a big hotel. He'd been able to rent splendor, for at least an hour, by dining in state, for instance, at the Biltmore. But we were always renters, and nothing more. Once our bill had been paid we lost our claim on that Island of Enchantment just wide enough from one white damask boundary to the other to hold up two pair of elbows. We were royalty, for an hour, whereupon some other listless-hearted flat-dwelling lady promptly took possession of my chair, reminding me that I was ony one in a procession of self-deluded impostors.

Wendy Washburn, who had sat there studying my face, began to look concerned.

"I don't suppose," he finally ventured, "that you know why I'm preaching to you along this particular line?"

"No, I don't," was my reply "But I do know that preaching isn't ever going to make any difference with me, or even do me any good!"

My note of revolt seemed to disturb him. He even colored a little as he stared across the table at me.

"Oh, I say, you mustn't imagine I'm trying anything so stupid as that!" he cried. "We don't suddenly turn good that way, of course—except in the Elsie books, or at Billy Sunday's revivals!"

"Then why talk about it at all?" I inquired. But that question, apparently, he preferred to leave unanswered.

"By the way, would you regard me as clever as Bud Griswold?" he somewhat startled me by asking.

"You've had more chances, I think, than Bud ever did," I told him. "And you may laugh at me for saying it, but outside his work Bud was the cleanest-living man I ever knew."

"You mean you always considered him that?"

"Always," I affirmed.

"Of course you would," he agreed.

"Why the 'of course?'" I demanded.

"Otherwise you'd never have worked with him," explained my Hero-Man, with a frown of trouble on his fastidious-looking forehead. "But with all due deference to this same Bud, I can't help feeling that his vision was limited. As far as I can estimate him, he was big in just one thing. And that one thing was his treatment of—no, not exactly his treatment of you, but his appreciation of you!"

I FELT in no way flattered over that left-handed compliment.

"You never knew Bud Griswold as I knew him," I retorted, trying to speak as calmly as I could. "He may have been nothing better than a confidence man, but in his own blind way he was always trying to grope up to better things. His thinking may have been all wrong—I suppose the thinking of every criminal has to be wrong—but even at that sort of work Bud tried to keep as clean-handed as he could. I can remember when a porch-climber friend of his steered him into a chance to clean out a four-family flat-house in Cleveland. He merely said: 'Nix on the wage-earners!' And he meant it. For he always drew the line at robbing the poor. But he felt that he had a sort of right to shake down the rich, now and then, and I've seen him make the rounds as tho he were a tax-collector after arrears. I think he even took a sort of joy in setting an over-dressed dowager back for a couple of marquise rings and a sunburst or two!"

Wendy Washburn sat studying me quite soberly. But for some reason or other there was humor in his eyes.

"I like you for being loyal to Bud, no matter what he was," explained the man across the table from me. "But what I've been trying to get at is that all these activities of his were pretty small affairs. They could only lead to failure, in the end. In fact, they did lead to failure. They weren's big enough to justify themselves. Bud, I mean, may have been the most upright burglar who ever jimmied a back window, but to the local police he would always be a burglar!"

I resented that description of Bud, and it made the tone of my retort rather bitter, I suppose.

"While you do your work along such sweeping lines," I suggested, "that the chance to pack a jury is never overlooked and an ex-judge can always be retained to confirm the acquittal!"

He laughed at that, quietly and a little bewilderingly.

"Well," he retorted, "I've at least kept out of jail, however I do my work!"

"So have I!" was my prompt counter to that retort. "And what's more important ——"

Instead of completing that sentence, however, my voice trailed off into silence, For, closely as I had been looking at the face across the table from me, I became vaguely conscious of a movement not many feet beyond the spot where that man sat.

Without actually looking at the door in the wall behind him, I became aware of the fact that this door had slowly swung back, as tho moved by a listener hidden in its shadow.

I didn't betray that discovery by any sudden movement or start. But my first thought was of the unknown woman I had seen asleep in the blue and gold bedroom upstairs.

The thought of that unknown woman, however, did not stay long in my head. For the door, swinging still wider, had allowed that unseen interloper to pass into the room itself. My gaze was still directed on Wendy Warshburn's face. I did not actually look away from him. Yet somewhere on the vague borders of vision I received an impression of a moving shadow. I knew that some one had opened the door, had silently entered the room, and was advancing across the floor.

Wendy Washburn was speaking again, but I had no idea what he was saying. His words became a meaningless jumble of sound, and I lost all thought of him, as that advancing shadow moved more directly into my line of vision.

My first shock came, as I slowly raised my eyes, when I discovered the intruder was not a woman. My second shock came when I realized that this intruder carried a blue-barreled automatic in his right hand. But the third shock, and the greatest of them all, came when I saw that this intruder was a man whom I had been taught to think of as dead.

For standing before me I saw, not a

STOP WHISKEY

An Odorless and Tasteless Treatment

Any lady can give it secretly at home in tea, coffee or food, and it costs nothing to try! If you have a husband, son, brother, father or friend who is a victim of whiskey, beer or wine, send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines Co., 726 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you absolutely free, in plain wrapper, a trial package of this wonderful treatment. Write today and be thankful all your life.—Adv.

Headache
and
Midol
AND WHAT FOLKS SAY ABOUT THEM

People from all over the country write us "Midol are the best headache tablets I have ever taken"—"I have given away many dollars' worth of Midol to girl friends"—"I have used Midol two years for different ailments very satisfactorily"—"One dose of Midol promptly relieved a headache which I had for 3 days"—"I have used Midol 7 years; it does all you claim for it,"—and so on.

These are but a few of the remarks of men and women who swear by Midol because it promptly relieves headache, toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, neuritis, spring fever, asthma, etc., no matter from what cause.

Midol is particularly effective with women who regularly suffer from headaches and that dull bearing down backache. You will be amazed at the way it will relieve you at such times! Midol is safe, not habit-forming and unlike similar preparations has no distressing, depressing aftereffect. It is more effective than Aspirin, Antipyrin, Acetanilid, Phenacetin or similar products.

Midol tablets are put up in convenient aluminum boxes in two sizes, 15c and 40c. Full directions in every box. Unless your dealer has it, send coins or stamps direct for a regular size box today.

GENERAL DRUG CO., DEPT. T, 94 NORTH MOORE ST., NEW YORK

FREE THIS SEVEN PIECE ALUMINUM SET

THIS HANDSOME KITCHEN COMBINATION SET of pure aluminum is yours without sending us one penny. All you have to do is give us a few hours of your spare time. Distribute three dozen packages of our New Way Washing Tablets which sell for 25c a package to your neighbors and friends and we will send you this magnificent 7-piece Aluminum Set, absolutely free. 100 other products—50 other Premiums WRITE TODAY

NEW WAY PRODUCTS CO., 334 North Elizabeth Street Dept C-4, CHICAGO, ILL.

Send for Free Catalog of Money Saving Bargains
Bargains in Sporting Goods

Bargains in automatics shot guns, fishing tackle & men's & women's apparel await the one who send for this big, beautifully illustrated free catalog. Enjoy sensationally low prices. Write now.

Paramount Trading Company
Dept. 826
34 West 28th St., New York

Elegant Jeweled Watch

This extra fine thin model watch, in genuine gold-filled case and jeweled movement, only $5.95. Open face, screw back and bezel, stem wind and set. Extra high-grade appearance fully tested and guaranteed. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back

CRESCENT COMPANY
220 W Ontario Street
Dept. 61, Chicago, Illinois

FREE Fine Waldemar Knife and Chain if you send order today

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED

and to prove this I will send you a regular $1.00 treatment of my famous Asthma-Tabs absolutely FREE. If you are short of breath, sneeze, wheeze, can't sleep at night—this wonderful new discovery will remove these troubles in a few days. A big Kansas City bank stands back of my guarantee to cure you or it costs nothing. Simply send your name and address today to Mr. R. N. Townley, ASTHMA-TAB LABORATORIES, 627 Baker-Vawter Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and get the trial treatment I want to send you FREE and postpaid. Write today.

Stomach Trouble
CAN BE CURED. If you suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia, belching, sourness, bloating, gas or pain in stomach, headaches, auto-intoxication or nausea, I want to send you a sample of my effective mineral treatment ABSOLUTELY FREE under plain wrapper. This treatment gave me lasting benefits and thousands of sufferers say it cured them after everything else failed. Simply send name for this generous sample which does not obligate you in any way and never costs you anything.

W. R. SMITH, 801 Lavex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

UNLUCKY?

Then wear this Mystic Serpent. Replica of Ancient Hindu charm against evil spirits, sickness, spells, and symbol of GOOD LUCK in love, business, games. Heavy, weird and startling. Genuine 14-Karat gold shell, 8 year guarantee. Men and Women. Secret "formula for luck" FREE. Send measure (string tied around finger.) ALI B. BABA, Box 55, 116 Str. Sta., New York. Pay $2 27 and postage to postman on delivery.

BOYS! MAKE MONEY EVERY WEEK selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. No experience necessary. You can't lose. No money in advance. We show you just how to build up a route of steady customers that means steady profits every week, and just what to do.

START TODAY

Send us a postcard and say, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell."

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 10,
500-514 North Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

5-Room House $538

NOT PORTABLE

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

ALADDIN Houses Not Portable

All lumber cut to fit by Aladdin System (not portable). Proved saving of over 18% waste in lumber and up to 30% saving on labor. Aladdin Homes built everywhere. Satisfaction or money back.

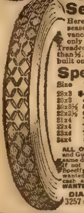
Houses, Cottages, Bungalows

Prices quoted include all lumber cut to fit, windows, doors, woodwork, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath and roofing. Complete drawings and instructions. Many styles to choose from. Highest grade lumber for all interior woodwork, siding and outside finish. Send today for money-saving Aladdin Catalog No. 2551.

The ALADDIN CO., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Also Mills and Offices at Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Oregon; Toronto, Ontario

NEW-TREAD TIRES AT 40¢ ON THE DOLLAR



Send No Money!

Here is a real opportunity to cut your season's tire bill notwithstanding advances in prices. For a limited period only we offer our famous Diamond-Treaded Tires — as illustrated — at less than ½. Made of NEW LIVE RUBBER and built on the best carcasses money can buy.

Special Sale Prices

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
28x3	$4.95	$1.25	36x4	$8.65	$2.35
30x3	4.95	1.35	32x4½	8.85	2.40
30x3½	5.85	1.40	33x4½	9.00	2.45
32x3½	6.50	1.50	34x4½	9.15	2.50
31x4	7.00	1.60	35x4½	9.25	2.60
32x4	7.50	1.85	36x4½	9.45	2.70
33x4	7.65	2.15	35x5	9.75	2.80
34x4	8.10	2.25	37x5	9.85	2.90

ALL OUR TUBES ARE NEW FRESH STOCK and Guaranteed for One Year. Shipment made same day order is received. Pay on arrival and if not satisfied, return AT OUR EXPENSE. Specify whether straight side or clincher wanted. FIVE PER CENT DI[illegible] cash accompanies order. DEALER AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY LOCALITY.

DIAMOND-TREAD TIRE WORKS
3257 S. Morgan St., Chicago, Illinois

SPECIALLY $6.95 PRICED

Brand new blue steel, double safety automatics bought before recent tariff raise and offered at special prices for a limited time. Regular $22.00, 25-calibre, 7-shot automatic 4 1-4 in. long, our No. 9G 110, special at $6.95. Or regular $25.00 heavy service 32 calibre, 10-shot automatic, 5 in. long, our No. 9G 120, special at $9.75. Both sizes shoot all standard cartridges.

EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE. Rush your order in today and get extra magazine given free with first 500 orders.

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage.

Money back promptly if Not Satisfied.

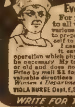
CONSUMERS CO., Dept.9G, 1265 Broadway, N.Y.

Birds—Parrots—Goldfish

Cages and Supplies

Extra fine Singing Canaries, Talking Parrots, other Birds, and Fancy Fish. We also have a full line of cages, aquariums and supplies. Retail and wholesale. Raise birds. There is pleasure and profit in it. We ship anywhere. Weather does not affect shipping. Send for our beautiful new free illustrated catalogue, in true color. SAM MEYER & COMPANY, 24 West Washington Street, Dept. 11, Chicago, Ill.

Nurse's Message to Women



Every Woman Can Now Help Herself

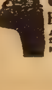
For years I suffered from ailments peculiar to all women, finding little or no relief from various remedies offered. In desperation I resolved to prepare and try a compound which suggested itself to me in the course of my services as a nurse. I used it with almost miraculous results. In fact it saved me from a serious and costly surgical operation which physicians had advised me would be necessary. My treatment can be used by young or old and does not interfere with daily work. Price by mail $1 for two months supply with valuable directions. *Write in confidence to Woman's Department Address,*

VIOLA NURSE Dept. E,551 E.47th St., Chicago, Ill.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK

Home Remedies

SAY! It's mighty easy to build up a wonderfully profitable business with very little investment. A KINGERY POPCORN POPPER AND PEANUT ROASTER give you 70 cents profit on every dollar. Many styles, popping 40 qts. to 12 bushels per hour. Roasting 10 qts. to 5 bushels at a roast. Lowest prices. Most liberal terms. Write for free catalog TODAY. KINGERY MFG. CO. Est. 1881. Dept. B. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Under Ground Treasures

HOW AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

A SECRET you should know. It may mean a fortune to you. Full particulars for 2 cents. MODEL CO. Dept. 37, Como Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

ghost of Bud Griswold, but Bud Griswold himself, Bud in the flesh, Bud with the prison-pallor still on his gaunt face, Bud clad in soiled linen and ill-kempt clothing, and Bud with a look in his deep-set and slightly glazed eyes, which brought me halfway up from my chair, with a foolish sort of squeak of terror which I could no more control than I could control my circulation. For I had learned to know that look, and I was afraid of it.

CHAPTER XVI.

As I STOOD there staring past the head of Wendy Washburn I called out the one word of "Bud!"

But that white-faced man who had come back so suddenly to the world of the living paid scant attention to me. He didn't even look at me.

"Stand up!" he barked out at Wendy Washburn as the latter, startled by my gaping face, twisted interrogatively in his chair. I noticed that the automatic no longer wavered, but was leveled directly at the other man's head. And the look in Bud Griswold's eyes still frightened me.

"Bud, don't shoot!" I gasped out, as Wendy Washburn rose to his feet and stood with his back against the table. Even then, for all the blind ferocity on his face, I felt sorry for Bud. There seemed something so unreasoning and animal-like about that face. It was childish. It was pathetic. And stronger even than the terror that was tingling thru my body was the sudden surge of pity for this man who had always misunderstood life as the living had misunderstood him.

Then my wits came back to me, and I pushed my way in between the two men so coldly eying each other.

"Bud!" I cried out. But he refused to look at me.

"Well, what d' you want?" was his none too gentle reply.

"Bud, they told me you were dead," I went on, desperately intent on distracting him from any wild end which he might have in view.

"I was as good as dead, I guess," he retorted, with a movement for me to step aside. But I stayed where I was.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

He stared at me with a look of hostility in his haggard eye.

"That's a question I want you to answer," he retorted.

I realized as I stared back at him, that it takes time to digest a mental shock. I still found it hard to think of him as a flesh-and-blood human being. For over two years the habit of accepting him as dead had been fixing itself in my mind. And it wasn't easy to break a habit as fixed as that.

"Then that woman lied to me!" I called out to him.

"What woman?" he evaded. But his eye no longer seemed able to meet mine.

"Copperhead Kate," I said, and into that name I threw all the scorn I could command. For I hated her now, more than ever. And for the first time in my life I saw a hang-dog expression on Bud Griswold's face. He looked like a sheep-killer on the morning after. And he knew that look was there. He tried to hide it by shuffling to one side, on the pretense of more directly confronting Wendy Washburn, who all this time was standing silent and studious behind me.

"Then it was that woman who worked the ropes for your pardon, or your parole, or your commutation, or whatever it was?" I declared, with the double-edged spearhead of jealousy cutting my soul in two. And there was excuse enough, I suddenly saw, for all those vague old suspicions which had once yelped in my heart like hunting dogs in an express car.

"I didn't come here to talk about that woman," was Bud's unexpectedly blunt retort.

"Then what did you come for?" I demanded.

My eyes followed him as he backed away from me. There seemed something almost symbolic in that movement of his.

"I want that club-bag," he said, pointing to the satchel which stood half under the edge of the tablecloth.

"Why?" I asked. I tried to be calm, but all the while I had that odd sickening feeling, just under the corset-cover, which comes to people when they feel their first earthquake, when they learn for the first time that the one solid thing on which they had depended is no longer worthy of that dependence.

"You know why as well as I do," was his sullen-toned answer.

"Then you and that woman are working together!" I cried out at him, hoping against hope that he would be able to deny it.

"Well, what about you and this man here?" scoffed Bud. "Aren't you working with him?"

"Am I?" I demanded, swinging about on Wendy Washburn. His face was a little paler than usual, but outwardly he was quite calm. "Am I?" I repeated. But he declined to answer that question.

"Supposing the three of us sit down and talk this over," he quietly suggested.

"I didn't come here for any afternoon-tea seance," announced Bud. "I want that bag, and I want everything that's in it!"

A second great wave of pity for that white-faced man with the automatic pistol in his hand swept thru me. I don't know exactly what it was, or why it was, but I felt so sorry for Bud Griswold as he stood there that I could have leaned on his shoulder and cried like a baby.

It wasn't so much that he was taking something away from me which I couldn't define, that he was roughly obliterating me from his existence, that he was humiliating me before the one man whose scorn would always be doubly hard to bear. It was more that he was humiliating himself, denuding his poor pathetic figure of its last shred of dignity, robbing himself of every hope for the future.

I wondered, as I stood staring at him, if for the first time in my life I was seeing him in his true light; if, during the last two or three years, I had indeed learned to look on him and his kind, and all they stood for, as I had never been able to look on them before. And I felt a sudden lump in my throat as I stood there asking myself these questions.

"Bud," I began with a quaver in my voice which I couldn't control, "I want to talk to you. I've got to talk to you. You're trying to do something you'll be sorry for, something you can't help being sorry for, all your life. This whole thing is too tangled for me to explain it to you here. But I want you to believe in me. I want you to know that I'm being sincere with you. If you take that stuff you're—you're going to spoil my life. And you don't want to do that."

He looked at me, with his deep-sunken eyes, but there was a glitter in them which I had never seen there before.

"I guess I'm not the guy who can do any spoiling along that line," he retorted. He said it roughly, but I thought, in my blindness, he was doing that only to hide his real feeling.

"But it could have been yours, Bud," I told him, trying in vain to keep my voice steady. "And I want you to believe every word I say when I tell you it can be yours still. I'll go with you, Bud, wherever you say, wherever you want, if you'll only do what I'm asking you!"

There was a movement from the man behind me. But I was not, at the moment, interested in that man. I was too intently watching Bud Griswold's face. I was looking for something, but I looked in vain.

"Nix on that reform stuff," he said, and his own voice was a little unsteady as he said it. "Let me tell you something. I tried that game, and it wouldn't go down. I tried that after I got out. I hit Chicago and stumbled into the Pacific Garden Mission there, where old Harry Monroe used to hold out for all the jail-birds like me. Well, I tried the dope. I hit the trail, and got drunk on oratory the same as other down-and-outers get drunk on gin. But they couldn't do the Billy-Sunday trick with me, for they couldn't show me how to live on big talk. And I've got to live. And I only know one way of doing it!"

"But is it living?" I asked him.

"Well, whatever you want to call it, it's about all I'm going to get," was Bud's ungracious retort. "And I guess we've wasted enough time on this spiel about our souls. I'm not worrying about the hereafter. What I want is something that's going to keep me more comfortable right here on earth!"

I had never before heard Bud talk in

(Continued on Page 26.)

Spectacles FREE On 10 days trial

Don't Send Me One Penny

I am going to mail you a pair of latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles absolutely free of charge.

This Is The Kind of Spectacle You Have Always Wanted

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on your eyes—no matter how weak they may be from age—and you will be agreeably surprised to discover that you can again read the finest print in your newspaper or magazine; you will be able to thread the smallest-eyed needle and do the finest kind of embroidery and crocheting with them on and do it all night long if you like without any headaches or eye pains and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your life.

You Can Use Them When Out Hunting, Driving or to the Movies if You So Desire

If you go to the movies once in awhile, you can take a seat away in the back end of the theatre—to avoid the glimmer of the lights—and you will be pleased to notice that even the smallest words and pictures on the screen look just as clear and plain to you as though you were sitting right in the front row, with the aid of these latest-style, sight-improving spectacles.

Seeing Is Believing

I am only asking you to fill out and mail me the coupon below without a cent of money and I will immediately send you a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of the latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles, by mail, all charges prepaid.

Cut Out Coupon on this Line

AMERICAN SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 12
55th & Dorchester Ave., Chicago, ILL.

Gentlemen: — I want you to send me by mail all charges prepaid a handsome 10-karat gold-filled pair of your latest-style, extra-large, round-eye, sight-improving spectacles complete with an up-to-date leatherette spring-back pocket-book spectacle case which you are offering on ten days absolute free trial. I am going to try them out for reading or looking away off in the distance, for far or near, indoors or outdoors, anywhere everywhere and if I find them all you claim them to be after a ten days trial, I will pay you your advertising price of two dollars and ninety-five cents ($2.95) and no more. I want you, however, to distinctly understand that if they do not restore the absolute perfect vision of my younger days, I will return them to you without one single cent of pay. Be sure to answer the following questions:

How old are you? Ans. ....

How many years have you used glasses (if any)? Ans. ....

Name ....

Post Office ....

Rural Route .... *State* ....

St. & No. (if any) ....

County ....

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

Lost 34 Lbs. in 30 Days

Madame Blanche Arral, Renowned Opera Star, Tells How You Too Can Reduce Excess Weight Quickly!

This distinguished Opera Star had her own experience in carrying a load of excess fat, which came near ruining her stage career but she tells in a delightfully interesting little book, how she found quick and positive relief from fleshiness in an easy and natural way. She had tried every advertised fat reducer without any satisfactory results. She drugged, dieted and exercised without getting any permanent relief. She grew so fat she had to give up her professional engagements. Then, in the course of her travels in the Orient, she was induced to try a method by which the high caste women of the Orient always manage to retain their youthful, graceful figures.

She Tells Her Own Story

What this wonderful method did—how she reduced 34 pounds in a single month, and describes in detail, her experiences and travels in the Orient. For a limited time only, a copy of this book will be sent free for the asking to those interested in reducing their weight. FREE Just send your name and address to Blanche Arral, Inc., Dept. 703A, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER BLANK

SATURDAY BLADE, delivered each week by mail, . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐
CHICAGO LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, . . . *$2.00 a Year* ☐
Both BLADE and LEDGER, delivered each week by mail, *$3.00 a Year* ☐

W. D. BOYCE CO., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I enclose $________. Please send me the paper (or papers) checked above for a period of one year—to be delivered direct to me regularly each week by mail carrier.

Name________________St. or R.F.D.________________
Town________________State________________

No letter necessary. Just mail this blank with remittance.

An Even Page of Smiles

Pity the Poor Plutocrat.

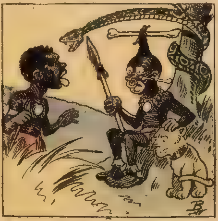
The two women were discussing the spectacular existence of a very wealthy man.

"Where is his home?" asked Mrs. Moreler

"Home? He hasn't any. When they get rich as that they've no more home instinct than milk cans."

◆

Fatal Diet.



Cann I Bal—Old Chief Wild Bean got hay fever.

Ring Nose—How did he get it?

Cann I Bal—Him eat ah grass widow.

◆

HIS ARGUMENT

THE arrested man had been charged with a petty offense, and the judge asked: "Have you any one in the court who will vouch for your good character?"

"Yes, your honor," the prisoner replied; "there is the town constable yonder."

The constable was amazed. "W-why, your honor," he sputteringly protested, "I don't even know the man."

"Exactly, your honor," the prisoner argued; "the town constable doesn't know me yet, altho I've lived here for twenty years. Isn't that character enough?"

◆

Honest Man.

She wanted to be sure of him, so she asked: "Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dear?"

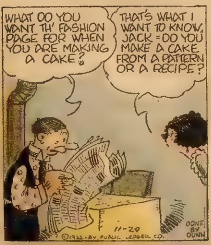
"Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that if I should die you would be provided for."

"But suppose I should die," she persisted.

"Then," he returned, "I would be provided for."

◆

SOLID IVORY


WHAT DO YOU WANT TH' FASHION PAGE FOR WHEN YOU ARE MAKING A CAKE?
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, JACK = DO YOU MAKE A CAKE FROM A PATTERN OR A RECIPE?
11-29
©1922-BY PUBLIC LEDGER CO.
DONE BY DUNN

NAMING THE BABY

"I'VE decided on a name for baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne."

Her husband did not care for the suggestion; but, being a tactful fellow, he was far too wise to say so.

"Splendid," he said cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne and the name will revive pleasant memories."

There was a brief silence. Then:

"We will call the baby Elizabeth, after my mother," said the young wife firmly.

◆

The Installment Hounds.

Mr. Spendix—Any installments due today?

Mrs. Spendix—No, dear, I think not.

Mr. Spendix—Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture, the rugs, or the books?

Mrs. Spendix—No.

Mr. Spendix—Well, I have ten dollars we don't need. What do you say, suppose we buy a new car?

◆

FAIRLY WON

THE two men arose to get off the street car at the came corner. They made a dash toward the door and, when they were on the street, the one in front turned to the other and asked:

"Is this your umbrella, stranger?"

The second laughed

"Never mind the guff, old man!" he exclaimed. "I saw that umbrella on that vacant seat about the same time you did. You beat me to it, fair and square, and I've got no kick coming. Congratulations, and go on home with it and quit your bluffing."

◆

Rastus Was Out.

"And how are you feeling today, Rastus?"

"Tolerable, m'am, tolerable. Just a little weary, me being out last night."

"What were you doing?"

"Enjoying the national pastime, m'am, craps."

"And does your wife know you were out?"

"Yes, m'am, but not how much."

◆

Over the Top.

"Shall I go over the top?" asked the talkative barber, posing his shears

"Yes, as soon as your gas attack is over," answered the weary customer.

◆

PREPAREDNESS

A TALL, nervous-looking man rushed into the grocer's shop in a New York State village.

"Sell me all the stale eggs you have," he demanded.

"Well, I don't usually sell stale eggs" said the grocer, "but I could let you have some if you —"

"I must have all you've got."

"I suppose you're going to see 'Hamlet' at the village hall tonight," said the grocer knowingly.

"Hush!" said the stranger, glancing around nervously. "I am Hamlet."

◆

All Bulls Not Irish.

One night Nasr Eddin Hodja thought he saw a burglar in his room and shot at him. In the morning he found he had sent an arrow thru his own shirt, which hung in the window. Falling on his knees he prayed fervently. "I thank Thee, Allah, that I was not in that shirt!"

◆

The Reason.

"I make my children mind or know the reason why!" declared Gap Johnson of Rumpus Ridge to the gents assembled in the crossroads store.

"Well, what is the—p'tu—reason why?" sarcastically inquired old man Sockery

"They gener'ly don't want to; that's the—confound 'em!—reason why!"

◆

Long and Short of It.

Grocer—What was the woman complaining about?

Clerk—The long wait, sir.

Grocer—Well, some people you never can please, anyhow. Yesterday she complained of the short weight.

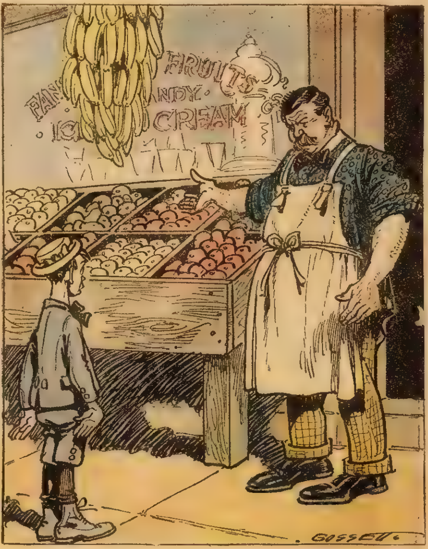
Diversion.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so busy botherin' 'bout de debts of Europe dat dey clean fohgits what dey owes at de corner grocery."

The Flapperet.

"And now tell us about Puss and the Bootlegger," said her 3-year-old auditor eagerly, as Auntie had just finished the story of Cinderella.

THAT'S QUITE DIFFERENT



"Are you trying to steal something, son?"
"No, mister, I ain't trying to steal something. I'm trying not to."

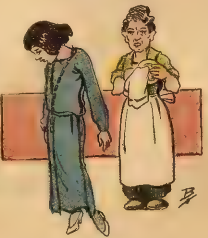
No Change.

"Do you act toward your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act the same way now."

◆

Obstinate Beast.



Her Mother—Now that you know Ferdinand wasn't out with another woman, as you thought, why don't you make up with him?

Mrs. Junebride—Why, he hasn't even attempted to beg my forgiveness.

A Modern Gabriel.

"What's the most important job you ever had, Sam?"

"In de army, boss."

"A fighting man?"

"Naw, suh, I wuz wid a cullid regiment dat didn't go acrost, but ever' mawnin' I made two thousand niggers roll outer bed."

"Were you the commanding officer?"

"Naw, suh, I wuz de bugler."

◆

"Putting Up" the House.

The bills had come in for building the young couple's home.

"George," said the bride of a few months, "they are twice what we expected!"

"Don't worrq," said the young husband, "I expected they would be."

"But, George," she replied, "they're twice as much as that!"

◆

HUBBY IS JOKER

HE WAS fond of playing silly jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had a winner. "My dear," he said, as they sat at dinner, "I heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind and so a surgeon operated on her and found —"

"Yes," gasped the wife, breathlessly.

"That she had a young man in her eye," ended the husband with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the woman remarked slowly: "Well, it would depend on what sort of a man he was. Some of them she could see thru easily enough."

“Fountain of Youth” is Found!

‘FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH’ IS FOUND BY SCIENCE

European Discovery, Easily Used at Home, Restores Vigor Quicker Than Gland Treatments.

Those who suffer from nerve weakness and lack of vigor will be interested in a European discovery which restores full physical power quicker than gland operations. It is a simple home treatment in tablet form, absolutely harmless and yet the most powerful invigorator known. Acting directly and exclusively on lower spinal nerve centers and certain blood vessels. It often produces amazing benefits in 24 to 36 hours and gratifying results within a week. Physicians say it gives speedy satisfaction in cases that defy all other treatment. Elderly people declare the discovery is a real “fountain of youth.”

Distributed under the trade name of korex compound,” the discovery has een tested thoroughly in America and he manufacturers have received a veri- able flood of letters of praise and grati- from revitalized men and women in [illegible] man more than 60 years [illegible] pound quickly

MAN OF 60 REGAINS VIGOR HE HAD AT 35

New Orleans Resident Tells of Wonderful Result Produced by a Recent Scientific Discovery.

D W Wood, 60, of New Orleans, La., declares he has virtually been made young again by the recently discovered korex compound, which is pronounced superior to “gland treatments” as an invigorator and revitalizer. “It has brought me back to as good, healthy physical condition as I enjoyed at 35,” he writes. “I am apparently as supple as at 25.” Mr Wood says he would not take $5,000 for what the compound has done for him.

The compound [illegible]

OLD MEN ARE BEING MADE “YOUNG” AGAIN

Science Finds a Way to Restore Youthful Vigor to the Aged Without An Operation.

A way to restore youthful vigor to aged persons, without an operation or dangerous drugs, has been discovered by scientists. The new discovery is a simple, safe tablet preparation known as korex, which can be used by anybody at home, without the advice of a physician. It has been put to thousands of tests and has achieved results that seem almost miraculous. For in[illegible]

GLANDS MADE ACTIVE BY A NEW DISCOVERY

Chemists Find a Substance Which Renews Vigor by Effect on Nerves and Secretions.

A discovery made recently by medical chemists will be hailed with delight by millions. It is a substance which quickly renews youthful vigor by increasing the activity of the nerves and glands on which vital force depends. Its effect is so prompt that a few grains of it produce a visible improvement. Thousands who have tried it tell of delightful results in 24 to 48 hours, many reporting a full restoration of physical powers within a week.

In the research department of the Melton laboratories, the substance has been made available for home treatment by combining it, in tablet form, with other invigorating ingredients. The result, known as korex compound, is a ouble-strength product, con[illegible] no [illegible]

Note: There is only ONE genuine Korex Compound, and we are its only American Distributors

The Melton Laboratories

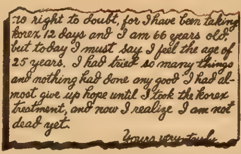
News of the discovery of korex has been heralded throughout the United States. You undoubtedly have read about this important discovery. Now it is available—for you to test, absolutely without risk.

Youthful Vigor and Vital Force Restored Quickly to Persons of All Ages by Amazing New Scientific Discovery—Men Past 60 Made “as Good as New”—Obstinate Cases Conquered in Thousands of Tests—“Success,” Is the Verdict in Every State in the Union and the Positive Proof Awaits Every One Who Doubts.

FOR thousands of years mankind has searched for “the Fountain of Youth.” Now a “Fountain of Youth” has been found. Scientific research has brought to light a simple, inexpensive method whereby youthful vigor, glandular activity and physical power can be restored with amazing rapidity. No “gland operation” is necessary. No dangerous drugs are employed. The treatment can be used at home by any one, and the results, according to thousands, are not only quicker but in every way more satisfactory than ever have been possible before, regardless of method.

This new treatment, known as korex compound, has been tested thousands of times—in every state in the Union—and has achieved results that seem almost miraculous. It has conquered the most obstinate cases—cases that had defied all other treatments. It has rescued the young from premature senility. It has made men from 60 to 80 years old “as good as new.” It has brought happiness beyond all price to countless men and women who believed life held no further joys for them.

A Specimen of Thousands of Reports Received


no right to doubt, for I have been taking korex 12 days and I am 66 years old, but today I must say I feel the age of 25 years. I had tried so many things and nothing had done any good I had almost give up hope until I took the korex treatment, and now I realize I am not dead yet.

Yours very truly

Aged Men Rejuvenated

Here are a few of the many reports in which korex is declared to be a veritable “Fountain of Youth.” Names are omitted out of respect to the writers: “I can speak a favorable word for you, and will hold up both hands and ‘holler’ that I have found one firm in a thousand that backs up their word. I am almost 82.”—W. N. C., Rockford, Ill. “Having tried your wonderful korex compound, I will say there is nothing on the face of God’s green earth that has done me so much good. I am 47 years old, and everyone around me says I am better now physically than any 25-year-old boy, and I know it myself.”—J. W., Tulsa, Okla. “I am writing to tell you in good faith what korex has done for me. I am 40 years of age, and today I feel like a boy of 18.”—S. A., Coroleen, N. C. “I have tried many treatments, but korex has done more good than all. I received a package on the 7th, and started using it that evening, and continued up to this day, the 14th, and I must say I feel like another man. I am 67 years of age, and now I feel almost as good as I did at 25.”—L. A. J., Norfolk, Va. “I can truthfully say that my tongue is not able to utter the praise korex should receive. It’s a God send. I feel as though I was 25, and yet I am 53.”—B. J., Charleston, S. C.

A resident of Louisiana, who is more than 60 years of age, reports that korex has not only restored to him the vigor of the prime of life, but has made his eyesight as keen as it was in youth. “I am 79 years old, and was in a very poor state of health when I sent for your korex compound,” writes a man in Lacey, Wash., “Now I feel nearly well, and have used only one box.” “I am 65 years old but feel 20 years younger,” reports a resident of Conde, S. D.

Benefits Are Quick

Although korex is warranted to be harmless, it achieves results in most cases with great rapidity, some times producing astounding benefits in 24 to 48 hours. The following condensed reports from users indicate how quickly it often restores the vital powers:

“I am satisfied in my mind you are no fakers. The remedy took effect on me in 24 hours.”—L. A. R., Geneva, Ohio. “After the first dose of korex was taken, I found that your claim was true about the medicine. It is the most wonderful treatment I have ever taken.”—H. D. A., Kansas City, Mo. “The korex tablets are doing me good already, and I have only had them about 24 hours.”—M. W., Calgary, Alta. “I am more than delighted with your treatment. I had not taken it two days before I found a change. I certainly was getting discouraged. Even the so-called ‘gland treatments’ did me no good. It’s too bad that every man in my condition doesn’t know about korex compound.”—S. F. T., Berlin, N. H. “Your wonderful tablets are really magic. I was surprised beyond expression at the wonderful results I received from them. I can’t express my enjoyment. I had given up all hope until I took your treatment.”—P. W. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

Praised by Women

Women, too, are enthusiastic about korex, as the following extracts from letters prove:

“I have taken one box of korex and never had so much help from any treatment or anything in my life. I am a new person already.”—Mrs. L. E., Delta, Colo. “The korex tablets are doing my wife so much good that I want to tell you they are the best builder that ever came out.”—W. G., Savannah, Ga. “Korex tablets are very wonderful.”—Mrs. D. H., Burlington, Vt.

Korex compound is based on a European discovery—a substance which has been used with amazing success by famous physicians of both the Old World and America, in treating both mild and stubborn cases of nerve weakness, lack of vigor, premature age, frigidity, lack of animation and low vitality. In korex compound, this wonder-working substance has been combined with other tonic and invigorating ingredients. The result is a double strength product which not only acts directly on the centers of vital force—arousing dormant nerves, glands and circulatory organs to new activity—but builds up the entire system. Korex, therefore, is not only the supreme vitalizer but is of great benefit in overcoming the after effects of “flu” or other diseases.

Results Guaranteed

To the reasonable mind, we believe, such letters as those reprinted here are ample evidence that a “Fountain of Youth” has been found. But we offer a still more convincing proof. *We guarantee results within seven days!* New vigor within a week or korex costs you nothing!

If you are lacking in vigor—if you are old before your time—if your glandular functions are deficient—if your work is a burden—if life has lost its color and charm for you—just send the coupon below (or write us) and we will forward a **double strength** treatment of the genuine korex compound tablets in a plain, SEALED wrapper. You may enclose $2 or pay $2 and postage on delivery, just as you prefer, but if you report at the end of a week that korex has failed to produce results your money will be refunded. This guarantee means exactly what it says—RESULTS OR YOUR MONEY BACK. And the guarantee is backed by $10,000.00 in a big Kansas City bank! Incidentally, this guarantee holds good **regardless of what other treatments you have tried without success.** You can lose nothing—risk nothing. Korex MUST prove its merit within a week. Make life worth while again by mailing the coupon NOW.

MELTON LABORATORIES

288 Massachusetts Building Kansas City, Mo.

GUARANTEE COUPON

MELTON LABORATORIES,
288 Massachusetts Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen:

You may send me the double strength treatment of korex compound under your guarantee. Unless you find $2 enclosed with this coupon, it is understood that I am to pay $2 and postage when the parcel is delivered, but if korex fails to produce results within a week, you are to refund the purchase price upon request.

(Canadian Parcels Cannot Be Sent C. O. D.)

Name ....

Address ....

....

(All communications strictly confidential.—Melton Lab.)

Thousands Of Women Are Now Taking This Newer Form Of Iron

Worn-Out Housewife Tells How She Quickly Regained Her Health and Strength.

"Only a short two weeks ago I was so tired, nervous and worn-out from the drain on my nerves and strength of household drudgery, that I thought I could not keep up another day. A short two weeks' treatment of the newer form of iron has given me a marvelous increase in health, strength and energy. Now I can do my whole house without help, and do not have to sit at home in the evening "all-in" sick and nervous."

"The above is a typical hypothetical case," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Out-Door Dept.) New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "You cannot be well and strong and full of vigor, force and power unless your blood is rich in iron. It is your red blood that enables you to resist and overcome disease and that nourishes every organ in your body. Without iron your blood becomes thin, pale and watery. Poor blood cannot nourish your vital organs and as a result you may have pains in your heart or kidneys, indigestion, headaches, and feel all "run-down" and tired out."

When your blood lacks iron do not waste your time taking stimulating medicines or narcotic drugs, but directly enrich your blood with the newer form of iron sold by all druggists under the name of Nuxated Iron, which is like the iron in spinach, lentils, and apples, and is in a form easily assimilated into your blood. Get a bottle of Nuxated Iron today. Take it for two weeks and if you have not, like thousands of others, obtained most surprising health, strength and energy, the manufacturers will promptly refund your money. The following local druggists will sell you Nuxated Iron with this "satisfaction or money back" guarantee.

Vacant Government Land

HOW TO GET A FARM FREE

A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase : :

FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS

About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 50c, POSTPAID.

W. C. WATKINS, Box 1505, Parnassus, Pa.

NEW SIDE SWING HAND EJECTOR $17.50 Reg. $35.00 Value

New Improved blue steel, 6-shot, swing-out hand ejector revolver, imported from Spain, **equal to any $35.00 model,** specially priced for a limited time to make new customers. Shoots all standard cartridges. Prices below are for 5-inch barrel. For 6-inch barrel add 50c more.

No. AA117, 32 cal. - - - $17.50
No. AA128, 32-20 cal. - - $19.00
No. AA118, 38 cal. - - - $18.00

PAY POSTMAN ON DELIVERY plus postage. **Money back promptly if not satisfied.**

CONSUMERS CO., Dept. AA, 1265 Broadway, N. Y.

MYSTIC MARVEL OFFER

The **MYSTIC MARVEL,** fascinating and mysterious instrument, answers ANY question about Money, Marriage, Children, Inheritance, Enemies, Luck etc., together with the **Genuine Mystic Marvel Talisman Ring,** said to ward off spirits, spells and sickness while thousands claim Luck in Love, Games, Money Matters. Green Gold, Fin, Serpents with blazing Lucky Ruby and Emerald.

FREE Dream Book and "Quick-Money" Plan free with orders for Ring and Marvel at $2 or $2.10 C. O. D.

S.S.Society, 408-4th Ave., Studio 50, N. Y.

Watch, Knife & Chain $2.45

Send No Money C. O. D. **Fully Guaranteed**

This 1923 model Men's or Boys' popular 16 size **perfect time keeper for only $2.45. Solid Silveroid** thin model case, open face, stem wind and set, position adjustment, **fully tested. A written guarantee with every watch.** Present given with each watch. **Send no money.** Simply pay the postman $2.45 and the watch and present is yours.

Consolidated Watch Co., Dept. 400, 20 E. Lake St., Chicago

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED

Write me today and I will send you a free trial of my mild, soothing, **guaranteed** treatment that will prove it. Stops the itching and heals permanently. **Send no money**—just write me—that is all you have to do. Address

Dr. Cannaday, 1417 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

30 day TRIAL Fine STROP FREE

We will send you a STERLING razor on 30 day trial. If satisfactory, costs $1.67. If not, costs nothing. Fine Double Swing, Horsehide Strop FREE.

Sterling Company Dept. 414 Baltimore, Md.

Desert Dust.

(Continued From Page 5.)

'Am I on?" I repeated. 'On what? The train?"

"Oh, on your way."

"To Benton; certainly."

'Do you see any green in my eye, friend?" he demanded.

'I do not."

"Or in the moon, maybe?"

"No, nor in the moon," I retorted. "But what is all this about?"

"I'll be d—d!" he roundly vouchsafed. And—"You've been having a quiet little smile with her, eh?" He sniffed suspiciously. "A few swigs of that'll make a pioneer of you quicker'n alkali. She's favoring you—eh? Now if she tells you of a system, take my advice and quit while your hair's long."

"My hair is my own fashion, sir," I rebuked. "And the lady is not for discussion between gentlemen, particularly as my acquaintance with her is only casual. I don't understand your remarks, but if they are insinuations, I shall have to ask you to drop the subject."

"Tut, tut!" he grinned. "No offense intended, Mister Pilgrim. Well, you're all right. We can't be young more than once, and if the lady takes you in tow in Benton you'll have the world by the tail as long as it holds. She moves with the top-notchers; she's a knowing little piece—no offense. Her and me are good enough friends. There's no brace game in that deal. I only aim to give you a steer. Savvy?" And he winked. "You're out to see the elephant, yourself."

"I am seeking health, is all," I explained. "My physician had advised a place in the Far West, high and dry; and Benton is recommended."

His response was identical with others preceding.

'High and dry? By golly, then Benton's the ticket. It's sure high, and sure dry. You bet yuh! High and dry and roaring."

"Why 'roaring'?" I demanded at last. The word had been puzzling me.

"Up and coming. Pop goes the weasel, at Benton. Benton? Lord love you! They say it's got Cheyenne and Laramie backed up a tree, the best days they ever seen. When you step off at Benton step lively and keep an eye in the back of your head. There's money to be made at Benton, by the wise ones. Watch out for ropers and if you get onto a system, play it. There ain't any limit to money or suckers."

"I may not qualify as to money," I informed. "But I trust that I am no sucker."

"No green in the eye, eh?" he approved. "Anyhow, you have a good lead if your friend in black cottons to you." Again he winked. "You're not a bad-looking young feller." He leaned over the side steps, and gazed ahead. "Sidney in sight. Be there directly. We're hitting twenty-miles and better thru the greatest country on earth. The engineer smells breakfast."

CHAPTER III.

I RISE IN FAVOR.

WITH that he went forward. So did I; but the barricade at the end of My Lady's seat was intact, and I sat down in my own seat, to keep expectant eye upon her profile—a decided relief amidst that crude melange of people in various stages of hasty dressing after a night of cramped postures.

The brakeman's words, altho mysterious in part, had concluded reassuringly. My Lady, he said, would prove a valuable friend in Benton. A friend at hand means a great deal to any young man, stranger in a strange land.

The conductor came back—a new conductor; stooped familiarly over the barricade and evidently exchanged pleasantries with her.

"Sidney! Sidney! Twenty minutes for breakfast!" the brakeman bawled, form the door

There was the general stir. My Lady shot a glance at me, with inviting eyes, but arose in response to the proffered arm of the conductor, and I was late. The aisle filled between us as he ushered her on and the train slowed to grinding of brakes and the tremendous clanging of a gong.

Of Sidney there is little to see; merely a station-house and the small Railroad Hotel, with a handful of other buildings forming a single street—all squatting here near a rock quarry that broke the expanse of uninhabited brown plains. The air, however, was wonderfully invigorating; the meal excellent, as usual; and when I emerged from the dining-room, following closely a black figure crowned with gold, I found her strolling alone upon the platform.

Therefore I caught up with her. She faced me with ready smile.

"You are rather slow in action, sir," she lightly accused. "We might have breakfasted together; but it was the conductor again, after all."

'I plead guilty, madam," I admitted. 'The trainmen have an advantage over me, in anticipating events. But the next meal shall be my privilege. We stop again before reaching Benton?"

"For dinner, yes; at Cheyenne."

"And after that you will be home."

"Home?" she queried, with a little pucker between her brows.

"Yes. At Benton."

"Of course." She laughed shortly. "Benton is now home. We have moved so frequently that I have grown to call almost no place home."

"I judge then that you are connected, as may happen, with a flexible business," I hazarded. "If you are in the army I can understand."

"No, I'm not an army woman; but there is money in following the railroad, and that is our present life," she said frankly. "A town springs up, you know, at each terminus, booms as long as the freight and passengers pile up—and all of a sudden the go-ahead business and professional men pull stakes for the next terminus as soon as located. That has been the custom, all the way from North Platte to Benton."

"Which accounts for your acquaintance along the line. The trainmen seem to know you."

"Trainmen and others; oh, yes. It is to be expected. I have no objections to that. I am quite able to take care of myself, sir."

We were interrupted. A near-drunken rowdy (upon whom I had kept an uneasy corner of an eye) had been careening over the platform, a whisky bottle protruding from the hip pocket of his sagging jeans, a large revolver dangling at his thigh, his slouch hat cocked rakishly upon his tousled head. His language was extremely offensive—he had an ugly mood on, but nobody interfered. The crowd stood aside—the natives laughing, the tourists like myself viewing him askance, and several Indians watching only gravely.

He sighted us, and staggered in.

"Howdy?" he uttered with an oath. "Shay—hello, stranger Have a smile. Take two, one for lady. Hic!" And he thrust his bottle at me.

My Lady drew back. I civilly declined the "smile."

"Thank you." I do not drink."

"What?" He stared blearily. His tone stiffened. "The h—ll you say. Too tony, eh? Too—'ic! Have a smile, I ask you, one gent to 'nother. Have a smile, you (unmentionable) pilgrim; fer if you don't——"

"Train's starting, Jim," she interposed sharply. 'If you want to get aboard you'd better hurry."

The engine tooted, the bell was ringing, the passengers were hurrying, incited by the conductor's shout: "All 'board!"

Without another word she tripped for the car steps. I gave the fellow one firm look as he stood stupidly scratching his thatch as if to harrow his ideas; and perforce left him. By the cheers he undoubtedly made in the same direction. I was barely in time myself. The train moved as I planted foot upon the steps of the nearest car—the foremost of the two. The train continued; halted again abruptly, while cheers rang riotous; and when I crossed the passageway between this car and ours the conductor and brakeman were hauling the tipsy Jim into safety.

My Lady was ensconced.

"Did they get him?" she inquired, when I paused.

'By the scruff of the neck. The drunken fellow, you mean."

'Yes; Jim."

"You know him?"

"He's from Benton. I suppose he's been down her on a little pasear, as they say."

'If you think he'll annoy you——?" I made bold to suggest, for I greatly coveted the half of her seat.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Jim. But yes, do sit down. You can put these things back in your seat. Then we can talk."

I HAD no more than settled triumphantly, when the brakeman ambled thru, his face in a broad grin. He also paused, to perch upon the seat end, his arm extended friendly along the back.

"Well, we got him corralled," he proclaimed needlessly. "That t'rantular juice nigh broke his neck for him."

"Did you take his bottle away, Jerry?" she asked.

"Sure thing. He'll be peaceable directly. Soused to the guards. Reckon he's inclined to be a trifle ugly when he's on a tear, ain't he? They'd shipped him out of Benton on a down train. Now he's going back up."

"He's safe, you think?"

"Sewed tight. He'll sleep it off and be ready for night." The brakeman winked at her. "You needn't fear.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?

When young people rush into the most important affair of their lives, in total ignorance of health and sex problems, there is liable to be trouble; ill health, irritability—and then love flies away. If they had known of "The Common Sense Medical Adviser," by Dr. R. V. Pierce, which reveals the secrets of married life, all troubles and misunderstandings could have been avoided. The "Medical Adviser" is a large book, contains over 1,000 pages. It is revised each year and is **up to date.** Has chapters on Marriage, Sex Problems, Mother & Babe, Diet, Anatomy, Physiology, First Aid, Medicine, etc.

SPECIAL OFFER: For a short time one copy of this $1.50 book will be sent to any reader of this issue for 50c. Address Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Room 201, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR EXCESSIVE

URIC ACID

TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32 Doses) FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—**worn out** before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, well, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids

If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times at night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

To prove The Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all other ailments when due to excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn, if you have never tried The Williams Treatment, we will give one 85c. bottle (**32 doses**) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. D. A. Williams Company, Dept. AA-2968, P. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and you will receive by parcel post a regular 85c. bottle, without charge and without incurring any obligation. Only one bottle to the same address or family.

MEN—YOU MAY be Young at 80 or Old at 40 Depends mainly upon whether or not your Prostate Gland, Bladder, Sexual and allied organs properly function. Our Valuable FREE BOOK—an "eye-opener," describes Safe, Popular Plan which quickly corrects wrong conditions, assuring Better Health—Longer Life. Sick or well, you **NEED** this timely Book. Send for copy TODAY—Be Sure! **THE M. APPLICATOR CO., 624 KING BUILDING, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO**

How Many Pounds Would You Like to Gain in a Week?

If you are thin and want to gain weight, I will send you a sample of the famous Alexander Vitamines absolutely Free. Do not send any money—just your name and address to Alexander Laboratories, 1216 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.

DENINGER WILL SAVE YOU 25 TO 50 DOLLARS

$40 **BIG MONEY SAVINGS FOR YOU** Used and rebuilt motorcycles, single and twins, $25 to $100. Used bicycles, $5.00; tandems, $10. All machines guaranteed in good working order. New bicycles and motorcycles at Factory prices. You save dealers' profits. Motorcycle and automobile tires too, $3.00. Complete line of parts and supplies. Send for catalog. Deninger Cycle Co., Rochester, N.Y.

SAVE MONEY ON THESE ITEMS

You can save one-fourth to one-half on sporting goods, guns, fishing tackle, men's shirts, shoes, suits, etc.; and women's fashions, stockings, underwear and jewelry—by sending this minute for our **free catalog,** just out, crowded with big bargains.

PARAMOUNT TRADING CO.
34 West 28th St. Dept. HF
New York City, N.Y.

FREE

THIS KNIFE FREE for selling 8 boxes **ROSEBUD** Salve at 25c each and remit $2.00. Knife has best steel blades, we put your name on. Order salve at once. **ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 220, Woodsboro, Md.**

BIG SURPRISE FOR LOVERS OF MUSIC

Our instruction books show you how to play at once without tedious lessons. We furnish them free with any instrument selected from our catalog. Write for it immediately. Thousands have told us of their worth. BENSHRADO STUDIOS. Dept. 07 212 Fifth Ave., New York City.

JOB FOR YOU AT HOME

Earn $20 to $60 a week. Household Necessities, Delicious Summer Drinks, Up-to-date Jewelry, Perfumes, Toilet Goods, Face Creams, Soaps galore, Family Remedies, Laundry Supplies, Delicious Flavoring Extracts (liquid & non alcoholic), etc. Double new line. Write today for catalogues. **WESTERN PRODUCTS CO., 606 N. Oakley, Chicago, Dept. A**

LADIES! I positively guarantee my great Successful Compound. Safely relieves many abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $2.00; Double Strength $3.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.

DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., Kansas City, Mo.

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address, **PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.**

GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF

You be the boss; make $100 or more weekly as Floor Surfacing Contractor. Big new uncrowded field. Experience unnecessary. "American Universal" electric machine doing work of six men assures BIG profits. Write for details today. **American Floor Surf. Mach. Co., 533 S. St. Clair, Toledo, O.**

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp. DR. M. NEY SMITH, Specialist, 2 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Guide Book and RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK. Send model or sketch and description of invention for our opinion of its patentable nature free. **Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D.C.**

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods Catalog FREE. **T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 6 CHICAGO**

MONEY Made quickly by smart men. **ARTOL CO., 115 Nassau St., N.Y.**

250 Magic Tricks 10c. Large Magical Goods Catalog Free. UNION CO., Barnes City, Iowa

He'll be on deck, right side up with care."

"I've told this gentleman that I'm not afraid," she answered quickly.

"Of course. And he knows what's best for him, himself." The brakeman slapped me on the shoulder and good-naturedly straightened. "So does this young gentleman, I rather suspicion. I can see his fortune's made. You bet, if he works it right. I told him if you cottoned to him——"

"Now you're talking too much, Jerry," she reproved. "This gentleman and I are only traveling acquaintances."

"Yes, ma'am. To Benton. Let 'er roar. Cheyenne's the closest I can get, myself, and Cheyenne's a dead one—blowed up, busted, worse'n a galvanized Yank with a pocket full o' Confed wall paper." He yawned. "Guess I'll take forty winks. Was up all night, and a man can stand jest so much, Injuns or no Injuns"

"Did you expect to meet with Indians, sir, along the route?" I asked.

"Hell, yes. Always expect to meet 'em between Kearney and Julesburg. It's about time they were wrecking another train. Well, so long. Be good to each other." With this parting piece of impertinence he stumped out.

"A friendly individual, evidently," I hazarded, to tide her over her possible embarrassment.

Her laugh assured me that she was not embarrassed at all, which proved her good sense and elevated her even farther in my esteem.

"Oh, Jerry's all right. I don't mind Jerry, except that his tongue is hung in the middle. He probably has been telling you some tall yarns?"

"He? No, I don't think so. He may have tried it, but his Western expressions are beyond me as yet. In fact, what he was driving at on the rear platform I haven't the slightest idea."

"Driving at? In what way, sir?"

"He referred to the green in his eye and in the moon, as I recall; and to a mysterious 'system,' and gratuitously offered me a 'steer.'"

Her face hardened remarkably, so that her chin set as if tautened by iron bands. Those eyes glinted with real menace.

"He did, did he? Along that line of talk! The clapper-jaw! He's altogether too free." She surveyed me keenly. "And naturally you couldn't understand such lingo."

"I was not curious enough to try, my dear madam. He talked rather at random; likely enjoying bantering me. But," I hastily placated in his behalf, "he recommended Benton as a lively place, and you as a friend of value in case that you honored me with your patronage."

"My patronage, for you?" she exclaimed. "Indeed" To what extent? Are you going into business, too? As one of-us?"

"If I should become a Bentonite, as I hope," I gallantly replied, "then of course I should look to permanent investment of some nature. And before my traveling funds run out I shall be glad of light employment. The brakeman gave me to understand merely that by your kindly interest you might be disposed to assist me."

"Oh!" Her face lightened. "I dare say Jerry means well. But when you spoke of 'patronage'—— That is a current term of certain import along the railroad." She leaned to me; a glow emanated from her. "Tell me of yourself. You have red blood? Do you ever game? For if you are not afraid to test your luck and back it, there is money to be made very easily at Benton, and in a genteel way." She smiled bewitchingly. "Or are you a Quaker, to whom life is deadly serious?"

"No Quaker, madam." How could I respond otherwise to that pair of dancing blue eyes, to that pair of derisive lips? "As for gaming—if you mean cards, why, I have played at piquet and romp, in a social way, for small stakes; and my father brought Old Sledge back from the army, to the family table."

"You are lucky. I can see it," she alleged.

"I am, on this journey," I asserted.

She blushed.

"Well said, sir. And if you choose to make use of your luck, in Benton, by all means——"

Whether she would have shaped her import clearly I did not know. There was a commotion in the forward part of the car. That same drunken wretch Jim had appeared; his bottle (somehow restored to him) in hand, his hat pushed back from his flushed greasy forehead.

"Have a smile, ladies an' gents," he was bellowing thickly. "Hooray! Have a smile on me. Great an' gloryus 'casion—'ic! Ever'body smile. Drink to op'nin' gloryus Pac'fic—'ic—Railway. Thash it. Hooray!" Thus he came reeling down the aisle, thrusting his bottle right and left, to be denied with shrinkings or with bluff excuses.

It seemed inevitable that he should reach us. I heard My Lady utter a little gasp, as she sat more erect; and here he was, espying us readily enough with that uncanny precision of a drunken man, his bottle to the fore.

Have a smile, you two. Wouldn't smile at station; gotto smile now. Yep. 'Ic! 'Ray for Benton! All goin' to Benton. Lesh be good fellers."

'You go back to your seat, Jim," she ordered tensely. 'Go back, if you know what's good for you."

"Whash that? Who your dog last year? Shay! You can't come no highty-tighty over me. Who your new friend? Shay!" He reeled and gripped the seat, flooding me with his vile breath. "By Gawd, I got the dead-wood on you, you ——!" and he had loosed such a torrent of low epithets that they are inconceivable.

"For that I'd kill you in any other place, Jim," she said. 'You know I'm not afraid of you. Now get, you wolf!" Her voice snapped like a whip-lash at the close; she had made sudden movement of hand—it was extended and I saw almost under my nose the smallest pistol imaginable; nickeled, of two barrels, and not above three inches long; projecting from her palm, the twin hammers cocked; and it was as steady as a die.

Assuredly My Lady did know how to take care of herself. Still, that was not necessary now.

"No!" I warned. "No matter. I'll tend to him."

The fellow's face had convulsed with a snarl of redder rage, his mouth opened as if for fresh abuse—and half rising I landed upon it with my fist.

"Go where you belong, you drunken whelp!"

I HAD struck and spoken at the same time, with a rush of wrath that surprised me; and the result surprised me more, for while I was not conscious of having exerted much force he toppled backward clear across the aisle, crashed down in a heap under the opposite seat. His bottle shattered against the ceiling. The whisky spattered in a sickening shower over the alarmed passengers.

"Look out! Look out!" she cried, starting quickly. Up he scrambled, and wrenching at his revolver. I sprang to smother him, but there was a flurry, a chorus of shouts, men leaped between us, the brakeman and conductor both had arrived, in a jiffy he was being hustled forward, swearing and blubbering. And I sank back, breathless, a degree ashamed, a degree rather satisfied with my action and my barked knuckles.

Congratulations echoed dully.

'The right spirit!"

"That'll l'arn him to insult a lady."

"You sartinly rattled him up, stranger. Squar' on the twitter'"

"Shake, Mister."

"For a pilgrim you're consider'ble of a hoss."

"If he'd drawn you'd have give him a pill, I reckon, lady. I know yore kind. But he won't bother you ag'in; not he."

"Oh, what a terrible scene!"

To all this I paid scant attention. I heard her, as she sat composedly, scarcely panting. The little pistol had disappeared.

'The play has been made, ladies and gentlemen," she said. And to me: "Thank you. Yes," she continued, with a flash of lucent eyes and a dimpling smile. "Jim has lost his whisky and has a chance to sober up. He'll have forgotten all about this before we reach Benton. But I thank you for your promptness."

"I didn't want you to shoot him," I stammered. "I was quite able to tend to him myself. Your pistol is loaded?"

'To be sure it is." And she laughed gaily. Her lips tightened, her eyes darkened. "And I'd kill him like a dog if he presumed farther. In this country we women protect ourselves from insult. I always carry my derringer, sir."

The brakeman returned with a broom, to sweep up the chips of broken bottle. He grinned at us.

"There's no wind in him now," he communicated. "Peaceful as a baby. We took his gun off him. I'll pass the word ahead to keep him safe, on from Cheyenne."

"Please do, Jerry," she bade. "I'd prefer to have no more trouble with him, for he might not come out so easily next time. He knows that."

"Surely ought to, by golly," the brakeman agreed roundly. "And he ought to know you go heeled. But that there tanglefoot went to his head. Looks now as if he'd been kicked in the face by a mule. Haw, haw! No offense, friend. You got me plumb buffaloed with that fivespot o' yourn." And finishing his job he retired with dust-pan and broom

"You're going to do well in Benton," she said suddenly, to me, with a nod "I regret this scene—I couldn't help it, tho, of course. When Jim's sober he has sense, and never tries to be familiar."

She was amazingly cool under the epithets that he had applied. I admired her for that as she gazed at me pleadingly.

"A drunken man is not responsible for words or actions, altho he should be made so." I consoled her. "Possibly I should not have struck him. In the Far West you may be more accustomed to

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

Winner of the Blue Ribbon

Of all the 307 lamp designs by 250 artists from all parts of the United States and Canada submitted for the Lamp Exhibition held March 12 to 24, 1923, by the Art Alliance of America, at the Art Center Building, New York, this by Miss Mary Bishop of Montreal, Que., was awarded the Blue Ribbon of the Show and $600 in cash prizes, by a jury composed of eleven eminent sculptors, painters, decorators, craftsmen and critics for its beautiful simplicity and practical utility.

$8 Equipped for Oil, Gas and Electricity

And This, an Art Jury's Choice, Can Now Be Your Own

This is the lamp exact replicas of which, produced with the enthusiastic collaboration of Miss Bishop herself, the Decorative Arts League now offers to its members and patrons, equipped for either Electricity, Gas or Oil. And the price, made possible only by the League's plan of direct co-operation between artist and public, is to be only $8—no more than the cost of a common store-lamp. Let us send it to you on approval and see for yourself. The base is cast in Medallium, of rich statuary bronze finish, which not only allows the artist's delicately refined contours and gracefully proportioned masses to be faithfully preserved, but also insures their permanency. The shade is in tones of old gold parchment—chosen by Miss Bishop to carry out her scheme of color harmony—with light and dark brown stripes toward the bottom of the flare, and edges bound with strips of dull brass. The whole lamp stands 16½ inches high to top of shade. Send the coupon today and let this prize-winning lamp be sent for your approval.

Decorative Arts League, BL.Apr.14.
175 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
Send me on approval a Bishop Lamp, 1923 Blue Ribbon Winner. Just as a deposit of good faith I will pay postman on delivery $3 plus postage. In five days I will either return the lamp when you will refund my deposit in full, or will send you $5, making $8 in all.

(If cash in full is sent with coupon, or if lamp is sent C. O. D. full price, 10% discount allowed.)

☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐ Electricity

Name..............................

Street Address or R. F. D..........

....

City & State......................

6-ROOM HOUSE FREE

Stop Paying Rent! This offer is so liberal it is hard to believe. but it is true—every word is true. There are no strings to my offer and I will positively give a house away just as promised in this offer. You can get a home FREE if you send me your name quick and do as I say. Surely you have longed for the day to come when you could cease paying rent to a heartless landlord and call your home your own. I am now offering you the golden opportunity to free yourself from the clutches of the money-grabbing landlord, and at no cost to yourself. Picture a handsome six-room house, nice lawn and pretty shrubbery and flowers growing in well-arranged beds Don't you want a place like this, and FREE too? Of course you do, so send me your name today! Don't forget!

The House Can Be Built Anywhere You Want It Don't hold back—don't say. "No such luck for me." You can have the house built anywhere you say---California, Maine or anywhere in the United States. It makes no difference to me, where you want to live. This offer is open to all.

I Will Even Buy The Lot Perhaps you do not own a lot, or have place to build, but don't allow this to prevent your sending in your name and address, because I will arrange to buy a lot for you if you don't own one. A wonderfully beautiful and comfortable home can be yours if you promptly answer this advertisement and do as I say. Don't take chances of some other person getting ahead of you, but rush your name and address to me at once. An offer like this may never come to you again.

Costs Nothing to Investigate You run absolutely no risk whatever. It costs you nothing to investigate this wonderfully liberal offer. All I ask you to do is to rush me your name and address---a post card will do. Just say, "I WANT ONE OF YOUR FREE HOMES."

C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 254, Batavia, Illinois

$1.00 BRINGS YOU THIS FINE GUN!

ORDER No. 5911

.38 SPECIAL
A REAL "HE-MAN" GUN

Beautiful blue steel six shooter. Shoots straight and hard. New 1923 model, used by police and secret service. Left swing cylinder, checked grips, wonderful balance and smooth action. Absolutely guaranteed in every way. Just mail a dollar bill and we will send you one at our low bargain price, balance $17.75 C. O. D. (A $35.00 value). Made by Garate & Co., Spain. Protect your home and order now while present stock lasts. Money refunded instantly if you are not highly pleased.

(Cut shows cylinder partly open)

CALIBER — .38 Special or .32-.20

FREE GUN and NOVELTY CATALOG
AMERICAN NOVELTY CO. 2455-57 ARCHER AVE., CHICAGO

these episodes that we are in the East."

"I don't know. There is a limit. You did right. I thank you heartily. Still" -and she mused—"you can't always depend on your fists alone. You carry no weapon, neither knife nor gun?"

"I never have needed either," said I, 'My teaching has been that a man should be able to rely upon his fists."

"Then you'd better get 'heeled,' as we say, when you reach Benton. Fists are a short-range weapon. The men generally wear a gun somewhere. It is the custom."

"And the women, too, if I may judge," I smiled.

"Some of us. Yes," she repeated, "you're likely to do well, out here, if you'll permit me to advise you a little."

"Under your tutelage I am sure I shall do well," I acepted. "I may call upon you in Benton? If you will favor me with your address——?"

"My address?" She searched my face in manner startled. "You'll have no difficulty in finding me; not in Benton. But I'll make an appointment with you in event"—and she smiled archly—"you are not afraid of strange women."

"I have been taught to respect women, madam," said I. "And my respect is being strengthened."

"Oh!" I seemed to have pleased her. "You have been carefully brought up, sir."

"To fear God, respect woman, and act the man as long as I breathe," I asserted. "My mother is a saint, my father a nobleman, and what I may have learned from them is to their credit."

"That may go excellently in the East" she answered. "But we in the West favor the Persian maxim—to ride, to shoot, and to tell the truth. With those three qualities even a tenderfoot can establish himself."

"Whether I can ride and shoot sufficient for the purpose, time will show," I retorted. "At least," and I endeavored to speak with proper emphasis, "you hear the truth when I say that I anticipate much pleasure as well as renewed health in Benton."

"Were we by ourselves we would seal the future in another 'smile' together," she shyly promised. "Unless that might shock you."

"I am ready to fall in with the customs of the country," I assured. "I certainly am not averse to smiles, when fittingly proffered."

So we exchanged fancies while the train rolled over a track remarkable for its smoothness and leading ever onward across the vast, empty plains bare save for the low shrubs called sage-brush, and rising here and there into long swells and abrupt sandstone pinnacles.

We stopped near noon at the town of Cheyenne, in Wyoming Territory. Cheyenne, once boasting the title (I was told), "The Magic City of the Plains," was located upon a dreary flatness, although from it one might see, far southwest, the actual, Rocky Mountains in Colorado Territory, looking, at this distance of one hundred miles, like low, dark clouds. The up-grade in the west promised that we should soon cross over their northern flanks. of the Black Hills.

Last winter, Cheyenne, I was given to understand, had ten thousand inhabitants; but the majority had followed the railroad west. so that now there remained only some fifteen hundred. After dinner we, too, went west.

We overcame the Black Hills Mountains about two o'clock, having climbed to the top with considerable puffing of the engine, but otherwise alomst imperceptibly to the passengers. When we were halted, upon the crown, at Sherman Station, to permit us to alight and see for ourselves, I scarcely might believe that we were more than eight thousand feet in air. There was nothing to indicate, except some little difficulty of breath; not so much as I had feared when in Cheyenne, whose six thousand feet gave me a slightly giddy sensation

My lady moved freely, being accustomed to the rarity; and she assured me that, altho Benton was seven thousand feet, I would soon grow wonted to the atmosphere. The habitues of this country made light of the spot; the strangers on tour picked flowers and gathered rocks as mementoes of the "Crest of the Continent"—which was not a crest, but rather a level plateau, wind-swept and chilly while sunny. Then from this Sherman Summit of the Blakc Hills of Wyoming the train swept down by its own momentum from gravity, for the farther side.

The fellow Jim had not emerged, as yet, much to my relief. The scenery was increasing in grandeur and interest, and the play of my charming companion would have transformed the most prosaic journeys into a trip thru Paradise.

I hardly noted the town named Laramie City, at the western base of the Black Hills; and was indeed annoyed by the vendors hawking what they termed "mountain gems" thru the train. Laramie, according to My Lady, also once had been, as she styled it, "a live town," but had deceased in favor of Benton. From Laramie we whirled northwest, thru a broad valley enlivened by countless antelope scouring aver the grasses; thence we issued into a wilder, rougher country, skirting more mountains very gloomy in aspect.

However, of the panorama I took but casual glances; the phenomenon of blue and gold so close at hand was all engrossing, and my heart beat high with youth and romance. Our passage was astonishingly short, but the sun was near to setting beyond distant peaks when by the landmarks that she knew we were approaching Benton at last.

We crossed a river—the Platte, again, even away in here; briefly paused at a military post, and entered upon a stretch of sun-baked, reddish-white, dusty desert utterly devoid of vegetation.

There was a significant bustle in the car, among the travel-worn occupants. The air was choking with the dust swirled thru every crevice by the stir of the wheels—already mobile as it was from the efforts of the teams that we passed, of six and eight horses tugging heavy wagons. Plainly we were within striking distance of some focus of human energies.

"Benton! Benton in five minutes. End o' track," the brakeman shouted.

"My valise, please."

I brought it. The conductor, who, like the other officials, knew My Lady, pushed thru to us and laid hand upon it.

"I'll see you out," he announced. "Come ahead."

"Pardon. That shall be my privilege," I interposed. But she quickly denied.

"No, please. The conductor is an old friend. I shall need no other help—I'm perfectly at home. You can look after yourself."

"But I shall see you again—and where? I don't know your address; fact is, I'm ignorant of your name," I pleaded desperately.

"How stupid of me." And she spoke fast and low, over her shoulder. "Tonight, then, at the Big Tent. Remember."

I pressed after.

"The Big Tent! Shall I inquire there? And for whom?"

"You'll not fail to see me. Everybody knows the Big Tent, everybody gotes there. So au revoir."

She was swallowed in the wake of the conductor, and I fain must gather my own belongings before following. The Big Tent, she said? I had not misunderstood; and I puzzled over the address, which impinged as rather bizarre, whether in West or East.

We stopped with a jerk, amidst a babel of cries.

"Benton! All out!" Out we stumbled. Here I was, at rainbow's end.

Of all the hell-roaring, wide open, mushroom towns in the hectic old West, Benton, situated in Wyoming Territory, now but history to those of us living today, will prove the worst as readers who delight in a vivid picture of feverish life will find. With meals at $1 each, beds at $3 each, and placed four in a room at that, and water being lugged from the River Platte, three miles away, at $10 a barrel, we can readily see that Mr. Frank Beeson, of Albany, New York, will find things very "high" and "dry."

Here is a really strong and tremendous story, a picture combined with a drama, and readers who read the stirring story, "Riders of the Purple Sage," and who enjoyed the quick-shooting gunmen and the Mormons with their strange faith which granted them a multiplicity of wives, will find some more of the same odd people in this yarn. Situation develops upon situation in this yarn, and it comes to as exciting a conclusion as any story the Ledger has ever published. Part II next week brings us closer to the mystery of My Lady of the Train, and her connections in this town at the end of Nowhere.

* * *

The Cross-cut

(Continued From Page 9.)

relieved by the knowledge that such information could aid but little. Nothing but a chemical analysis could show the contents of the strange brews which the insane woman made from her graveyard herbiage, and long before that could come, Harry might be dead.

And so he pressed the batteries against the unconscious man's cheeks, holding them tightly there, that the full shock of the electricity might permeate the skin and arouse the sluggish blood once more to action. Then to the hands, the wrists. the feet and the back again; it was the beginning of a routine that was to last for hours.

Midnight came and early morning. With dawn, the figure on the bed stirred slightly and groaned. Fairchild looked up, to see the doctor just entering.

"I think he's regaining consciousness."

"Good." The physician brought forth his hypodermic. "That means a bit of rest for me. A little shot in the arm, and he ought to be out of danger in a few hours."

Fairchild watched him as he boiled the needle over the little gas jet at the head of the cot, then dissolved a white pellet preparatory to sending a resuscitory fluid into Harry's arm.

"You've been to Judge Richmond's?" he asked at last.

"Yes." Then the doctor stepped close to the bed. "I've just closed his eyes—forever."

Ten minutes later, after another examination of Harry's pupils, he was gone, a weary, tired figure, stumbling home to his rest—rest that might be disturbed at any moment—the reward of the physician. As for Fairchild, he sat a long time in thought, striving to find some way to send consolation to the girl who was grieving now, struggling to figure a means of telling her that he cared, that he was sorry, and that his heart hurt, too. But there was none.

Again a moan from the man on the bed, and at last a slight resistance to the sting of the batteries. An hour passed, two; gradually Harry came to himself, to stare about him in a wondering, vacant manner and then to fasten his eyes upon Fairchild. He seemed to be struggling for speech, for co-ordination of ideas. Finally, after many minutes—

"That's you, Boy?"

"Yes, Harry."

"But where are we?"

Fairchild laughed softly.

"We're in a hospital, and you're knocked out. Don't you know where you've been?"

"I don't know anything since I slid down the wall."

"Since you what?"

But Harry lapsed back into semi-consciousness again, to lie for hours a mumbling, dazed thing, incapable of thought or action. And it was not until late in the night after the rescue, following a few hours of rest forced upon him by the interne, that Fairchild once more could converse with his stricken partner.

"It's something I'll 'ave to show you to explain," said Harry. "I can't tell you about it. You know where that little fissure is in the 'anging wall back in the stope?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's it. That's where I got out."

"But what happened before that?"

"What didn't 'appen?" asked Harry, with a painful grin. "Everything in the

LUGER AT HALF PRICE BRAND NEW
SEND NO MONEY
Pay on Delivery
Plus Postage
Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded
$16.25
30 Cal.
25 Cal. Blue steel Automatic - $7.95
32 Cal. Blue Steel Automatic - 9.95
32 Cal. Military Model, extra Mag. Free 10.95
WATTS TRADING CO., 1328 Bway, Dept.3. New York

Listen To Me!
Electrical Experts
Earn $70 to $200 a Week
Electrical experts are in great demand everywhere. This is the great electrical age and Electric power is moving the world. I can train any ambitious man to become a Certified Electrical Expert in a short time and able to fill a fine paying position. I can do this regardless of what kind of work you are doing now and how little education you may have. High school or college training unnecessary.
I Will Train You at Home in Your Spare Time
I am Chief Engineer of the great Chicago Engineering Works and know just the kind of practical up-to-date training you need to hold the best Electrical positions. I will train you at home by my wonderful lessons and Electrical apparatus that I will send you free.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
I have trained hundreds of Electrical Experts and can do the same for you. So sure am I of this that I guarantee under bond to return every cent you pay for my course if you do not succeed. A million dollar institution stands behind this guarantee.
FREE! Big Outfit of Electrical Tools and Material
This fine outfit includes instruments, tools and material for practical work—it is absolutely free. While they last I am giving every student who enrolls for my course one of these great outfits Write now—today.
Mail Coupon Send today for proof lessons, my big wonderful Electrical Book, and the "Vital Facts" of the Electrical Industry—BOTH FREE—Send coupon or postal.
L. L. COOKE, CHIEF ENGINEER
Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 239
2150 Lawrence Ave. Chicago, Illinois
Use this Free Outfit Coupon!
CHIEF ENGINEER COOKE, Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 239, 2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me Absolutely Free your book, "How to Become an Electrical Expert," Free Outfit Offer, Vital Facts and Sample Lessons. No obligation.
Name..........
Address..........
City and State..........
Occupation.......... Age..........

HOW TO HEAL LEG SORES.
A new illustrated book sent free to readers by the successful specialist, Dr. H. J. Whittier, Suite 108, 421 East 11th St., Kansas City, Mo., tells how to be rid of Leg Sores and Varicose Ulcers without pain or knife by using his unique discovery, result of 32 years specializing. Write for your free copy today.—Adv.

ACENTS WANTED
AGENTS Some Seller at $2.00
Looks Like $5.00 Worth Gives You $1.10 Profit!
$12 AN HOUR!
W. H. Marion, a beginner, sold 36 "Nifty Nine" Introductory Assortments in three hours, first day, $36 profit! How? Our representatives introduce our products with a first sale of beautiful combination sets of Toilet Articles, Soaps etc You sell at half store prices, no fancy talk, sell on sight. Make 20 to 30 sales a day with $1.10 profit on each Easy to average $100 a week. Could you ask more while introducing line, establishing a permanent business for yourself? Another plan calls for no deliveries, no investment, no delays. You bank immediate profits. Also plan with winning premium to each sale. Write quick for details.
FORD FREE! No contest. Every producer gets a Ford Car absolutely free. Most amazing offer ever made Don't waste a minute. Write TODAY for illustrated circulars explaining our Unique Plans including 30 other packages. ACT NOW. 1102
E. M. DAVIS CO. Dept. 1794 CHICAGO

AGENTS $6 a Day
Should be easily made selling our Concentrated Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Preparations. Over 100 kinds, put up in collapsible tubes. Ten times the strength of bottle extracts. Every home in city or country is a possible customer. Entirely new. Quick sellers. Good repeaters. Not sold in stores. No competition. 100 per cent. profit to agents. Little or no capital required. Elegant sample case for workers. Start now while it's new. Write today—a post card will do—for full particulars FREE
AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO. 7409 American Bldg. Cincinnati, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!
Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Stops Backaches at once-*so comforting*

A tiring day on your feet. Stooping, lifting, running up and downstairs—does your back feel tied in painful knots?

Apply Sloan's to those sore, tired muscles. That warm, penetrating glow brings immediate comfort. Almost before you realize it the pain and stiffness are gone.

Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's. Sloan's is protection against pain. All druggists carry it.

Sloan's Liniment-*kills pain!*

For rheumatism, bruises, strains, chest colds

2 TIRES FOR $9.95
FREE TUBE WITH EACH TIRE

Standard Tire Prices Smashed Again!

—and some sensational cut, too! Think of it—two tires for almost the price of one and a FREE inner tube with each tire. *No double treads or sewed tires.* Thousands of customers are getting maximum mileage out of these tires, and you, too, can get up to

10,000 MILES

Here's your opportunity—if you act at once. This is a special lot selected for this record-breaking sale. Order today—right now. They're going fast.

Compare These Amazing Reductions on Two Tires of Same Size

SIZE	1 TIRE	2 TIRES	SIZE	1 TIRE	2 TIRES
28x3	$6.75	$ 9.95	31x4	$10.65	$17.49
30x3	7.25	11.95	32x4	11.85	19.75
30x3½	8.25	13.95	33x4	12.45	20.90
32x3½	9.45	15.95	34x4	13.25	21.95

Prices on larger sizes quoted on request. Prices f. o. b Chicago.

SEND NO MONEY! We ship subject to examination, by Express before payment of C. O. D. charge, or by Parcel Post after payment of C. O. D. charge. Examine tires on arrival, and if not absolutely satisfied, return same unused and your money will be promptly refunded. Specify straight side or clincher. ACT NOW.

ROCKWELL TIRE COMPANY
1306 S. Michigan Ave., Dept. B414, Chicago, Ill.

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

Thousands of overfat people have greatly reduced their weight and attained a normal figure by following the advice of many others who use and recommend **Marmola Prescription Tablets.** These harmless little fat reducers are prepared in tablet form from the same ingredients that formerly composed the famous **Marmola Prescription for fat reduction.**

If you are too fat, you owe it to yourself to give these fat reducers a fair trial. All the better drug stores the world over sell **Marmola Prescription Tablets** at one dollar per package. Ask your druggist for them or send one dollar to the Marmola Co., 293 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich. and secure a package of these tablets. They are harmless and reduce your weight without going through long sieges of tiresome exercise and starvation diet. **If you are too fat try this today.**

BOYS! VALUABLE PREMIUMS FREE

We give Guns, Watches, Cameras, Flashlights, Tool Chests and many other valuable premiums to our boys for selling our papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and "Lone Scout."

ALSO CASH PROFITS

on every paper you sell. No experience necessary. We show you where to get customers and just what to do to build up a steady route of customers that means steady profits each week. Send us a postal today. Write on it, "I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell, also send premium catalog." and send it to us and we will start you.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11,
500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

world 'appened. I—but what did the assay show?"

Fairchild reached forth and laid a hand on the brawny one of his partner.

"We're rich, Harry," he said, "richer than I ever dreamed we could be. The ore's as good as that of the Silver Queen!"

"The bloody 'ell it is!" Then Harry dropped back on his pillow for a long time and simply grinned at the ceiling. Somewhat anxious, Fairchild leaned forward, but his partner's eyes were open and smiling. "I'm just letting it sink in!" he announced, and Fairchild was silent, saving his questions until "it" had sunk. Then:

"You were saying something about that fissure?"

"But there is other things first. After you went to the assayer's, I fooled around there in the chamber, and I thought I'd just take a flyer and blow up them 'oles that I'd drilled in the 'anging wall at the same time that I shot the other. So I put in the powder and fuses, tamped 'em down and then I thinks, thinks I, that there's somebody moving around in the drift. But I didn't pay any attention to it—you know. I was busy and all that, and you often 'ear noises that sound funny. So I set 'em off—that is, lit the fuses and I started to run. Well, I 'adn't mor 'n started when bloey-y-y-y-y, right in front of me, the whole world turned upside down, and I felt myself knocked back into the chamber. And there was them fuses. All of 'em burning. Well, I managed to pull out the one from the foot wall and stamp it out, but I didn't 'ave time to get at the others. And the only place where there was a chance for me was clear at the end of the chamber. Already I was bleeding like a stuck hog where a whole 'arf the mountain 'ad 'it me on the 'ead, and I didn't know much what I was doing. I just wanted to get be'ind something—that's all I could think of. So I shied for that fissure in the rocks and crawled back in there, trying to squeeze as far along as I could. And 'ere's the funny part of it—I kept on going!"

"You what?"

"Kept on going. I'd always thought it was just a place where the 'anging wall 'ad slipped, and that it stopped a few feet back. But it don't—it goes on. I crawled along it as fast as I could—I was about woozy, anyway—and by and by I 'eard the shots go off be'ind me. But there wasn't any use in going back—the tunnel was caved in. So I kept on.

"I don't know 'ow long I went or where I went at. It was all dark—and I was about knocked out. After while I ran into a stream of water that came out of the inside of the 'ill somewhere, and I took a drink. It gave me a bit of strength. And then I kept on some more—until all of a sudden I slipped and fell, just when I was beginning to see dyelight. And that is all I know. 'Ow long 'ave I been gone?"

"Long enough to make me grayheaded," Fairchild answered with a little laugh. Then his brow furrowed. "You say you slipped and fell just as you were beginning to see daylight?"

"Yes. It looked like it was reflected from below, somewheres."

Fairchild nodded.

"Isn't there quite a spring right by Crazy Laura's house?"

"Yes. It keeps going all year; there's a current and it don't freeze up. It comes out like it was a waterfall—and there's a roaring noise be'ind it."

"Then that's the explanation. You followed the fissure until it joined the natural tunnel that the spring has made thru the hills. And when you reached the waterfall—well, you fell with it."

"But 'ow did I get 'ere?"

Briefly Fairchild told him, while Harry pawed at his still magnificent mustache. Robert continued:

"But the time's not ripe yet, Harry, to spring it. We've got to find out more about Rodaine first and what other tricks he's been up to. And we've got to get other evidence than merely our own word. For instance, in this case, you can't remember anything. All the testimony I could give would be unsupported. They'd run me out of town if I even tried to start any such accusation. But one thing's certain: We're on the open road at last; we know who we're fighting and the weapons he fights with. And if we're only given enough time, we'll whip him. I'm going home to bed now; I've got to be up early in the morning and get hold of Farrell. Your case comes up in court."

"And I'm up in a 'ospital!"

Which fact the Court the next morning recognized, on the testimony of the interne, the physician and the day nurses of the hospital, to the extent of a continuance until the January term in the trial of the case. A thing which the Court further recognized was the substitution of five thousand dollars in cash for the deeds of the Blue Poppy mine as security for the bailee. And with this done the deeds to the mine safe in his pocket, Fairchild went to the bank, placed the papers behind the great steel gates of the safety deposit vault, and then crossed the street to the telegraph office. A long message was the result, and a money order to Denver that ran beyond a hundred dollars. The instructions that went with it to the biggest florist in town were for the most elaborate floral design possible, to be sent by express for Judge Richmond's funeral minus a card denoting the sender. Following this, Fairchild returned to the hospital, only to find Mother Howard taking his place beside the bed of Harry. One more place called for his attention—the mine.

THE feverish work was over now. The day and night shifts were no longer needed until Harry and Fairchild could actively assume control of operations and themselves dig out the wealth to put in improvements necessary to produce the compressed air and machine drills and organize the working of the mine upon the scale which its value demanded. But there was one thing essential, and Fairchild procured it—guards. Then he turned his attention to his giant partner.

Health returned slowly to the big Cornishman. The effects of nearly a week of slow poisoning left his system grudgingly; it would be a matter of weeks before he could be the genial, strong giant that he once had represented. And in those weeks Fairchild was constantly beside him.

Not that there were no other things which were represented in Robert's desires—far from it. Stronger than ever was Anita Richmond in Fairchild's thoughts now, and it was with avidity that he learned every scrap of news regarding her, as brought to him by Mother Howard. Hungrily he listened for the details of how she had weathered the shock of her father's death; anxiously he inquired for her return in the days following the information—via Mother Howard—that she had gone on a short trip to Denver to look after matters pertaining to her father's estate.

Dully he heard that she had come back, and that Maurice Rodaine had told friends that the passing of the Judge had caused only a slight postponement in their marital plans. And it was perhaps this which held Fairchild in check, which caused him to wonder at the vagaries of the girl—a girl who had thwarted the murderous plans of a future father-in-

BOY'S SUIT $4.75

100% PURE WOOL

Just give age and color wanted, and we will send you the biggest suit bargain ever offered. Highest grade, 100 per cent pure wool Cassimere, in blue, green, gray, or brown mixtures.

STYLE

New York's most popular model.

SERVICE

Pants are fully lined throughout. Durable linings and trimmings. Full roomy sizes for boys from 7 to 17. Price of suit with one pair of pants $4.75. You can pay postman for suit and postage on arrival.

Send No Money

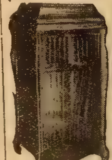
With two pairs of pants, of same goods, $5.95.

Your money refunded if not highly pleased.

Order **STYLE NO. 431**, give size and color wanted. Say if you want suit with one pair or two pairs of pants. All orders shipped same day received.

JOHN NATHAN CO.,
105 Bleecker St.
NEW YORK CITY

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL
$10 Worth of Records FREE



Simply wonderful! The limit of value giving! Just think! A GENUINE DAVIS PHONOGRAPH on 30 Days' Free Trial, and on terms as low as

$2 A MONTH in case you decide to buy. Magnificent instruments in quartered oak or mahogany piano finished cases, equipped with the finest worm gear motors, rich toned machines — at less than half the standard prices—and $10 worth of records FREE.

Send No Money

Just a postal with your name and address. Only a limited number of machines shipped on this extra-liberal offer. Better act quickly. This is a life-time opportunity.

DAVIS, Dept. 1-L,
6101 May St., CHICAGO

This Beautiful Doll

FREE

Girls! Mothers!

The Doll Sensation of the Year

Walks—Sleeps—Cries

Here's a doll that every child is wild about. Because it comes just about as near being a real live baby playmate as any dollie can. It can sit alone; take real steps; has big round movable eyes that go to sleep, and greatest of all it cries out loud. Did you ever before hear of any doll that can do **all** these wonderful things? And besides it has beautiful **brown hair,** and the cutest little dress made of flower-sprigged lawn trimmed in dainty lace edged organdie. Surely there is nothing more that a little girl's heart could desire than to own this wonderful doll. Our easy plan brings her within the easy reach of all. Every little girl can be made extremely happy without it costing any money. Read our free offer below.

How to Get Her FREE

If you are a little girl you will want this wonderful doll for yourself. If you are a big girl or a woman you will want her for some little friend of yours. She will make **a lovely gift** for any little girl.

If you want this beautiful doll, **fill out the coupon below and mail it to us today.** We will send you by return mail ten beautiful pictures—copies of famous paintings. All you have to do is to distribute these among your friends and neighbors according to my plan and the walking, sleeping, crying doll will be sent you Free **and Postpaid.** It will not cost you one cent of money.

Doll Dept. 30
W. D. BOYCE CO.
500 N. Dearborn St.
Chicago - - Illinois

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Doll Dept. 30, W. D. Boyce Company,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I want the walking, sleeping, crying doll. Please send me the 10 beautiful pictures to distribute on your easy plan so I can get her Free.

Name ....
R. F. D.,
Box or St. No. ....
Town.................. State.........

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
165[illegible] Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville Ky.

109-113 W. 45th St. **Hotel St. James** N. Y. City Times Sq.

Midway between Fifth Avenue and Broadway

An hotel of quiet dignity, having the atmosphere and appointments of a well-conducted home.

Much favored by women traveling without escort.

3 minutes walk to 40 theatres and all best shops.

Rates and booklet on application

W. JOHNSON QUINN

RUPTURE NOT DANGEROUS

The Real Danger Is Not From the Rupture Itself, But From the Hard Pads and the Pressure of the Spring of the Usual Style of Truss.

The Brooks Appliance Is the Only Strictly Modern and Entirely Comfortable Way of Holding a Rupture.

SENT ON FREE TRIAL

This Man Is Ruptured Yet Plays Football Safely — Because He Uses A BROOKS APPLIANCE.

Just because you are unfortunate in being ruptured is no good reason why you should not freely engage in every form of athletic sport, dancing, skating and all amusements.

A Brooks Appliance will hold firmly yet with perfect comfort at all times and under all conditions. There are no hard pads nor springs of any kind about a Brooks Appliance. A soft, pliable rubber air cushion is so shaped as to firmly cling to the body and hold the rupture back just as you would do with the pressure of your hand.

The percentage of permanent cures that the Brooks Appliance makes is astonishingly great. Over 21,000 people—all ages, men, women and children, new cases and old—have given written testimony of cures.

A FREE TRIAL is always allowed. Do not be deceived by counterfeits and so-called "Brooks Model." Look always for the trade mark and signature of C. E. Brooks in gold upon every genuine Appliance.

The success of the Brooks is due to a secret that truss makers have never discovered, so shun imitations if you expect satisfaction.

Fill out coupon and mail TODAY. Tomorrow will do, but today is better.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON
Brooks Appliance Company
316N State St., Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail, in plain wrapper, your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name ....

Address ....

City... .... State............

law—and to cause him to fight down a desire to see her, an attempt to talk to her and learn directly from her lips her position toward him—and toward the Rodaines.

Finally, back to his normal strength once more, Harry rose from the armchair by the window of the boarding house and turned to Fairchild.

"We're going to work tonight," he announced calmly.

"When?" Fairchild did not believe he understood. Harry grinned. "Tonight. I've taken a notion. Rodaine'll expect us to work in the daytime. We'll fool 'im. We'll leave the guards on in the daytime and work at night. And what's more, we'll keep a guard on at the mouth of the shaft while we're inside, not to let nobody down. See?"

Fairchild agreed. He knew Squint Rodaine was not thru. And he knew also that the fight against the man with the blue-white scar had only begun. The cross-cut had brought wealth and the promise of riches to Fairchild and Harry for the rest of their lives. But it had not freed them from the danger of one man, a man who was willing to kill, willing to maim, willing to do anything in the world, it seemed, to achieve his purpose. Harry's suggestion was a good one.

Together, when night came, they bundled their greatcoats about them and pulled their caps low over their ears. Winter had come in earnest, winter with a blizzard raging thru the town on the breast of a fifty-mile gale. Out into it the two men went, to fight their way thru the swirling, frigid fleece to Kentucky Gulch and upward. At last they passed the guard, huddled just within the tunnel, and clambered down the ladder which had been put in place by the sight-seers on the day of the strike. Then——

Well, then Harry ran, to do much as Fairchild had done, to chuckle and laugh and toss the heavy bits of ore about, to stare at them in the light of his carbide torch, and finally to hurry into the new stope which had been fashioned by the hired miners in Fairchild's employ and stare upward at the heavy vein of riches above him.

"Wouldn't it knock your eyes out?" he exclaimed, beaming. "That vein's certainly five feet wide."

"And two hundred dollars to the ton," added Fairchild, laughing. "No wonder Rodaine wanted it."

"I'll sye so!" exclaimed Harry, again to stand and stare, his mouth open, his mustache spraying about on his upper lip in more directions than ever. A long time of congratulatory celebration, then Harry led the way to the far end of the great cavern. "'Ere it is!" he announced, as he pointed to what had seemed to both of them never to be anything more than a fissure in the rocks. "It's the thing that saved my life."

Fairchild stared into the darkness of the hold in the earth, a narrow crack in the rocks barely large enough to allow a human form to squeeze within. He laughed.

"You must have made yourself pretty small, Harry."

"What? When I went thru there? Sye, I could 'ave gone thru the eye of a needle. There were six charges of dynamite just about to go off be'ind me!"

Again the men chuckled as they looked at the fissure, a natural, usual thing in a mine, and often leading, as this one did, by subterranean breaks and slips to the underground bed of some tumbling spring. Suddenly, however, Fairchild whirled with a thought.

"Harry! I wonder — couldn't it have been possible for my father to have escaped from this mine in the same way?"

"'E must 'ave."

"And that there might not have been any killing connected with Larsen at all? Why couldn't Larsen have been knocked out by a flying stone—just like you were? And why——?"

"'E might of, Boy." But Harry's voice was negative. "The only thing about it was the fact that your father 'ad a bullet 'ole in 'is 'ead." Harry leaned forward and pointed to his own scar. "It 'it right about 'ere, and glanced. It didn't 'urt 'im much, and I bandaged it and then covered it with 'is 'at, so nobody could see."

"But the gun? We didn't find any."

"'E 'ad it with 'im. It was Sissy Larsen's. No, Boy, there must 'ave been a fight—but don't think that I mean your father murdered anybody. If Sissie Larsen attacked 'im with a gun, then 'e 'ad a right to kill. But as I've told you before—there wouldn't 'ave been a chance for 'im to prove 'is story with Squint working against 'im. And that's one reason why I didn't ask any questions. And neither did Mother 'Oward. We were willing to take your father's word that 'e 'adn't done anything wrong—and we were willing to 'elp 'im to the limit."

"You did it, Harry."

"We tried to——" He ceased and perked his head toward the bottom of the shaft, listening intently. "Didn't you 'ear something?"

"I thought so. Like a woman's voice."

"Listen—there it is again!"

They were both silent, waiting for a repetition of the sound. Faintly it came, for the third time:

"Mr. Fairchild!"

They ran to the foot of the shaft, and Fairchild stared upward. But he could see no one. He cupped his hands and called:

"Who wants me?"

"It's me." The voice was plainer now—a voice that Fairchild recognized immediately.

"I'm—I'm under arrest or something up here," was added with a laugh. "The guard won't let me come down."

"Wait, and I'll raise the bucket for you. All right, guard!" Then, blinking with surprise, he turned to the staring Harry. "It's Anita Richmond," he whispered. Harry pawed for his mustache.

"On a night like this? And what the bloody 'ell is she doing 'ere, any'ow?"

"Search me!" The bucket was at the top now.

A signal from above, and Fairchild lowered it, to extend a hand and to aid the girl to the ground, looking at her with wondering, eager eyes. In the light of the carbide torch, she was the same boyish appearing little person he had met on the Denver road, except that snow had taken the place of dust now upon the whipcord riding habit, and the brown hair which caressed the corners of her eyes was moist with the breath of the blizzard. Some way Fairchild found his voice, lost for a moment.

"Are—are you in trouble?"

"No." She smiled at him.

"But out on a night like this—in a blizzard. How did you get up here?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I walked. Oh," she added, with a smile, "it didn't hurt me any. The wind was pretty stiff—but then I'm fairly strong. I rather enjoyed it."

"But what's happened—what's gone wrong? Can I help you with anything —or——"

Then it was that Harry, with a roll of his blue eyes and a funny waggle of his big shoulders, moved down the drift toward the stope, leaving them alone together.

ANITA RICHMOND watched after him with a smile, waiting until he was out of hearing distance. Then she turned seriously.

"Mother Howard told me where you were, came quietly. "It was the only chance I had to see you—I—I—maybe I was a little lonely or—something. But, anyway, I wanted to see you and thank you and——"

"Thank me? For what?"

"For everything. For that day on the Denver road, and for the night after the Old Times dance, when you came to help me. I—I haven't had an easy time. And I've been in rather an unusual position. Most of the people I know are afraid and—some of them aren't to be trusted. I—I couldn't go to them and confide in them. And—you—well, I knew the Rodaines were your enemies—and I've rather liked you for it."

"Thank you. But—" and Fairchild's voice became a bit frigid—"I haven't been able to understand everything. You are engaged to Maurice Rodaine."

"I was, you mean."

"Then——"

"My engagement ended with my father's death," came slowly—and there was a catch in her voice. "He wanted it—it was the one thing that held the Rodaines off him. And he was dying slowly—it was all I could do to help him, and I promised. But—when he went—I felt that my—my duty was over. I don't consider myself bound to him any longer."

"You've told Rodaine so?"

"Not yet. I—I think that maybe that was one reason I wanted to see someone whom I believed to be a friend. He's coming after me at midnight. We're to go away somewhere."

"Rodaine? Impossible!"

"They've made all their plans. I—I wondered if you—if you'd be somewhere around the house—if you'd——"

Next week you will get the final installment in this absorbing story. It is a real thrill and you don't want to miss it. Better tell your agent to be sure to save next week's Ledger for you.

GALLSTONE TROUBLES

Dr. E. E. Paddock, Specialist, Kansas City, Mo., Box 5P-201, has distributed free over 100,000 booklets on cause and treatment of inflammation of the the Gall Bladder and Bile Ducts associated with Gallstones of the liver, bilious Colic, Jaundice, gas, indigestion. Send name for Free Booklet today.—Adv.

* * *

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.—Adv.

* * *

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.
—Adv.

BLADDER WEAKNESS

To introduce PRO-GLANDIN (Tablets), embodying a wonderful European discovery for Bladder Weakness and Prostate Gland Troubles that cause you to get up nights, we will gladly mail a complete 50-cent Pkg. FREE.

Sleep all night no getting up

50c Pkg'e FREE

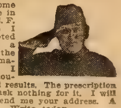
PRO-GLANDIN acts quick. Entirely harmless. Used where all ordinary treatments fail. Send no money but just your address and receive the Free 50-cent Pkg. postpaid, ready to use for your own comfort and prompt benefit.

WORTH CO., Dept. 21-A, 74 Cortlandt St., New York

STOP THE THIEF PYORRHEA

Over 75% of the millions of people who have Pyorrhea don't know it. Sore, bleeding, spongy or receding gums, gum boils, loose teeth, pus sacs, bad breath, etc., are symptoms of Pyorrhea; and if not checked, slowly but surely will cause loss of teeth. Science has discovered a simple home remedy that at once destroys the germ of Pyorrhea. It is called Pyro-Lac and is used as a mouth wash three times a day. By sending your name today you can get a regular size bottle of Pyro-Lac on free trial. Don't pay a cent to anyone now, but use for ten days. Then if satisfied with results, send $1.25; if not pleased, your written report cancels charge. Write the Jay-Bee Company, 419 American Bank Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for your trial bottle.

RHEUMATISM



I have returned home after 2 years' service in France with the A. E. F.

While in France I obtained from a noted French physician a prescription for the treatment of Rheumatism and Neuritis. I have given it to thousands with wonderful results. The prescription cost me nothing. I ask nothing for it. I will mail it if you will send me your address. A postal will bring it. Write today.

PAUL CASE, Box 452-B-18, Brockton, Mass.

GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR

$7.80 $25 Value

Double safety automatics, deadly accurate and of the finest blue steel, offered at a bargain to make new customers. Shoot all standard American cartridges.

No. 9S 110, 25 calibre, 7-shot automatic, a real $23.00 value, special at $7.80.

No. 9S 120, 32 calibre, 10-shot automatic, a real $26.00 gun, special at $10.75. EXTRA MAGAZINE FREE WITH EACH GUN.

Pay postman when delivered plus postage. MONEY BACK AT ONCE IF NOT SATISFIED.

WM. WARD CO., Dept. 9S, 1269 Broadway, N. Y.

VISCOSE for VARICOSE VEINS and LEG SORES

New in America. Discovered by Dr. Clason. Completely successful for several years in Europe. Failure unknown. No medicine—No oils No cutting—Viscose Method of Bandaging when applied is firm, strong, smooth, porous and flexible. IT IS PAINTED ON WITH A BRUSH and reinforced with material. Relieves pain at once—Prevents itching Reduces Varicose Veins and Heals Open Sores in a short time. The "Story of Viscose" book sent free and postpaid Tells how to get well while working and walking. Write at once to

VISCOSE COMPANY, 802 South Lake St., Los Angeles, Cal'f

TENTS AND CAMP SUPPLIES

Before you buy—see our new Catalog of Touring and Camping Tents, Clothing, Cooking Outfits, Army Goods, etc.

Lowest Prices In America.

Hundreds of Bargains all guaranteed. 50% less than dealers price. Send your name and address today for FREE BOOK.

CARNIE-GOUDIE CO., Dept. 631, Kansas City, Mo.

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7 to $25 a pair and express charges. Big profits. We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar or attic. Write for illustrated catalogue and contract free.

STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASSN., Inc.,
401Q4 Broadway, N. Y. City.

FREE CASE **Solid Gold Ring**

DON'T SEND A PENNY! Very latest "Tiffany" shape wedding or band rings of pure 10 KARAT solid gold, actually offered for less than plated, shell or filled rings Never sold for less than $7.50. Just deposit $3.48 and few pennies postage when delivered. Send paper strip for finger size. Money back guarantee. GARFIELD IMPORTING CO. Dept. 826 3935 Washington Blvd., Chicago

$3.48

Asthma

Thousands report being cured by my prescription—costs you nothing to try it. $1,000 in bank guarantees results. **FREE** Write today for a free Trial Bottle; use as directed for 10 days—if cured, send $1.25—otherwise, pay nothing.

C. LEAVENGOOD, 1544 S. W. Blvd., Rosedale, Kans.

The Wire Tappers

(Continued From Page 8)

was no new information. But I saw her at last—I shan't explain just how. Before very long I found out something further, and rather remarkable—that Lady Margaret wanted to drop the case altogether, and was trying to blind Scotland Yard and the police. And that made me more determined

"Before the end of the week, I found out that young Singford, Lady Margaret's brother, had been mixed up in a row at Monaco, had made a mess of things, later, at Oxford, and had decided to try ranching in the Canadian Northwest. I had already booked my passage on the Celtic, but the whole thing then meant too much for me, and, when I found young Singford was sailing that week on the Majestic, I succeeded in getting a berth on that steamer. Jim, as soon as I saw that wretched boy on deck, I knew that I had guessed right, or almost right. Oh, I know them, I know them! O suppose it's because, in the last year or two, I have come in contact with so many of them. But there he was, as plain as day, a criminal with stage-fright, a beginner without enough nerve to face things out. I rather think he may have been a nice boy at one time. And I know just how easy it is, once you make the first little wrong turn, to keep on and on and on, until you daren't turn back, even if you had the chance to."

"And you took pity on him?" inquired Durkin, "or did you merely vivisect him at a distance?"

"Not altogether—but first I must tell you of the second dilemma. Before we sailed, and the first day out, I thought it best to keep to my cabin. You can understand why, of course. After all, this is such a little world. when you know the central office might be after you!"

"Or some old business friend?"

"That was precisely what I thought, only a good deal harder, when I was sat down to dinner, the second day out, and glanced across the table. You remember my telling you about my first experiences in America, when I was a shrinking and pink-cheeked young English governess, and never knew a bold thought or a dishonest act? Do you remember my describing the woman—it's always a woman who is hard on another woman—who accused me of—of having designs on her husband? Her husband, a miserable, oily little Hebrew diamond merchant who twice insulted me on the stairs of his own house, when I had to swallow it without a word! Well, it was that woman who sat across the table from me. They had put me at the Captain's table—my London gown, you see, looks uncommonly well. But there was that woman, a little more faded and wizened and wrinkled, looking at me with those beady old hawk eyes of hers; and I knew there was trouble ahead.

"A war correspondent, who had been nice to me, had brought up about everybody at our table worth while, and introduced them to me, that night before going down. So, when I saw that yellow face and those hawk eyes, I knew I had to think hard and fast."

"'Are you not the young woman,' she said, in a sort of frappe of nasal indignation, 'are you not the young woman whom I once employed as a governess and discharged for misconducting herself with—er—with the other servants?'

"I was so busy trying to be cool that I didn't bother thinking out an answer. I did want to say, tho, that it was not a servant, but her own devoted and anointed husband. I kept on talking to the Captain, deciding to ignore her icily. But that yellow hag deliberately repeated her question, and I heard the war correspondent gasp out an indignant 'My God, madam!' and saw the Captain's face growing redder and redder. So I went on and asked the Captain if intoxication was becoming commoner on the high seas. Then she began to splutter and languidly as ever, and a steward had to help her away.

"But she knew that she was right. And she knew that I knew she knew. Tho I had all the men on my side, and the Captain cheerfully saw to it that she 'as moved down to the tail end of the octor's table, among the commercial avelers and the schoolma'ms, I knew ll enough that she was only waiting her chance.

[illegible] didn't change the face of things, b[illegible] it upset me, and made me more cauti[illegible] in the way I handled young Singfo[illegible]. In some way, I felt a bit sorry fo[illegible] [illegible]e poor chap. I thought a little sympathy might perhaps soften him, and make him tell me something worth while. But he had too much good old English backbone for that. And, altho he told me I was the best woman he ever knew, and a little more solemn nonsense like that, I at last had to go for him very openly. It was a moonlight night—the sea air was as soft as summer. We were standing by the rail, looking out over the water. Then I made the plunge, and very quietly told him I knew two things, that he had stolen his sister's diamond pendant, and that for three days he had been thinking about committing suicide.

"I watched his hand go up to his breast pocket—the moon was on his terrified young face—and I came a little nearer to him, for I was afraid of something—I tried to tell him there was no use jumping overboard, and none whatever in throwing the Blue Pear into the Atlantic. That would only make things past mending, forever. Besides, he was young, and his life was still before him. I talked to him—well, I believe I cried over him a little, and finally, without a word, he reached in under his coat, and there, in the moonlight, he handed me the Blue Pear. I gave him my word of honor it would be taken back to his sister, and even lent him twenty pounds—and you can imagine how little I had left!"

DURKIN looked up, as tho to ask a question, but she silenced him with her uplifted hand.

"That was the night we came up the Bay. I slipped down to my cabin, and turned on the electric light. Then I opened the little case, and looked at my pendant. You know I never liked diamonds, they always seemed so cold and hard and cruel—well, as tho the tears of a million women had frozen into one drop. But this Blue Pear—oh, Jim, it was beautiful!"

"It was?—Good heavens, you don't mean?"

"Shhhh! Not so loud! Yes, that is just it. There I stood trying it in the light, feasting on it, when a voice said behind me, a voice that made my hair creep at the roots, 'A very unsafe stone to smuggle, young lady!' And there, just inside my door, stood the yellow hag. She had stolen down, I suppose, to nose among my luggage a bit. I could have shaken her—I almost did try it.

"We stood staring at each other; it was the second battle of the kind between us on board that ship. I realized she had rather the upper hand in this one. I never saw such envy and greed and cruelty in a human face, as she ogled that stone.

"It seemed to intoxicate her—she was drunk to get her hands on it—and she had enough of her own, too. So, once more, I had to think as fast as I could, for I knew that this time she would be relentless.

"'No, I shan't smuggle it,' I said, in answer to her look.

"'You pay duty—a thousand, two thousand dollars!' she gasped at me, still keeping her eyes on the stone, flashing there in the light. 'Given to you,' she almost hissed, 'by some loving father whose child you guided into the paths

20 YR. CASE 10 JEWEL
25 YR. CASE 10 JEWEL
7.25
7.55
SEND NO MONEY

Importer's Sale

We are large importers of fine watches. Save over 60 per cent of market price by ordering direct from us. Your choice of either high grade watch. No. 1, octagon or round case 14Kt gold-filled 20 yr case with 20 yr gold-filled link bracelet 10 jewels Stem wind and set Adjusted and regulated $15 value, our price ONLY $7.25 prepaid No 2, 14Kt White-gold filled, 25 yr case Silk grosgrain ribbon, gold-filled clasp. Beautiful white dial. Sapphire crown, tonneau shape, 10 jewels. Regulated, adjusted. Fully guaranteed. $18 value Our special price ONLY $7.55 prepaid. Order today. Send no money. Pay on arrival. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded promptly

SUPREME JEWELRY MFG. CORP.
Dept. 440, 434 Brodway, New York

Catch Fish, Eels, mink, muskrats and other fur-bearing animals, in large numbers, with our new, Folding, Galvanized **Steel Wire Trap.** It catches them like a fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Strong and durable Write for Descriptive Price List, and our Free Booklet on best bait known for attracting all kinds of fish.
J. F. GREGORY, Dept. 45, Lebanon, Mo.

Are You the Kind of Guest People Like to Invite?

SOME people always feel out of place at a dinner, or a dance, or a party. They are always constrained, always embarrassed. Others are so well-poised and at ease at all times—so able to mingle with the other guests and make themselves agreeable—that hostesses are eager to invite them.

Do you know all the little secrets of being a likeable guest? Do you know what is expected of you on all occasions, how to make introductions and how to start interesting conversation after the introduction; what to wear to formal functions and to informal functions; how to make every one who comes in contact with you feel calm, at ease? The person with winning manners is always welcome. With the poise and dignity that good manners give, any one can quickly adapt oneself to every environment—can be at all times, with all people, cultured, impressive, well-liked.

Why Some People Always Feel Out of Place

HAVE you ever noticed, at any social function you may have attended, that bad manners instantly distinguish themselves? If a woman is embarrassed, constrained, ill-at-ease, every one knows at once that she is not used to good society. If a man uses his fork in a clumsy manner or makes incorrect use of the finger-bowl, he can not conceal the fact that he is ill-bred.

No hostess likes to invite to her home a man or woman she knows will make embarrassing mistakes. Those who are always blundering, always doing the wrong thing at the wrong time, are never welcome. They invariably make others feel uncomfortable in their presence.

But the person with winning manners is always welcome. He—or she—knows exactly what to say to the hostess on arrival, how to mingle with the guests, how to create conversation, how to be agreeable, how to do and say the right thing at the right time.

Do You Ever Feel Tongue-Tied Among Strangers?

At a week-end party, recently, one of the guests remarked secretly to the hostess that she had felt positively tongue-tied when she found herself at dinner among men and women she had never met before. "I just didn't know what to talk about," she said. "It made me feel stupid and embarrassed. Every one else seemed to be having such interesting conversations."

If she had known the important little secrets of social conversation, she would never have felt "tongue-tied." She would have known how to create conversation and how to keep it flowing smoothly, pleasantly. She would have known how to make herself agreeable, well-liked.

Do you ever feel tongue-tied at a party or a dinner? Do you ever wonder what to say after the introduction is made? Do you ever feel embarrassed, confused, stifled when you are among strangers?

The greatest value of etiquette is that it enables you to adapt yourself to every environment—gives you a sense of peace and security. It enables you to feel "at home" in all surroundings—to mingle with all people and feel entirely calm, at ease. It protects you from humiliation at the dinner table and in the drawing-room. It gives you a cultured, engaging manner that people recognize—and respect.

The Tell-Tale Marks of Bad Manners

There are so many little tell-tale blunders that one can make—as a guest, for instance. Do you know what to say to the hostess when you arrive? Do you know how to acknowledge introductions—whether the form "How do you do" is correct; whether one may say "Pleased to meet you"? Do you know the correct order of precedence into the dining-room? Do you know whether olives are taken with the fingers or a fork, whether the fork is held in the left hand or the right, whether bread may be bitten into or must be broken into small pieces as eaten?

When you leave, do you know what to say to the hostess? Do you know what is meant by the "bread-and-butter" letter? If you know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times, on all occasions, you will never be embarrassed.

The Book of Etiquette in Two Volums—A Recognized Authority

Have you ever wondered how a home should be decorated for a wedding? What to serve at a luncheon? How to acknowledge an invitation?

Would you like to know why a bride wears white, why a teacup is given to the engaged girl, why black is the color of mourning?

Do you know how to word an invitation, what to wear to a theatre party, how to set the table for a formal diuner, how to register at a hotel?

Whatever you want to know you can find in the Book of Etiquette—the famous two-volume set that is today being used by thousands of men and women throughout the country. Weddings, parties, dinners, teas, dress, speech, correspondence—you will find complete details on every phase of conduct that interests you.

May we send you this famous two-volume set free for examaination? You may keep the two books entirely free for 5 days and within that time decide whether or not you want to keep them.

This unusual plan enables you to see the Book of Etiquette in your own home and examine it before purchasing it. If you decide to keep the books just send us $3.50 in full payment. If for any reason you are not delighted with them, just return them—and the examination will have cost you nothing whatever.

Send for the Book of Etiquette today. Take advantage of this free examination offer.

Nelson Doubleday, Inc.
Dept. 1054
Garden City, N.Y.

Mistakes at the table distinguish themselves at once. Little blundering errors condemn a man or woman as ill-bred. Do you know all the rules of table etiquette?

Winning manners are more important than pretty clothes. Can you adapt yourself to every environment—make yourself always pleasant and well liked?

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC.
Dept. 1054, Garden City, New York.

Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, you may send me the complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will send you only $3.50 in full payment or return the books I am to be the sole judge of whether or not I want to keep the books.

Name..........

Address..........

☐ Check this square if you want these books with the **beautiful full-leather binding** at $5.00 with 5 days' examination privilege.

(Orders outside of the U. S. are payable cash with order.)

of wisdom? Oh, I know yóu, you lazy huzzy! It's mine!" she cried, like a baby crying for the moon, 'it's mine! You—you stole it from me!'"

She paused, at the memory of the scene, and Durkin stirred uneasily on the seat.

"What made the fool say that?" he demanded.

"Why, she meant that she could claim it, and intended to claim it, insinuating that she would see that it was declared at the wharf, if I kept it, and arguing that I might as well lose it quietly to her, as to the Treasury officers. I knew in a flash, then, that she didn't know what the Blue Pear was. I closed the little gun-metal case with a snap. Then I put it, Blue Pear and all, in her hand. She turned white, and asked me what I meant.

"'I am going to give it to you—for a while, at least,' I said as coolly as I could, making a virtue, of course, of what I knew was going to be a necessity.

"She looked at me open-mouthed. Then she tore open the case, looked at the stone, weighed it in her fingers, gasped a little, held it to the light again, and turned and looked at me still once more.

"'This pendant was stolen!' she cried, with sudden conviction. She looked at the stone again—she couldn't resist it.

"'You might call it the Robin's Egg, when you have it re-cut,' I told her.

"She gave a jump—that was what she was thinking of, the shrewd old wretch. She shoved the case down in her lean old breast.

"'Then you will smuggle it in for me?' I asked her.

"'Yes, I'll get it thru, if I have to swallow it!'

"'And you will keep it?' I asked; and I laughed, I don't know why.

"'You remember my house?' she cried, with a start.

"'Like a book!' I told her.

"'But still I'll keep it!' she declared.

"It was a challenge, a silly challenge, but I felt at that moment that this was indeed a plunge back into the old ways of life. But, to go on. She didn't seem to realize that keeping the Blue Pear was like trying to conceal a white elephant, or attempting to hide away a Sierra Nevada mountain. Then that cruel old avaricious, over-dressed, natural-born criminal had her turn at laughing, a little hysterical, I think. And for a minute or two, I felt that all the world had gone mad, that we were only two gray gibbering ghosts talking in the enigmas of insanity penned up in throbbing cages of white enameled iron.

"I followed her out of the cabin, and walked up and down alone in the moonlight, wondering if I had done right. At the wharf I fully intended to risk everything and inform on her, then cable to the Cicelys. But she must have suspected something like that—my stewardess had already told me there were two Treasury Department detectives on board—and got her innings first. For I found myself quietly taken in charge, and my luggage gone over with a microscope—to say nothing of the gentle old lady who massaged me so apologetically from head to feet, and seemed a bit put out to find that I had nothing more dutiable than an extra pair of French gloves."

"Had you expected this beforehand?" interposed Durkin.

"Yes, the stewardess had told me there was trouble impending—that's what made me afraid about the Blue Pear. Just as I got safely thru Customs, tho, I caught sight of the yellow hag despatching her maid and luggage home in a taxicab, while she herself sailed away in another—I felt so sure she was going straight to her husband's store, Isaac Ottenheimer & Company, the jeweler and diamond man on Fifth avenue, you know, that I scrambled into a taxi and told the driver to follow my friend to Ottenheimer's. When we pulled up there I drew the back curtains down and watched thru a quarter-inch crack. The woman came out again, looking very relieved and triumphant. And that's the whole story—only——"

She did not finish the sentence, but looked at Durkin, who was slowly and dubiously rubbing his hands together, with the old, weary, half-careless look all gone from his studious face

He glanced back at the woman beside him admiringly, lost himself in thought for a moment, and then laughed outright.

"You're a dare-devil, Frank, if there ever was one!" he cried; then he suddenly grew serious once more.

"No, it's not daring," she answered him "The true name of it is cowardice!"

CHAPTER IX.

FOUR hours later, in that shabby little oyster-house often spoken of as "The Cafe of Failures," lying less than a stone's throw from the shabbiest corner of Washington Square, Frances Candler met by appointment a stooped and somewhat sickly-looking workman carrying a small bag of tools. This strange couple sought out a little table in one of the odorous alcoves of the oyster-house, and, over an unexpectedly generous dinner, talked at great length and in low tones, screened from the rest of the room.

"You say it's a Brandon & Stark eight-ton vault; but can't you give me something more definite than that to work on?" the man was asking of the girl.

"Only what I've told you of its position; I had to watch out for Ottenheimer every moment I was in that store."

"I see. But while I think of it, providing we do find the stone there, do we turn it over again or——?"

"I gave my word of honor, Jim!"

The shadow of a smile on his face died away before her unyielding solemnity.

"Oh, of course! There's three hundred pounds on it, anyway, isn't there?"

She nodded her head in assent.

"But I think we've got our trouble before us, and plenty of it, before we see that three hundred pounds," he said, with a shrug.

"The time's so short—that is the danger. As I was on the point of telling you, Ottenheimer has an expert diamond-cutter in his shops."

"And that means he'll have the apex off our Pear at the first chance, and, accordingly, it means hurry for us. But tell me the rest."

"Ottenheimer himself owns, I discovered, the double building his store is in. He has his basement, of course, his ground-floor show-room and store; and work-rooms, and shipping department, and all that, on the second story. Above them is a lace importer. On the top floor there is a chemical fire-apparatus agency. In the south half of the building, with the hall and stairway between, is an antique furniture store, and above them a surgical supply company. The third and top floors are taken up by two women stenographers—their reception-room on the third floor, their operating-room, and that sort of thing, on the top floor, with no less than two sky-lights and a transom opening directly on the roof. I arranged for a sitting with them. That is the floor we ought to have, but the building is full. Three doors below, tho, there was a top, back studio to let, and I've take it for a month. There we have a transom opening on the roof. I looked thru, merely to see if I could hang my washing out sometimes. But barring our roof off from Ottenheimer's is an ugly iron fencing.

"Did you get a chance to notice their wiring?"

"The first thing. We can cut in and loop their telephone from our back room, with thirty feet of number twelve wire."

"Then we've got to get in on that line, first thing!"

He ruminated in silence for a minute or two.

"Of course you didn't get a glimpse of the basement, under Ottenheimer's?"

"Hardly, Jim. We shall have to leave that to the gas-man!"

And they both laughed a little over the memory of a certain gas-man who short circuited a private line in the basement of the Stock Exchange building and thru doing so upset one of the heaviest cotton brokerage businesses in Wall Street.

"Did you notice any of the other wires—power circuits and that kind of thing?"

"Yes, I did; but there were too many of them! I know, tho, that Ottenheimer's wires go south along our roof."

"Then the sooner we give a quiet ear to that gentleman's conversations, the better for us. Have you had any furniture moved in?"

"It goes this evening. By the way, tho, what am I just at present?"

Durkin thought for a moment, and then suddenly remembered her incongruous love for needlework.

"You had better be hard-working maker of cotillion-favors, don't you think? You might have a little show-case put up outside."

She pondered the matter, drumming on the table with her impatient fingers. "But how is all this going to put us inside that eight-ton safe?"

"That's the trouble we've got to face!" he laughed back at her.

"But haven't you thought of anything, candidly?"

"Yes, I have. I've been cudgeling my

THIS JASPER WAS SLOW WITH HIS GUN

Where [illegible] lived ra[illegible] [illegible]
And [illegible] was nothing to shun;
Where they buried 'em neat, without preacher or sheet
And writ on their tombstone, crude but sweet,

THIS JASPER WAS SLOW WITH HIS GUN

THE CANYON OF THE GREEN DEATH
F R BUCKLEY
DON QUICKSHOT OF THE RIO GRANDE
SKY-HIGH CORRAL
RALPH
THE SECOND MATE
THE DEVILS PAYDAY
ARIZONA ARGONAUTS
THE LURE OF PIPERS GLEN
THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS
LOADED DICE
EDWIN L SABIN
THE CHALLENGE OF THE NORTH
SPAWN OF THE DESERT
W C TUTTLE
APACHE VALLEY
ARTHUR CHAPMAN
SONTAG OF SUNDOWN
W C TUTTLE

Give yourself some real live-wire thrills again! Race through some of these rip-snorting stories of the old frontier. Those were the harsh and happy days! Weaklings and cowards went to blazes quick. Brave, brawny cowpunchers wasted no words, pistol points under the nose were their stark, red-blooded arguments. "The man who could draw the fastest was the only one who'd live."

Come to the Bad Old, Glad Old West!

[illegible] the crack of [illegible] A flick of [illegible] quirt and he leaps away with you—to the free, unfenced old frontier. That's the way these gripping Western tales get you and whirl you away. It's ripping excitement! You feel yourself the pal of the steel-true adventurers who conquered the sun washed wastes for Uncle Sam.

Yelping, paint-daubed redskins swoop from ambush upon the covered wagons! "Stand steady, boys, steady, and shoot to kill!" Your trusty Springfield drills one Apach' after another into Kingdom Come. They waver—and fly. Then, after the red [illegible] tell [illegible] That's how the West was won—and that's how you'll [illegible] nerve-testing exploits over again, in the fascinating pages of these 12 master tales of daring deeds!

The whole glorious panorama of the days of "49" is unrolled before you;—you live in frontier towns, where pistol-battles started at the drop of a hat—where the magic lure of gold called the "square" man, the "bad" man, the gambler and the adventuress alike.

And best of all, you live the life of the open cattle range—with hard-fisted, wild, but true-hearted cowpunchers—real death-defying heroes of the saddle and lariat. You feel the excitement of the rushing round-up, the roping and branding. You gallop after "rustlers" until your gallant little pony's tongue lolls out and his tough lungs pant and sob. These smashing stories will give you more thrills to the chapter than any stories you ever read in your life—bar none!

12 Wonderful Novels That Will Thrill You Through and Through—All for only...... $1.98

Twelve fast-moving, blood-stirring yarns. A kick and a real [illegible] in every page. When you start one of these stories you forget everything else. [illegible] from climax to climax. Gasping dilemmas and hair-raising exploits crowd thick and fast. Never were there stories to beat these! The smashing, unexpected endings make you hold your breath with startled surprise. Every single one of these tales will [illegible]

Send No Money

You can get this whole library of 12 fascinating, nerve-tightening books for about 16c each. The whole [illegible] to you right now—without sending a penny in advance. You can't be out of amusement while you have [illegible] stories in your home. Yet EVERY STORY IS CLEAN AND WHOLESOME—nothing that should not be read by any boy or girl. Get this whole library right away. Don't send any money. Just your name and address on the [illegible] coupon and mail it. The whole 12 of these splendid books, each printed on good paper, bound in standard magazine cover stock, and with a striking cover in full color, will be sent to you promptly. Just pay $1.98, plus a few cents postage, to the postman who delivers the books, and they are yours. There are no other payments of any kind. Each book complete. If you are in any way dissatisfied, send them back to us—and we will send back your money in full.

Stake yourself to a whole lot of pleasant evenings. Think of it! 12 splendid novels for only $1.98—and you take no risk. Take up this offer right now, for it may not be repeated in this magazine. Send the coupon today—NOW

If You Enjoy Real Thrills, Look These Over

Don Quickshot of the Rio Grande
Stephen Chalmers.
A thrilling story of life among raiding Mexican bandits, train robbers, Texas rangers, and a prairie fire.

Spawn of the Desert
W. C. Tuttle.
The startling story of "Preacher Le Saint," who prayed for the soul of a murdered man, and then cleaned out the gamblers with their own shell game.

The Challenge of the North
James B. Hendryx.
This is the story of the call of the great Northland; of purposes and cross purposes; of true men and of "bad" men; and of big deals and pioneering triumphs.

Apache Valley
Arthur Chapman
A story of a cattle war in the Southwest, with all it means—terror and blood feud; alarms by night and day; rustling and stealthy murder.

Loaded Dice
Edwin L. Sabin
A romance of Texas, of the early days, when lives depended on the quickness of the draw. A tale of men who were jugglers with death.

The Lure of Piper's Glen
Theodore Goodridge Roberts
It was the lure of the North, of plentiful game and of the clear wind from the great plains. Young Jim Todhunter heard it, and found adventure a-plenty.

Arizona Argonauts
H. Bedford Jones.
Three adventurers whose fortunes lead through drought and danger to the golden goal they sought.

Sky-High Corral.
Ralph Cummins.
A yarn of the unending feuds between cattlemen and forest rangers; of the forest fires, grazing herds and bitter fights at timber-line. Yet forest conservation won through fire and blood.

Sontag of Sundown
W. C. Tuttle.
An exciting story of the question of ranch ownership—which promoted bloodshed and a war of no mean caliber.

The Second Mate
H. Bedford Jones.
Peril and mutiny on the China Seas. Two white women at the mercy of a villainous crew. Jim Barnes realized the desperate chance he had taken when he became mate of the Sulu Queen.

The Devil's Payday
W. C. Tuttle.
A Sky of brass, the sun a aflame,
And the land no place to dwell;
A hunk of earth, so doggone hot
That it still belongs to Hell

The Canyon of the Green Death
F. R. Buckley
Who were the devils in human form whose haunt was the lost barranca? Invisible, terrible, they brought the young officer of the law to a strange dilemma

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING CO., Inc.
Dept. W-424, Garden City, New York

GARDEN CITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc.
Dept. W-424, Garden City, N. Y.

You may send me the 12 volumes of Western Stories by Hendryx, Tuttle, and other famous authors. I will pay the postman only $1.98 (plus postage) on delivery. It is understood that I may return these books, if I desire, within five days and receive my money back promptly

Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

brains until I feel light-headed. Now, nitro-glycerine I object to, it's so abominably crude and so disgustingly noisy"

"And so odiously criminal!" she interpolated.

"Precisely. We're not exactly yeggmen yet. And it's brain we've got to cudgel and not safe-doors! I mean, now that we really are mixed up in this sort of thing, it's better to do it with as clean fingers as possible. Now, once more, speaking as an expert, by lighting a small piece of sulphur and using it as a sort of match to start and maintain combustion, I could turn on a stream of liquid oxygen and burn thru that safe-steel about the same as a carpenter bores throu a pine board. But the trouble is in getting the oxygen Then, again, if it was a mere campaign of armour against the intruder, I could win out in quite a different way. I could take powdered aluminum, mixed with some metallic superoxide, such as iron-rust and get what you'd call thermit. Then I could take this thermit and ignite it by means of a magnesium wire, so that it would burn down thru three inches of steel like a handful of live coals thru three inches of ice. That is, if we wanted to be scientific and up-to-date. Or, even a couple of gallons of liquid air, say, poured on the top of the safe, ought to chill the steel so that one good blow from a sledge would crack it."

"But that, again, is only what cracksmen do, in a slightly different way!"

"But, of course, by tapping an exceptionally strong power-circuit somewhere in the neighborhood, I could fuse portions of the steel with electricity and then cut it away like putty. Yet all that, you see, is not only mechanical and coarse, and full of drawbacks, but it's doing what we don't want to do. It's absolutely ruining a valuable deposit-vault and might very well be interpreted as and called a criminal destruction of property. We have no moral and legal right to smash this gentleman's safe. But in that safe lies a stone to which he has neither moral nor legal right, and it's the stone and only the stone, that we want."

"Then what are we to do?"

"Use these thick heads of ours, as we ought. We must think and not pound our way into that vault. I mean, Frank, that we have got to get at that stone as Ottenheimer himself would!"

They looked at each other for a minute of unbroken silence, the one trying to follow the other's wider line of thought.

"Well, there is where our test comes in, I suppose," said Frances, valiantly, feeling for the first time a little qualm of doubt.

Durkin, who had been plunged in thought, turned to her with a sudden change of manner.

"You're a bad lot, Frank!" he said, warmly, catching her frail-looking hands in his own.

"I know it," she answered, wistfully, leaning passively on her elbows. "But some day I am going to change—we're both going to change!" And she stroked his studiously bent head with her hand, in a miserably solicitous, maternal sort of way and sighed heavily once or twice, trying in vain to console herself with the question as to why a good game should be spoiled by a doubtful philosophy.

CHAPTER X.

ENTRENCHED in her little top-floor studio, behind a show-case of cotillion-favors, Miss Cecelia Starr sat in her wicker rocker, very quietly and very contentedly sewing. She felt that it had been an exceptionally profitable day for her.

Three hairpins and a linen handkerchief held a watch-case receiver close over her head, after the style of the metallic ear-bands of a central-office operator. Leading from this improvised ear-band and trailing across the floor out into her private room at the back, ran a green cloth-covered wire. This wire connected again with an innocent-looking and ordinary desk-battery transmitter, rigged up with a lever switch, and standing on a little table next to the wall, up which might be detected the two bimetallic wires which, since 10 o'clock that morning, tapped and bridged the general wire connecting the offices of Ottenheimer & Company with the outside world.

From time to time the members of that firm went to their telephone, little dreaming that a young lady, decorously sewing velvet scissors-cases on a studio top-floor of another building, was quietly listening to every message that passed in and out of their bustling place of business. It was a strange medley of talk, some of it incoherrent, some of it dull, some of it amusing. Sometimes the busy needle was held poised, and a more interested and startled expression flitted over the shadowy violet eyes of Miss Cecelia Starr. At such times she vaguely felt that she was a disembodied spirit, listening to the hum of a far-away world, or, at other times, that she was an old astrologer, gazing into some mystic and forbidden crystal. Still again, as she listened, she felt like a veritable eagle, invisible, poised high in etheraal emptiness, watching hungrily a dim and far-off sign of earthly life and movement.

Suddenly from the street door sounded the familiar two-three ring of Durkin. This door remained open during the day, and she waited for him to come up. She went to her own door, however, and laughed girlishly as he stepped into the room, mopping his moist forehead. There was a very alert, nervous, triumphant expression in his eyes, and once again the feeling swept over her that it was now crime, and crime alone, that could stimulate into interest and still satisfy their fagged vitalities. It was their one and only intoxcation, the one thing that could awaken them from their mental sloth and stir them from life's shadowy valley of disillusionment.

Her quick eye had taken note of the fact that he wore a soiled blue uniform, and the leather-peaked blue cap of a Consolidated Gas Company employee, and that he carried with him a brass hand-pump. He laughed a little to himself, put down the pump in one corner of the room, and allowed his fingers to stray thru his mutilated Vandyke, now a short and straggly growth of sandy whiskers. Then he turned to her with an unmuttered query on his face.

"I was right," she said quietly, but hurriedly.

"I never really doubted it!"

"Ottenheimer has a private drawer in the vault. It's in that. His wife telephoned down very cautiously about it this morning. A little later, too, Ottenheimer was called up from a Brooklyn drugstore, by a Mrs. Van Gottschalk, or some such name, who said her husband was still in bed with the grip, and couldn't possibly get over until Monday. This man, you see, is Ottenheimer's diamond-cutter."

"Thank heaven, that gives us a little more time!"

"Three days at least! But what have you done, Jim?"

"Been trying to persuade the janitor of the Ottenheimer Building that I was sent to pump the water out of his gas-pipes—but he was just as sure that I wasn't. I got down in his cellar, tho, and had a good look about, before I saw it wouldn't do to push the thing too far. So I insisted on going up and seeing the owner about that order. There was an inside stairway, and a queer-looking steel door I wanted to get my knuckles against. I started up there, but he hauled me back. I found out, tho, that this door is made of one-inch steel armor-plate. There's another door leadiing from the foot of the outer hallway into the cellar itself. But that's only covered with sheet-iron—more against fire than anything else. Fifteen minutes will get thru that one, easily. It's the inner door that is the problem. I tried it with a knife-point, just one hard little job. It took the end off my Roger's blade."

"But is this door the only one in?"

"Absolutely; the rear is impossible, bricked-up; and the Avenue itself is a little too conspicuous. The bolts of this door, as far as I can make out, slide into heavy steel cups sunk in solid cement, and are controlled, of course, from inside. Judging from the thickness of these, and the sound of the door, it would take either a pound of soap and nitro-glycerine on the one hand, or five hours of hard drilling with diamond-point drills, on the other to get thru. We'll say seven hours, altogether, to get into the building. Then comes the safe, or, rather, the vault itself. I had a casual glance at that safe this morning, before I got these duds on—dropped in to purchase an engagement ring, but was altogether too hard to suit. It's a ten-tonner, I believe, and about as burglar-proof as it can be made. Nothing but a gallon of gun-cotton would make so much as a dent in it. But here, again, explosions are not in my line. We've got to use these wits of ours. We've got to get in that safe, and we've got to get thru that door! I can't risk six hours of machine-shop work down there; and I'm still too respertable to drop into safe-cracking."

"Well, the combinations of that sort of vault, you know, aren't often advertised on the ash barrels."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean we have got to get it by our own wits, as as you say."

"The janitor, old Campbell, leaves the building about ten-fifteen every night. He's also a sort of day watchman, I find. He's a pretty intelligent and trusty old fellow, absolutely unapproachable from our standpoint. Another thing, too, the place is webbed with Holmes' burglar-alarm apparatus. It would take another hour or so to get the right wires cut off and bridged I hate to feel squeamish at this stage of the game—but that Ottenheimer safe does look uninviting!"

Frances walked up and down, with the little watchcase receiver and its handkerchief still crowning her heavy mass of dark hair, like a coronet, and the green wires trailing behind her, like the outline of a bridal veil. She was thinking quickly and desperately. Suddenly she stopped in the midst of her pacing, and looked hard at Durkin.

"I've found it," she said, in a feverish half-whisper. "We've got to do it!"

DURKIN looked at her gloomily, still struggling with his own line of fruitless thought

"Here, Jim, quick, take this and listen!" She placed the receiver close to his ear as she spoke. "Now, that's Ottenheimer himself at the 'phone. Can you catch his voice distinctly? Well, do you notice what kind of voice it is—its timbre, I mean? A plaintive-toned, guttural, suave, mean, cringing sort of voice! Listen hard. He may not be at the 'phone again today. Is he still talking?"

"Yes, the old scoundrel. There, he's finished!"

"What was it about?"

"Just kicking to some one down in Maiden Lane, because Judge Hazel, of the District Court, has overruled the board of appraisers and imposed a ten per cent, ad valorem duty on natural pearls coming in."

"But his voice—Jim, you have got to learn to imitate that voice."

'And then what?"

"Then cut in, presumably from Ottenheimer's own house, and casually ask, say, Phipps, the second salesman, and head of the shipping department, just what your safe combination happens to be: It has slipped your memory, you see?"

"And Phipps, naturally, in such a case, will ring up Central and verify the call."

"Not necessarily. At the first call from him we shall cut his wire!"

"Which cuts us off, and gives us away, as soon as a special messenger can deliver a message and a lineman trace up the trouble."

"Then why cut him off at all? It that's too risky, should the worst come to the worst, we can tell Central it's a case of crossed wires, bewilder her a bit, and then shut ourselves off."

"I believe you've almost got it."

"But can you get anywhere near that voice?"

'Listen, Frank; how's this?"

He drew in his chin, half-laughingly, and throwing his voice into a whining yet businesslike guttural, spoke thru an imaginary transmitter to an imaginary Phipps.

"That would never, never do!" cried the other, despairingly. "He's a German Jew, if you have noticed—he sounds his w's like w's, and not like v's, but he makes his r's like w's."

"Oh, I have it," broke in Durkin, from a silent contemplation of his desk-phone. "We'll just release the binding posts on our transmitter a little, and, let's say, keep the electrode-bearing a trifle slack—fix things up, I mean, so that any voice will sound as tiny as a pronograph—decompose it, so to speak. Then, if necessary, we can lay it to the

Send Us Your Name and We'll Send You an Alpha Pearl Necklace

THE MOST SENSATIONAL PEARL OFFER EVER MADE!

Our Paris representative bought ten thousand strands of genuine Alpha pearls, taking advantage of the European money market enabling us to make this sensational offer

Genuine Alpha pearls are known all over the world for that beautiful opalescent shade found only in pearls of highest grade. Alpha pearls are matched and graduated by experts, strung on highest grade silk floss and fitted with solid gold spring ring safety catches, length 24 inches

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Just send your name and address—no money—and we'll send this genuine Alpha pearl necklace on 10 days' trial. Pay your postman $1.00 on delivery. Test the pearls - show them to your friends, then if you are not convinced of their quality and low price, send them back and we will refund your deposit. If you keep them, pay only $1.00 a month until you have paid $11.00

Genuine Alpha pearls of this grade cannot be purchased in any jewelry store for less than $25.00.

NO PAPERS TO SIGN

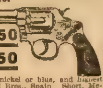
There are no strings attached to this offer—no embarrassing questions to answer. *WE TRUST YOU.* Simply send us your name and address today and the pearls come to you for 10 days' trial.

GUARANTEE

We guarantee genuine Alpha pearls to be indestructible, that they will not peel, crack or change their color. We guarantee that they will give a lifetime of satisfactory service.

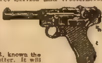
ROSGREN EXPORT COMPANY
24 Lorsch Building, New York, N. Y.

SEND ONE DOLLAR
Swing-Out Hand Ejector Left - Hand Wheeler **REVOLVER**



6 SHOT
32 cal. $17.50
32.20 or 38 cal. $19.50

Made of best tool steel, nickel or blue, and highest workmanship by Belstegui Bros., Spain Short, Medium or Long Barrel. A real MAN'S gun. Preferred by Detectives, Police, Secret Service and Westerners.



GENUINE GERMAN LUGER
30 CAL., 10 SHOT, $23.50
9 M-M, 10 SHOT, $25.00

This is the GENUINE LUGER, known the world over as the hardest hitter. It will penetrate 10 1-2 inches of hard pine. 10 shots in 1 4-5 seconds, or as slow as you wish. This is the German Officer's Pistol Latest model, brand new

SEND ONE DOLLAR, as evidence of good faith, and we mail immediately You pay balance of our low price on arrival, plus few cents postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Write today, NOW

THE UNWIN TRADING CO.,
55 Broadway, New York.

$1.77 Money Back Offer

Direct from Factory
C O D

This Classy Men's or Boy's Popular 16 size Open Face WATCH. Stem wind and set; solid silveroid case; guaranteed time-keeper. Watch sent C. O. D. on receipt of your name and address. Pay postman only $1.77 on arrival and watch is yours.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK.
Chicago Diamond Co. Dept. 78, 1830 Berwyn Ave. Chicago

Stop Using a Truss

Reduced Fac-Simile Gold Medal.

STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are different from the truss, being medicine applicators made self-adhesive purposely to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or spring attached—cannot slip, so cannot chafe or press against the pubic bone. Thousands have successfully treated themselves at home without hindrance from work—most obstinate cases conquered.

Grand Prix.

Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix. Process of recovery is natural, so afterwards no further use for trusses. We prove it by sending Trial of Plapao absolutely **FREE**
Write name on Coupon and send TODAY.
Plapao Co., 580 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Name...
Address...
Return mail will bring Free Trial Plapao...............

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

Pain or dull ache in the back is often evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.

If these danger signals are unheeded more serious *results* are sure to follow; kidney trouble in its worst form may steal upon you.

Thousands of people have testified that the mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder medicine is soon realized—that it stands the highest for its remarkable curative effect in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symtoms showing that you may need Swamp-Root are, being subject to embarrassing and frequent bladder troubles day and night, irritation, sediment, etc.

Lack of control, smarting, uric acid rheumatism, bloating, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are among the most common diseases that prevail, they are often the last recognized by patients, *who content themselves with doctoring the effects,* while the *original disease* constantly undermines the system.

Regular medium and large size bottles at all drug stores.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SPECIAL NOTE—You may obtain a sample size bottle of Swamp-Root by enclosing ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. This gives you the opportunity to prove the remarkable merit of this medicine. They will also send you a book of valuable information, containing many of the thousands of grateful letters received from men and women who say they found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed in kidney, liver and bladder troubles. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample size bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention this paper.

fact that the wires are out of order somewhere!"

"Good, but when—when can we do it?"

Durkin paced the room with his old-time, restless, animal-like stride, while Frances readjusted her receiver and restlessly took her seat in the wicker rocker once more.

"This is Friday. That leaves Saturday night the only possible night for the—er—invasion. Then, you see, we get a whole day for a margin. First, we've got to find out exactly what time Ottenheimer himself leaves the place, and whether it's Phipps, or some one else, who closes up, and just what time he does it."

"They close at half-past 5 on Saturdays. Ottenheimer has already made an engagement for tomorrow, about 5 at the Astor, with an importer, to doctor up some invoice or other."

"We could make that do; tho, of course, any one in his office would be more likely to suspect a call from the Astor, being a public place. You must find out, definitely, this afternoon, just who it is closes up tomorrow. Then we must get hold of some little business detail or two, to fling in at him in case he has any suspicions."

"That shouldn't be so very difficult. Tho I do wish you could get something nearer Ottenheimer's voice!"

"I'll have a rehearsal or two alone—tho, I guess, we can muffle up that phone to suit our purpose. My last trouble now, is to find out how I'm going to get thru those two doors without powder."

Again he fell to pacing the little room with his abstracted stride, silently testing contingency after contingency, examining and rejecting the full gamut of possibilities. Sometimes he stood before the woman with the receiver, staring at her with vacant and unseeing eyes; at other times he paced between her and the window.

Then he paused before the little green coils of wire that stretched across the room. He studied them with involuntary and childish movements of the head and hands. Then he suddenly stood erect, ran to the back window, and flung it open.

"My God, I've got it!" he cried, running back to where the woman still sat, listening. "I've got it!"

"How?" she asked, catching her breath.

"I've got to eat my way thru what may be, for all I know, a full inch of Harveyized steel. I've got to burrow and work thru it in some way, haven't I? It has to be done, quickly, too. I've got to have power, strong power."

He stopped, suddenly, and seemed to be working out the unmastered details in his own mind, his eyes bent on a little shelf in one corner of the room.

"Have you ever seen an electric fan? You see this shelf, up here in the corner! Well, at one time, an electric fan stood there—see, here are the remnants of the wires. It stood there whirling away at five or six thousand revolutions to the minute, and with no more power than it takes to keep an ordinary office lamp alight. Right at the back of this house is a wire, a power-circuit, alive with more than two hundred times that voltage, with power in plenty—a little condensed Niagara of power asking to be taken off and made use of!"

"But what use?"

"I can capture and tame and control that power, Frank. I can make it my slave, and carry it along with me, almost in my pocket, on a mere thread of copper. I can make it a living, iron-eating otter, with a dozen fangs—in the shape of quarter-inch drills, gnawing and biting and eating thru that armorplate door about the same as a rat would gnaw thru a wooden lath. Oh, we've got them, Frank! We've got them this time!"

"Not until we know that combination, tho," qualified the colder-thoughted woman in the wicker rocker, still not quite understanding how or in what the other had found so potent and so unexpected an ally. And while he leaned out of the window, studying the wire-distribution, she discreetly slipped her watch-case receiver over her head, in case anything of importance should be going thru over the telephone.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE paling afternoon, with a pearl-mist of fine rain thinly shrouding the city, Frances Candler waited for Durkin impatiently, with her watch open before her. As the frail steel hand, implacable as fate, sank away toward the half-hour mark, her own spirits sank with it. It was not often Durkin was late. Another ten minutes would make him forever too late. She debated within herself whether or not she should risk her own voice over the wire to Ottenheimer's office, while there was yet time; or wait it out to the last. Then she remembered, to her sudden horror, that the transmitter still stood in its perfectly adjusted and normal condition, that there could be no muffling, incompetent mechanism to disguise the tones of her voice.

She was still beating despairingly thru a tangle of dubious possibilities when the reassuring two-three ring of the door-bell sounded out, thru the quiet of the lonely twilight, with startling clearness. A minute later Durkin came panting into the room. He was clean-shaven, immaculate, and most painfully out-of-breath.

"Is there time?" he gasped, putting down a heavy suitcase and peeling off his coat as he spoke.

"It's twenty-one minutes after five. If Phipps is punctual, that gives you only four minutes."

By this time Durkin had the suitcase open. In another half-minute he had the casing off the transmitter. Then a deft turn or two on the electrode, and in another half-minute the casing was restored, and he was gently tapping on the diaphragm of the transmitter, with the receiver at his ear, testing the sound.

"Just a minute, now, till I cool down, and get my breath! I had endless trouble getting my drill apparatus—at one time I thought I'd have to take a dentist's tooth-driller, or some such thing. But I got what I wanted—that's what kept me. Anything new?"

He turned with the receiver still at his ear, and for the first time looked at her closely. Her face seemed pale, and a little weary-looking, against her black street-gown; the shadowy wistfulness about her eyes seemed more marked than ever.

"Yes," she was laughing back at him, however, "something most prodigious has happened. I have an order for one dozen cotillion-favors, to be done in velvet and crimson satin, and delivered next Saturday afternoon!"

Durkin himself laughed shortly, and faced the telephone once more, asking her how time was.

"You haven't a second to lose!"

His own face was a little paler than usual as he stood before the transmitter, while Frances, with her watch in her hand, went on saying that, if Phipps was punctual, he would be out and away in one minute's time.

Durkin took a last look around, said under his breath, "Well here goes!" and placed the receiver to his ear.

For a moment the woman, watching him with half-parted lips, was haunted by the sudden impression that she had lived thru the scene before, that each move and sound were in some way second-hand to her inner consciousness, older than time itself, a blurred and dateless photograph on the plates of memory.

"Hello! Hello! Is that you Phipps?" she heard him say, and his voice sounded thin and far-away. There was a pause—it seemed an endless pause—and he repeated the query louder.

"This is Ottenheimer. Yes, something wrong with the phone. Don't cable Teetzel—I say don't cable Teetzel about those canary diamonds, until you see me. Yes, Teetzel. Did you get that? Well—er—what the devil's our safe combination? Yes, yes, Ottenheimer!"

"Slower—slower, Jim!" groaned the girl, behind him.

"Combination's slipped my mind, Phipps. Yes; after dinner; want to run down and look over the books. Louder, please; I can't hear. Yes, that's better. To the right three times, to seventy-four—back thirty—on eighty-two—back one hundred and eight—and on seven. Yes It's the second last figure slipped me. Better close up now. Better close up, I say. All right—good-by!"

The last minute vibration ebbed out of the transmitter's tingling diaphragm; but still neither the listening man nor woman moved. They waited, tense, expectant, tossed between doubt and hope, knowing only too well that the questioning tinkle of a little polished nickel bell would sound the signal of their absolute and irreparable defeat.

Second by second, a minute dragged itself away. Then another, and another, and still no call came from Ottenheimer's office for Central. The woman moved a little restlessly. The man sighed deeply. Then he slowly put down the receiver and mopped his face and forehead.

"I think he's safe," half-whispered Durkin, with his eyes still on the transmitter.

"He may suspect any moment, tho—

How to Keep Young at Sixty and Past

Folks, do you know the secret of staving off old age?

Do you worry over little things? Are you irritable? Do you have backache, headache, too frequent or scanty urination? Very likely all these disagreeable feelings are caused by clogged kidneys. If they are not normal, all the other organs of the body suffer. Doctor Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid) Tablets for disorders of the kidneys will relieve you if taken in time as a preventive of serious trouble.

The Next Corner

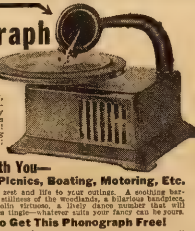
When you see a sign on the Boulevard, warning you to look out for a dangerous curve in the road ahead, just around the corner, you know it is there, although you cannot see it. Just so are physical warnings—backache, dizziness, that tired feeling, usually indicate weak kidneys. Time to look out, isn't it? There is apt to be too much uric acid in your blood, and a splendid remedy for your troubles is Dr. Pierce's Anuric (anti-uric-acid). It is harmless and much stronger than lithia, and that it has been a great relief to hundreds is shown by the many endorsements Dr. Pierce receives.

Champaign, Ills.—"I take Dr. Pierce's Anuric (kidney and backache) Tablets just to keep my kidneys toned up in a healthy state. I consider them especially valuable to keep in the home, ready for use."—Walter Whipple, 719 S. Neil St.

Ask your nearest druggist for Dr. Pierce's An-uric (kidney and backache remedy) and your worries will vanish like dew before the morning sun.

Send 10c for trial package An-uric to Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., and write for free medical advice.

Genuine Phonograph FREE



Plays the Standard 10-Inch Records

Victor, Columbia, Emerson, Brunswick, Okeah—You can play them all on this wonderful little phonograph. Many happy hours are in store for you and your friends—send for it today on our liberal free offer! Substantially made, with durable spring motor in handsome polished metal case; compact, light, easy to carry.

Take It With You—
Camping, Picnics, Boating, Motoring, Etc.

It will add zest and life to your outings. A soothing barcarolle in the stillness of the woodlands, a hilarious bandpiece, a thrilling violin virtuoso, a lively dance number that will make your toes tingle—whatever suits your fancy can be yours.

How To Get This Phonograph Free!

Send no money—just your name and address, and we will send you 12 beautifully colored 16x20 pictures, most popular subjects, to distribute among your friends and neighbors on our easy plan. You can do it in an hour or so. For this, we'll ship you the phonograph absolutely Free and Postpaid. Send your name and address on a postal or by letter TODAY!

Phonograph Dept. 21, W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

FEMALE HELP WANTED

AN EXCEPTIONAL OPENING THOSE DESIRING plain home sewing. No canvassing. City, country; to prevent curiosity seekers send twelve cents for sample IMF. Good Wear Cloth Co., Inc., Asbury Park, N. J.

WANTED: WOMEN TO DO FANCY WORK at home. Spare hours. Material furnished. Good pay. Stamped envelope brings particulars. Underwood Art Goods Company, Portsmouth, Ohio.

EARN MONEY AT HOME DURING SPARE time painting lamp shades, pillow tops for us. No canvassing. Easy and interesting work. Experience unnecessary. Nileart Company, 2219, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

LADIES, DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING and picoting; attachments fit any machine sent collect $2.50. Agents wanted. Colorado Attachment Co., Box 2210, Denver, Colo.

WOMEN-GIRLS. LEARN GOWN MAKING. Dress better; half cost. Fascinating. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S. 505, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE

SILK PATCHES—ASSORTED, $1 A BUNDLE. Enough for quilt and cushion. Valley Supply Co., Shiremanstown, Pa., Dept. S.

ARTIFICIAL EYES $8. BOOKLET FREE. Denver Optic. 566 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

REAL ESTATE LOANS

6% MONEY MAY BE SECURED UNDER bankers reserve system for any purpose on city or farm property. Bankers Reserve Deposit Company, Lathrop Building, Kansas City, Mo. Home Office, Denver, Colorado.

MISSOURI FARMS

FIVE DOLLARS DOWN, $5 MONTHLY BUYS 40 acres, good fruit and poultry land, near town, Southern Missouri. Price $200. Box C-1051, Kansas City, Mo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE $5 DOWN $5 monthly, buys 40 acres productive land near town. Price $200. Box 425-S, Carthage, Missouri.

FARMS

FREE HOMESTEAD LAND, HEALTHFUL Ozarks. Raise corn, cotton, vegetables, fruit, deer, turkey, fishing. Particulars free. Maurice B. Decker, Norfork, Arkansas.

IDAHO FARM LANDS

THE LAND OF PLENTY IN THE FERTILE valley of the shadowy St. Joe, where crop dollars grow, is calling to honest men and women. No irrigation. No crop failures. A prosperous growing community with excellent transportation facilities. Write St. Maries Colonization Association, St. Maries, Idaho.

MISSOURI FARMS FOR SALE

PRODUCTIVE MISSOURI LAND CLOSE TO good town. 20 acres for $90. $5 cash, $5 monthly. 16 fruit trees, 30 grapes, 700 strawberries. Fine for fruit, vegetables, poultry, hogs, etc. Healthful, pure water. Fine hunting and fishing. Perfect title. Munger, 909 JJ Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

PATENTS PROCURED; TRADE MARKS registered—A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Preliminary advice gladly furnished without charge. Booklet of information and form for disclosing idea free on request. Richard B. Owen, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS—SEND FOR FREE BOOK. CONtains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for free opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years' experience.) Talbert & Talbert, 601 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SONG POEMS WANTED

POEMS WANTED — SELL YOUR SONG verses for cash. Submit MSS at once or write New Era Music Co., 103 St. Louis, Mo.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. PATented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 44, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $25-$300 PAID ANYone for suitable ideas. Experience unnecessary. Complete outline free. Producers League, 509, St. Louis.

POULTRY

68 VARIETIES FINE PUREBRED POULtry, stock, eggs, baby chicks. Write A. A. Ziemer, Austin, Minn.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THE business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfit sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

BOOKS

PROHIBITION INSPIRED "THE CHICKEN Soup King," funniest book ever written. Price 25 cents. A scream. Ad. Pub. Co., Box 496, San Francisco.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

LADIES—DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING and picoting. Attachment fits any machine. $2.50 prepaid. Guaranteed. Agents wanted. Art Mfg. Co., 11 Art Bldg., Hamtramck, Mich.

TRICKS—GAMES

MAGIC GOODS, BOOKS, CARDS, LODEstone tricks. Catalog free. B. L. Smith Co., Newark, Mo.

BACK ACHED TERRIBLY

Mrs. Robinson Tells How She Found Relief by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Amarillo, Texas.—"My back was my greatest trouble. It would ache so that it would almost kill me and I would have cramps. I suffered in this way about three years; then a lady friend suggested that I try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have had better health since, keep house and am able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends as it has certainly given me great relief."—Mrs. C. B. Robinson, 608 N. Lincoln St., Amarillo, Tex.

The Vegetable Compound is a splendid medicine for women. It relieves the troubles which cause such symptoms as backache, painful times, irregularity, tired and worn-out feelings and nervousness. This is shown again and again by such letters as Mrs. Robinson writes as well as by one woman telling another. These women know what it did for them. It is surely worth your trial.

Housewives make a great mistake in allowing themselves to become so ill that it is well-nigh impossible for them to attend to their necessary household duties.

SURE QUICK DEATH FOR RATS AND MICE

Remarkable Triple Strength Virus Kills Every One—Not a Poison

You can now easily and quickly kill all rats, mice and gophers with Triple Strength Virus—the most powerful concentrated virus known—the sure, safe way to destroy rodents. Positively not a poison. Harmless to humans, pets, poultry, stock, etc.—affects only rodents.

RATS DIE OUTSIDE

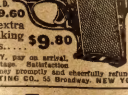
Rats flee because they become infected with a plague that affects the heart, blood vessels and lungs, destroying the blood corpuscles and causing suffocation. Rats rush outside to get fresh air and water. When the diseased rats get outside, they never get back for the disease is then so far gone it kills them. No odor, no dead rats to handle, no live rats to kill.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

To introduce this powerful Triple Strength Rat Virus, we will make every reader of this paper—for short time only—a special offer of a regular $2.50 bottle for only $1, postpaid. This $2.50 bottle Triple Strength Rat Virus is enough to clear a poultry house, home or yard of rats and mice. Should you have several buildings infested with rats, it will pay you to send $2.00 for our big $5.00 Jumbo Size bottle. This Jumbo Size bottle contains three times the quantity of Triple Strength Virus as our regular $2.50 bottle. Send order today, sure. Give it according to directions—if after 30 days' trial you find any rats or mice—we will refund your money without question.

If not convenient to send money today—just send your name and address, a postal card will do—pay postman on arrival. Remember, it costs you nothing if it does not do all we claim. Agents wanted in every community.

GOLD SEAL LABORATORIES
889 Roosevelt Road, Dept. 685, Chicago, Ill.



AUTOMATIC PISTOLS
AT CUT PRICES
NONE BETTER
25 cal. 7 shot $7.80 C. O. D.
32 cal. 8 shot $9.60
32 cal. 10 shot, extra magazine, making 20 quick shots..... $9.80

SEND NO MONEY. pay on arrival, our price plus postage. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money promptly and cheerfully refunded.
THE PRICE CUTTING CO., 55 Broadway, NEW YORK

Asthma

After suffering the tortures of Asthma and Hay Fever for many years, I discovered a harmless remedy that gives instant relief. 40,000 druggists now sell and endorse Kinsman's Asthma Remedy. Price 75 cents. A trial treatment and 1,000 reliable references (former sufferers) from every State in Union mailed free. Write to

Dr. F. G. Kinsman, 11 Hunt Block, Augusta, Maine

when he's had time to think it over, especially."

"I rather doubt it. Our voices were nothing but broken squeaks. But if he does ring up Central, we'll have to risk it and jump in and claim a wire's crossed somewhere."

Then he repeated the strange formula: "To the right three times, to seventy-four—back thirty—on eighty-two—back one hundred and eight—and on seven. Can you get it down, Frank?"

She nodded, as she wrote it in pencil, on a slip of paper. This he placed in his waistcoat pocket, and mopped his face once more, laughing—perhaps a little hysterically, as he watched the phone and felt the passing minutes drip relievingly, like the softest of balm, on his strained nerves.

"And now, what?" asked Frances, sharing his relief, as he went to the window and breathed the fresh air that blew in thru the low-ceilinged little studio.

"Now," said Durkin, jubilantly, "now we begin our real work!" He opened his suit-case and handed her a heavy, cylindrical, steel implement. Into one end of this odd-looking tool he slipped and clamped a slender, polished little shaft of grooved steel.

"That's what nearly lost me everything," he continued, carefully unpacking, as he spoke, a condenser, a tangent galvanometer, a pair of lineman's gloves, a Warner pocket battery-gauge, a pair of electrician's scissors and pliers, two or three coils of wire, a half-a-dozen pony glass insulators, and a handful or two of smaller tools.

"Here, you see, is what I set up business with," he soliloquized, as he studied the litter they made on the floor. He looked up quickly, as he drew her little table out from the wall and lifted the transmitter up on the empty electric-fan shelf. "Er—before I forget it," he said, absently, his eye still on his widely-strewn apparatus, "have you got everything you want away from here?"

She had; tho she hated to leave her show-case, she said. Some day she might like to take up fancy sewing again. "But before we do another thing," she insisted, "we ought to have dinner. Breakfast this morning was our last meal, you know!"

And to his utter astonishment, Durkin remembered that he was famished.

It was a hurried and humble little meal that they ate together in the failing light—a meal of sandwiches washed down with bottled milk. Their thoughts as they ate, however, were on other things, grappling with impending problems, wondering when and under what circumstances their next meal would be eaten, almost glorifying in the very uncertainty of their future, tingling with the consciousness of the trial they were to undergo, of the hazard they essayed. Then Durkin, as he smoked, laid out his final plan of action, point by premeditated point.

CHAPTER XII.

AT TWENTY minutes to 11, slipping off his shoes, Durkin climbed cautiously thru the transom opening out on the roof. Creeping as carefully from chimney tier to chimney tier, he found himself face to face with a roof fence of sharpened iron rods. He counted down this fence to the eighteenth rod, then carefully lifted on it. The lead that sealed it in the lower crosspiece, and into the stone beneath that again, had been strangely fused away, and the loosened rod slid up thru the top horizontal bar very much like a miniature portcullis. Squeezing thru this narrow opening, he carefully replaced the rod behind him. With a flattened piece of steel, once used for a furnace poker, and looking very much like a gigantic tack-drawer, he slowly and gently forced the bolt that held shut the transom on the Ottenheimer building. This he replaced, after passing thru, paying out with him as he went, two coils of rubber-coated wire, in appearance not unlike a large size of incandescent lamp cord.

From the photographer's studio in which he found himself, nothing but a draw-bolt kept him from an outside hallway. Making sure that the building was deserted, and everything safe, he worked his way slowly down, like a diver, stair by stair, to the basement. Here he made a careful study of the little tunnel of electric wires at the back of the lower hall, probing, testing, measuring, and finally, with cool deliberation, "bridging" the necessary portion of the burglar-alarm connection, which he knew to be operated on a closed circuit. This circuit he diverted as a miner diverts a troublesome stream. Then, holding before him his little two-candle incandescent lamp, scarcely bigger than his thumb nail, he groped toward the iron-covered door that divided one-half of the building from the other.

Here he directed his thin shaft of light into the crack between the heavy door and its studding, and his squinting eyes made out the iron lock-bar that held him out. From his vest pocket, where they stood in a row like glimmering pencils, he took out one of the slim steel drills, adjusted it noiselessly in the drill-flange, and snapped shut his switch. There was the quick spit of a blue spark, and of a sudden, the inanimate thing of steel throbbed and sang and quivered with mysterious life. As he glanced down at it, in its fierce revolutions, he realized that once more he had for an accomplice that old-time silent, and ever-ready assistant which for years had been a well-tested and faithful friend. The mere companionship with so familiar a force brought back to him his waning confidence.

He forced the whirling drill thru the door crack and in against the bar. It ate thru the soft iron as tho it had been a bar of cheese. Eight carefully placed perforations, side by side, had severed the end of the lockshaft. He shut off the current, confidently, and swung open the heavy door. The falling piece of iron made a little tinkle of sound on the cement flooring, then all was silent again. He had at least, he told himself, captured the enemy's outposts.

Cautiously he felt his way across the warm cellar, up the steps, and at last faced his one definite barrier, the door of solid steel, abutted by even more solid masonry. The builders of that door had done their best to make it forbidding to men of his turn of mind, Durkin ruminated, as he felt and sounded and tested despondently over its taciturn painted surface.

He studied the hinges carefully, thru his tiny lamp. They were impregnable. As he had surmised, his only way was to cut out, inch by inch, the three heavy steel shafts, or bolt-bars, which slipped and fitted into steel casings also, apparently, embedded in solid masonry.

Adjusting his drill, he closed the switch once more, and, bracing the instrument's head against his breastbone, watched the slender, humming, spinning shaft bite and grind and burrow it way into the slowly yielding bar. From a little pocket-can, every minute or two, he squirted kerosene in on the drill-tip. The pungent smell of the scorching oil,

21 JEWEL ADJUSTED
GUARANTEED MOVEMENT
25 YEAR GOLD CASE
$8.45
$8.45

MEN! A watch you'll carry always at a price you can pay NOW.

This high grade, full 21-jewel adjusted Gold Filled Watch is greatest value ever offered. A perfect time-keeper, heat and cold adjustment, and other features. Relied on by railroad men and others for accuracy.

OPEN FACE GOLD ENGRAVED CASE—beautifully eng., latest style and design, screw back and bezel, 25-year guarantee—a real $30 value while they last only $8.45.

FREE BEAUTIFUL LEATHER FOB with Silver Fin. Medallion. JUST NAME AND ADDRESS brings this bargain. Pay postman on arrival. Send $8.45 with order—we pay postage. Money back if not pleased. ORDER NOW.

CHARLES & CO., Dept. 30, 1440 S. Michigan Av., Chicago

WANTED

SALESMEN and dealers to handle our STEAM PRESSURE COOKERS, STEAM JACKETED KETTLES, and HOSPITAL STERILIZERS, capacities 12 quarts to 40 gallons with aluminum insets or copper containers. Notice that we offer larger sizes than any other firm in America. Our proposition offers possibilities of making $10,000.00 or more per year with exclusive territory rights. Or we will start salesmen out on a small scale with exceptional money making possibilities. Write today for our proposition. Boyer & Co., 711 S. 14th Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

LUCKY DIAMOND Either Sex—Money back if not satisfied

Lucky Egyptian Karat Diamond ring. Sterling Platinum finish—Mystic symbol of good luck, love, business. Believed to ward off evil spirits, sickness, misfortune thousands say. Secrets sent. Brought success, cannot tell from genuine diamond. Cash with order $1.88, C.O.D. $1.98 while 5,000 last, send size. Oriental Jewel Co., 608 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 7 Chicago.

Our Wonderful Gift to Flower Lovers

The Cream of All Roses

Five Different Varieties—Five Glorious Colors

Each set contains five, strong, hardy, one-year-old Rose Bushes. All bushes will produce many fragrant flowers all summer. Beginning the first year you will be proud of your Rose Garden. If you accept our liberal offer your garden will contain all varieties and colors—red, white, pink, crimson and golden yellow—all fresh blooming beauties growing in wonderful clusters beside the fence, along the walks, side of your house or porch. Imagine the pleasure of having great loads of beautiful flowers—as many as you want—any time you want them.

By Special Arrangement with the largest and best known firm of rose growers in the world, we are enabled to give you five of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming Roses in cultivation—and to insure your COMPLETE success in growing them we will also send you special printed instructions on their planting and cultivation. There are five different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the PRIZE of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. Each bush is one year old and in a GROWING CONDITION when delivered to you.

No matter in what part of the country you live the growers will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You can depend upon us to forward them at just the right time for you to place them in the ground.

You will receive the bushes, packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we GUARANTEE that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you FREE OF ALL COST. Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember to send in your order today.

CREAM OF THE ROSE GARDEN

WHITE LA FRANCE, or AUGUSTINE GUINOISSEAU (Guinoisseau)—Beautiful light fawn color, almost white; rightly described as an almost white La France. Extra fine.

PRESIDENT TAFT (McCullough)—It is without question the most remarkable of all pink Roses. It has a shining, intense, deep pink color possessed by no other Rose.

LADY HILLINGDON (Lowe & Shawyer)—Pointed bud of brilliant deep golden-yellow. Awarded gold medal, N. R. S.

CLIMBING HELEN GOULD (Good & Reese)—Probably no red Rose has held its place secure in the hearts of Rose lovers for so long a period as has the beautiful Helen Gould. We have now the pleasure of introducing this famous Rose in climbing form. Everybody is familiar with the warm watermelon-red color of its charming flowers. This is a grand climber.

RED LETTER DAY (Alex. Dickson)—An exceedingly beautiful Rose of infinite grace and charm. Its velvety, brilliant, glowing scarlet-crimson buds and fully opened cactus-like flowers never fade, as the reflex of the petals is satiny crimson-scarlet. Awarded S. G. medal, N. R. S.

The plants will be sent you at the proper time to set out in open ground in your locality, and each collection will contain full instructions for planting and care.

These plants are carefully packed in damp moss, wrapped in wax paper and shipped in a box. They are guaranteed to reach you in good growing condition.

OUR OFFER TO YOU

This Complete Collection of 5 hardy one-year-old Rose Bushes, GUARANTEED TO REACH YOU IN GROWING CONDITION, will be sent you Free and Postpaid with a 6-month subscription to either The Saturday Blade or Chicago Ledger at $1.00.

Or you may have two collections (10 rose bushes) for a one-year subscription to either Blade or Ledger at $2.00; or for a 6-month subscription to BOTH Blade and Ledger at $1.50.

Subscriptions may be either new or renewal—for yourself or someone else. We do not usually offer premiums for individual subscriptions, but we consider this more than "a premium," and want to help our big family of subscribers in beautifying their home grounds this spring and summer.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY
500 North Dearborn Street -:- -:- -:- -:- Chicago, Illinois

as it spread on the heated steel, rose almost suffocatingly to his nostrils in the furnace-heated warmth of the cellar and for weeks afterwards remained an indistinct and odious memory to him.

When his first hole was bored, and his little drill raced wildly thru into space, like the screw of a liner on the crest of a wave, he started a second, close beside the first; then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth, slowly honeycombing the thick steel with his minute excavations. Sometimes a drill would snap off short, and he would have to draw a fresh one from his stock. Sometimes it did not bite sharply, and he tried another. And still he stood drilling, directing the power of his silent, insidious, untiring accomplice, whose spirit crooned and burned and sighed itself out thru the wire at his feet.

As he worked, he lost all track of time, after he had started what he knew to be the last hole, he stopped and looked at his watch, as casually as he had done often enough after a night of operating the key in a dispatcher's office. To his horror, he saw that it had stopped, stunned with a natural enough electrolytic paralysis. It might not yet be 12, or it might be 4 in the morning; time, from the moment he had taken off his shoes in Frances Candler's little back room, had been annihilated to him. He wondered, in sudden alarm, if she were still maintaining her patrol outside, up and down the block. He wondered, too, as he drove the little drill home for the last time, and cautiously pried open the great, heavy door, if she had sent any signal in from the street front, and he had missed it. He even wondered, quakingly, if daylight would not overtake them at their work —when his startled eyes, chancing to fall on a nearby clock-dial, saw that the hour was only twenty-five minutes to 12.

Step by step he crept back to the inner offices, followed by the murmurous ticking of a dozen noisy clocks, declaiming his presence. From the door in front of where the safe stood, gloomy, ominous, impregnable-looking, he lifted a seemingly innocent rubber mat. As he thought, it had been attached to a burglar-alarm apparatus. Dropping on one knee, he repeated his formula, number by number, each time listening for the telltale click of the falling ward. Then, turning the nickel lock-knob, he heard he many-barred lock chuck back into place.

The next moment the ponderous doors were open, and Durkin's little thumbnail electric lamp was exploring the tiers of inner compartments.

He still carried his drill with him; and, once he had found the private drawer he wanted, the softer iron of the inner fittings offered little resistance to a brutally impatient one-eighth bit. After two minutes of feverish work, he was able to insert the point of his furnace poker into the drawer, and firmly but gently pry it open.

The next moment his blackened and oily fingers were rummaging carelessly thru a fortune or two of unset stones— thru little trays of different tinted diamonds, thru crowded little cases of Ceylon pearls and Uralian emeralds. At last, in a smaller compartment, marked "I. Ottenheimer," he found a gun-metal case sealed up in an envelope. The case itself, however, was securely locked. Durkin hesitated for one-half second; then he forced the lid open with his steel screwdriver.

One look was enough. It held the Blue Pear.

He stooped and carefully brushed up the steel cuttings under his shoeless feet. As carefully he closed the inner drawers of the safe. His hand was on the nickel lock-knob once more, to swing the ponderous outer doors shut, when a sound fell on his ears, a sound that made his very blood chill and tingle and chill again thru all his tense body.

Here, indeed, is a startling situation for Durkin—as well as Frances. If he saves himself and the girl—and the famous Blue Pear—the feat will no doubt test his wits to the quick. Just what took place inside Ottenheimer's place, and in front of it, will be disclosed in the exciting installment of the story coming in next week's Ledger.

* * *

The House of Intrigue

(Continued From Page 13.)

that strain, and it was a shock to me. It worried me even more than the ugly-looking automatic which he still kept poised in front of him.

"And where are you going to get it?" I asked, even when I felt the hopelessness of trying to argue with him.

"What's in that club-bag there will do me a considerable time," he announced. His flippancy hurt me even more than his sullenness. It startled me into a sort of desperation.

"But, if you give me that automatic I'll go with you, wherever you want," I told him, as I stepped closer to his side.

But as I advanced he backed slowly away.

"Not on your life!" he said with grim deliberation.

"You mean you don't want me," I cried.

"I mean I don't fall for any trick like that!"

"Then you don't trust me?" I demanded. "You're thru with me? You don't even want me to go with you?"

He shook his head.

"You couldn't come if you wanted to," he said with a derisive bark of a laugh.

"Why couldn't I?"

"This guy here wouldn't let you," he explained, with a pistol-wave in the direction of Wendy Washburn.

"What has that man got to do with me?" I demanded.

Bud laughed out loud, with his deep-set eyes fixed on the other man.

"Why, that guy went mushy on you over two years ago!" was the half-sneering but altogether unexpected reply that came from Bud Griswold's unhappy lips. "That man's in love with you!"

I turned slowly about and stared at Wendy Washburn. But his face was a mask.

"That's not true!" I gasped.

"Then who'd you 'spose coughed up for all that convent life of yours?" inquired the white-faced man with the automatic. "You don't suppose I had heel enough for that, do you, when I couldn't even come across with enough to buy off those Michigan cops and keep out of Jackson?"

This story will be concluded in the sixth installment, which will appear in the Ledger next week. The final part will be of considerable length, and stranger happenings than any yet described are to take place.

* * *

Something to Make Thinkers Think

Additions.

46—1. Add the letter E to a flower and have a spring festival.

2. Add the letter C to that which is marked by years and have a prison for birds.

3. Add the letter S to the act of crying and have what our living room needs every day.

4. Add the letter C to propelling a boat and have a homely bird.

5. Add the letter A to one name for a contest and have on every side.

6. Add the letter B to a receptacle and have to consume.

7. Add the letter V to a back street and have the space between mountains.

8. Add the letter R to a prayer and have to be violent.

Diagonal.

47—This diagonal contains six words of six letters each. If the words are rightly guessed and written one below another their diagonal letters, beginning with the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell a great woods. The crosswords are: 1. An agriculturist. 2. Affectionate. 3. A man who resorts to the criminal use of another man's name. 4. Inns. 5. Admittance. 6. A stinging insect.

48—1. Fruit when ready to pick.
2. An indispensable mineral.
3. A small body of water.
4. Not beginnings.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

43—A Letter Puzzle.

The Postman.

44—Lost Musical Instruments.

1. Piano. 2. Harp. 3. Violin. 4. Cornet. 5. Saxophone. 6. Banjo. 7. Guitar. 8. Drum. 9. Mandolin.

45—Four-word Square.

F A R M
A R E A
R E I N
M A N Y

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are offered simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Margaret Sanger dares to tell the truth about Birth Control

FOR centuries the world has played a game of "hush" about the one most important fact of marriage. Even to-day tens of thousands of women are doomed to a life of hopeless, helpless drudgery—and their children are doomed to privation and neglect because the mother simply cannot give so many of them the proper care or support.

Words alone cannot tell the terrible sacrifice in wasted bodies and blasted lives that has been exacted from women every year. Words alone cannot express the untold suffering tens of thousands of women—and children—must endure every year. That is why Margaret Sanger, herself a mother, and President of the American Birth Control League, dares to tell the truth about this important subject.

Will You Ever Write a Letter Like This?

Only these agony-laden letters can tell the story of woman's sacrifice in all its anguish. These are but a few of thousands sent every day to Margaret Sanger by unhappy mothers who have turned to her for help in their greatest need, revealing to her the nameless fears and terrors that clutch at their hearts. Read these letters, and know for yourself what women still suffer.

> "It is terrible to think of bringing these little bodies and souls into the world without means or strength to care for them. I know that this must be the last one, for it would be better for me to go than to bring more neglected babies into the world."

> "My baby is only 10 months old, and the oldest of my four children is 7. I am so discouraged I want to die. Ignorance on this all-important subject has put me where I am."

Is the Husband or Wife to Blame?

Whose is the blame for the tragedy of too many children—husband or wife? Margaret Sanger, the great Birth Control advocate, comes with a message vital to every married man and woman.

"Why is it," Mrs. Sanger asks, "that the women of Australia, New Zealand, Holland, France, and many other nations are permitted to know the truths that can save them from this terrible suffering while the women of America must still endure the agonies to which they are needlessly condemned?" Margaret Sanger considers it a slur upon the intelligence of American womankind to deny to them the knowledge which has brought freedom, health, happiness, and life itself to the women of other nations. That is why she has braved the storms of denunciation, why she has fought through every court in the land for her right to arouse womankind.

Margaret Sanger

Woman and the New Race

Margaret Sanger's startling new book points the way to women's freedom

In her revolutionary book, Margaret Sanger, internationally famous for her ceaseless activities in behalf of women and hailed as the liberator of her sex, shows the way out for tired, struggling womankind. With utter frankness she tears down the veil of silence that has always surrounded the subject of birth control. It is a startling revelation of a new truth that will open the eyes of women everywhere.

In her wonderful book Mrs. Sanger shows how women can and will rise above the forces that have ruined their beauty — that drag them down — that wreck their mental and physical strength —that make them an easy prey to death—that disqualify them for society, for self-improvement—that finally shut them out from the thing they cherish most, their husband's love.

In blazing this revolutionary trail to the new freedom of women, this daring and heroic author points out that women who cannot afford to have more than one or two children, should not do so. It is a crime to herself, a crime to her children, a crime to society.

A Priceless Possession

Now Margaret Sanger's message to all women, contained in "Woman and the New Race," is made available to the public. A special edition of this **vital** book has been published in response to the overwhelming demand. Order your copy of this wonderful book at once, at the special edition price of only $2. Then if after reading it you do not treasure it as a priceless possession return it to us and your money will be refunded.

It is not even necessary to send a penny now. Just the coupon will bring your copy of "Woman and the New Race." It is bound in handsome, durable gray cloth, printed in clear readable type on good quality book paper and contains 286 pages, sent to you in a plain wrapper.

When the book is delivered at your home, pay the postman the special low price of $2 plus the few cents postage. But mail the coupon at once. Tear it off before you turn this page.

Partial List of Contents

- ***Woman's error and Her Debt**
- Cries of Despair
- ***When Should a Woman Avoid Having Children**
- Two Classes of Women
- Birth Control — a Parent's Problem or Woman's
- ***Continence—Is it Practical or Desirable**
- Women and the New Morality
- ***Are Preventive Means Certain**
- Legislating Women's Morals
- ***Contraceptives or Abortion**
- Progress We Have Made

*Any one of these chapters is alone worth many times the price of the book.

Truth Publishing Company
Dept. T-124, 1658 Broadway
New York City

Truth Publishing Company
Dept. T-124, 1658 Broadway
New York City

Please send me in plain wrapper, Margaret Sanger's new book, "Women and the New Race." I am enclosing no money, but will give the postman who delivers the book to me $2 plus postage.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

(Orders from countries outside the United States must be accompanied by money order.)

CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

Information-- The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in the Chicago Ledger is 35 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500-514 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED

WERE YOU EVER OFFERED A GROCERY store? Our proposition is better. You can handle sugar, flour, canned goods, dried fruit, coffee and entire line of groceries, as well as paints, roofing and automobile oils, with no rent to pay; no money invested; take large orders from samples. Goods are guaranteed and proven quality. Selling experience not necessary. Steady, profitable work for "workers." Address Hitchcock-Hill Co., Dept. 218, Chicago, Ill. Reference: Any Bank or Express Co.

AGENTS WANTED

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO ESTABLISH a permanent and profitable business in unoccupied territory, selling our two big lines of nationally known high grade products, perfumes, creams, flavoring extracts, summer beverages, soaps, food products, etc. Good territory open. Our six bar special is a wonderful leader. Write for particulars at once. Western Products Co., 606 N. Oakley, Chicago, Dept. A.

AGENTS—CLEAN UP $100 WEEKLY WITH "Nifty Nine"; weekly average 100 sales—dollar profit each. 30-40 sales daily frequently made; demonstrating outfit cinches order. 30 other coin-coaxers, all daily necessities. Postal brings our unique plans. Davis Products Co., Dept. 409, Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED. BIG MONEY sure and quick selling Dr. Blair's famous toilet and household preparations. Permanent business. Exclusive territory. Complete line. Remarkable selling outfit. Investigate. Write today. B. G. Blair Laboratories, Lynchburg, Va.

BIG DAILY PROFIT FOR MEN AND WOMEN everywhere selling our pure rubber house and tea aprons. Many styles. Dainty colors. Quick sellers. No experience necessary. Whole or part time. The Mayneda Company, Desk C, 173 Washington St., Newark, N. J.

AGENTS SELL HARPER'S HOUSEHOLD cleaning set. Washes and dries windows, mops, scrubs, cleans walls, hangs paper, sweeps, etc. Complete set sells for less than $3. Over 100% profit. Can start without a cent. Harper Brush Works, 104 A St., Fairfield, Ia.

AGENTS—GET OUR BIG SAMPLE ASSORTMENT tea, coffee, extracts, spices, big line of foods, laundry and toilet soaps; things people eat and use daily; everything furnished. Send postal quick. Dept. A-89, Harley Company, Dayton, Ohio.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHING everything; men and women, $30.00 to $100.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. W. Hillyer Ragsdale, Drawer 2, East Orange, New Jersey.

AGENTS—SELL FULL LINE INTERLOCK guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. All styles, colors. 12 months demand. Satisfaction or money back guarantee. Full or spare time. Samples to start you. Parker Mfg. Co., Sample 509, Dayton, Ohio.

BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. EVERY owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 164, East Orange, N. J.

$100 WEEKLY — SELLS LIKE WILDFIRE. Klean-Rite Magic Washing Compound. No rubbing. Women crazy about it. Sells 25c; profit 18c. Premium plan gets business. Samples free. Bestever Products Co., 1941-B, Irving Park, Chicago.

EVERYBODY CAN SELL SMALL ARTICLE, which every poultry and livestock raiser needs. In full time or as side line. Price one dollar, easy to carry Big commission, no risk. Herman Zerweck, 507 Michigan City, Ind.

AGENTS—IF YOU HAVE FORMERLY SOLD felt rugs write for our new proposition concerning new goods. It's a winner. Newark Felt Rug Company, 56-E Bergen street, Newark, N. J.

AMAZING NEW BRIGHT LIGHT FOR kerosene lamps. No mantles. Supply easily carried. Quickly shown. Fast seller. Tremendous profits. Vapolite Co., Dept. 66, Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS—$10.00 DAILY ON SIDE. FACTORY, office employees; milk, grocery, laundry, butter deliveries; collectors, sell soaps, flavoring, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Bick Co., 118 B Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

EARN $10 DAILY SILVERING MIRRORS, plating, refinishing metalware, autos, chandeliers, headlights, tableware. Complete working outfits furnished. Y. Decie Laboratories, 1133 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 107-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

SELL "AMENZ" SHIRTS. WONDERFUL opportunity for bg profits. Made-to-measure and stock shirts; finest materials. Write for details. Menzin Shirt Co., 3863-B Third Ave., New York.

EARN BIG MONEY FAST APPLYING GOLD initials to autos. Every owner buys—$1.35 profit on $1.50 sale—particulars and samples free. Write quick. Lithogram Co., Dept. 22, East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—EZY REPAIR LINKS SELL TO every autoist on sight. You can coin money with a pocketful every day. Take my word Get details quick. You'll win. E. E. Elzey, Ezy Link Company, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

LARGE SHIRT MANUFACTURER WANTS agents to sell complete line of shirts direct to wearer. Exclusive patterns. Big values. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS: HOUSEWIVES EVERYWHERE delighted with new article which removes stains from clothing, table linen, etc. Write quick territory and sample. Make $2 an hour. Christy, 75 Union, Newark, New York.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, MAKE sparkling glass name plates, numbers, checkerboards, medallions, signs. Big illustrated book free. E. Palmer, 501, Wooster, Ohio.

AGENTS—CREW MEN, NOVELTY MEN. Gloo-Pen, a 50c mucilage fountain pen; everybody buys on demonstration. Write for big profit plan. Gloo-Pen Co., 75-BB Front St., New York.

AGENTS WANTED—(Continued)

MAKE MONEY SILVERING MIRRORS, all kinds plating, knives, spoons, auto headlights. Outfits furnished. Free booklet. International Laboratories, Dept. 20, 311 Fifth Ave., New York.

AGENTS' COST $5.00 YOUR PROFIT $103.75. Transferring monograms on autos, bags, trunks, furniture, etc. No skill required. Send for samples and particulars. World Monogram, Dept. 29, Newark, N. J.

$425.00 A MONTH MADE BY MR. BURTSCHI selling our spices, extracts, soaps, etc. Write for terms and territory. Lacassia Co., Dept. 116, St. Louis, Mo.

EASY SALES, QUICK RETURNS, 500% profit selling cocoanut oil shampoo, soaps, extracts, perfumes, combination sets, etc. B. Verdina Co., 200 East 23rd St., New York.

GET OUR FREE SAMPLE CASE—TOILET articles, perfumes and specialties. Wonderfully profitable. La Derma Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—NEW DISCOVERY MAKES ALL jelly "jell." Big profits, constant repeater. Sample free. Joy-Jel Company, 830 Grand, St. Joseph, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 126, St. Louis.

AGENTS — RAINCOATS FOR CHILDREN and adults. Good pay, free coat and samples. We deliver and collect. Veltex Mfg. Co., Dept. 200, Gardner, Mass.

MONEYMAKING BOOKS, PLANS, FORMULAS. Big catalog free. Ideal Book Shop, 5501-B North Robey, Chicago.

AGENTS—OUR SOAP AND TOILET ARTICLE plan is a wonder. Get our free sample case offer. Ho-Ro-Co., 125 Locust, St. Louis.

SELL EXTRACTS AND SOAPS; NO MONEY required. Linro Co., Dept. 134, St. Louis, Mo.

SHAVE WITHOUT RAZOR, NEW DISCOVERY, details free. American Pharmical Co., Box 24, Station A, Cincinnati, Ohio.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, O. GREATEST dry goods bargains on earth. Agents wanted.

HELP WANTED

APPLY NOW FOR GOOD JOBS, BETTER positions, salaried openings. Get place you want, anywhere. Particulars free. Write quick. National Employment Service, Box 258-K, Lincoln, Nebraska.

YOU ARE WANTED! GOVERNMENT JOBS. Railway mail clerks. City carriers. $1400-$2300. Steady work. List positions obtainable—free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S26, Rochester, N. Y.

STOP DAILY GRIND. SILVER MIRRORS, headlights, tableware. Replate stoves, jewelry, brassbeds. Dependable plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

BE A LANDSCAPE ARCHITECT! BIG SALARIES paid, very fascinating work. We tell you how. Landscapers, 425 Union League Building, Los Angeles, California.

MALE HELP WANTED

RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS, POSTOFFICE and other help wanted by Government. $1400 to $2300. Examinations everywhere soon. Write today for full information. Chicago Civil Service College, B-51 Kesner Building, Chicago.

MEN—PAY YOURSELF AND OTHERS REAL money. Buy and sell German marks, crowns, rubles and all kinds of currencies. Write for free dealers' quotations. George Grigoleit, 20 E. Jackson, Chicago.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITY to earn big money, travel, thousands of dollars offered in rewards; established 1909; particulars free. Write to C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE; large salaries; cities, towns, excellent positions; experience unnecessary; particulars free; Write National Headquarters, 186 East 79th, New York.

MEN OVER 18 WILLING TO TRAVEL. Make secret investigations. Reports. Salary and expenses. Experience unnecessary. Write J. Ganor, Former Govt. Detective, DE, St. Louis.

BECOME OUR LOCAL SALESMAN SELLING high grade shoes direct to consumer. Quick seller and good commission. Experience not necessary. Tanners Shoe Manufacturing Co., 494 C St., Boston, Mass.

GOVERNMENT NEEDS RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $133 to $192 month. Write for free specimen questions. Columbus Institute, D-2, Columbus, Ohio.

WANTED — LOCAL MANAGER IN EACH county for outdoor advertising. Big pay. Whole or spare time. No experience required. National Co., 211 Seventh, Louisville, Ky.

BE A DETECTIVE, $50-$100 WEEKLY, travel over world; experience unnecessary. American Detective Agency, 1000 Columbia, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, sleeping car, train porters (colored). $140-$200. Experience unnecessary. 686 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

AUTO EXPERTS NEEDED. $45.00 WEEK. Experience unnecessary. Sample correspondence lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 404, Rochester, N. Y.

DETECTIVES NEEDED EVERYWHERE. Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. Write, Captain Wagner, 1964 Broadway, New York.

1,000 DETECTIVE REPRESENTATIVES wanted. Interesting, profitable profession. Complete plans $3. Emerson Manning, Tappahannock, Va.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNNECESSARY. Travel; make secret investigations, report. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BEGINNERS $150- $250 monthly, railroads everywhere (which position?) Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BECOME DETECTIVE AND DO SECRET work in your town. National Detective Agency, Youngstown, Ohio.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FACTS ABOUT TEXAS OIL—MILLIONS LOST by investing blindly. Millions being made with small sums wisely invested. Write today for free trial subscription to The Texas Investor. No other journal like it. Oldest established oil and investment publication in Texas; published weekly in heart of world's richest oil fields by actual oil operator of long experience; shows how to save money on nearly any oil investment, and gives you facts and up-to-date reliable information no intelligent investor can afford to be without. Also get highly interesting, illustrated book, "Little Stories of Big Successes," telling actual inside history how many well known oil men quickly accumulated immense fortunes. Edition limited; write today. C. C. Cannan, Publisher, 501 Mason Bldg., Houston, Texas.

FREE. WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLE OF foreign money. We sell all kinds of currencies such as German marks. Austrian kronen, Soviet roubles. Also German and Austrian bonds. Public State Bank, Foreign Department, Chicago.

OIL—$2.00 MONTHLY BUYS DEED TO land and interest in oil well that should pay $100 for each $2.00 invested. Write for particulars. Texas Gulf Company, 333 Petroleum Bldg., Houston, Texas.

MONEY IN GRAIN—$12.50 BUYS GUARANTEES 10,000 bu. wheat; no further risk; movement 5c opportunity take $500; 4c, $400, etc. Particulars, market letter free. Investors' Guide, 203 Dwight Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

10,000 RUSSIAN ROUBLES, 25c; 10,000 Austrian kronen, 70c; 10,000 German marks, $1.50. Remit by money order only. Ask for free dealers price list. George Grigoleit, 20 E. Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MILLIONS ARE MADE ANNUALLY FROM oil in Texas. Our oil map is free. Get one. The Kennedy Oil Syndicate, Polytechnic, Texas.

GERMAN, AUSTRIAN, RUSSIAN MONEY! Others. We defy competition. Cheapest prices. Direct European connections. Hirschmark, 847 Huntspoint Ave., N. Y.

IF YOU HAVE $10 OR MORE TO INVEST let us show you how to make 1,000% or more on it. Address Scientific Speculation & Investment, Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

START A CLEANING, DYEING, PRESSING shop. Big profits. Experience unnecessary. Plans 25c. International, Dept. 11, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

GERMAN CITIES BONDS $3.00 PER 10,000 marks. Lists mailed. L. Grund, Logan Station, Philadelphia.

INVEST $2 A WEEK FOR A STEADY INCOME. Write for facts. Carl Schoonmaker, 45 W. 44th St., N. Y.

GET MY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE, $100 for $1 proposition. W. R. Voris, Franklin, Ind.

MEDICAL

QUICK RELIEF, INTESTINAL INDIGESTION, constipation, gall stone colic, uric acid, high blood pressure. Ed's Rochell Salt Compound Tablets, 25 and 50 cents at drug stores or by mail. Andula Medicine Company, Troy, N. Y.

WE WANT MEN SUFFERING FROM ANY weakness, chronic, nervous, skin, kidney or bladder disease to write us for free advice. Interesting book; symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Ries Company, Suite 210 & 211, Baltimore Building, St. Paul, Minn.

STOMACH TROUBLE, GAS, INDIGESTION, depression, etc., ended in three weeks—guaranteed. Try it at our risk. Don't waste time—don't suffer. Not a cent if it fails. C. Bommarit Co., Box 229, Saginaw, E. S., Mich.

MAIL ORDER BUSINESS

MAIL-ORDER BUSINESS STARTED ANYWHERE. Profitable, fascinating. Instruction course 25c. Samples free. Opportunities unexcelled. Cottrell Business Service, Dept. B, Chicago.

PERSONAL

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN. IF you want health, courage and strength, you should consult experienced specialists. We specialize in diseases of men. Chronic nervous, skin, kidney and bladder diseases. Write. Book symptom blank and advice free. Dr. Meyers, 816 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MEN—OUR TREATMENT NEVER FAILS to restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

LONESOMENESS, CHEERUP, OBSERVE: Greatest successful correspondence publication, 10c. National established reputation, perfected progressive methods, unequaled superlative service; surprisingly, convincive, valuable, interesting, unfailing information. B-70, Memphis, Tennessee.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOPLE, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

WOMEN—ERGOIL SAFELY RELIEVES. NO harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money refunded. Prepaid, $1.25. Dermitone Remedy Co., Dept. 4, 127 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

HAPPY MARRIAGE; CONFIDENTIAL DESCRIPTIONS free in plain sealed envelopes; many wealthy; reliable; established 19 yrs. Bank references. Mrs. Wrubel, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

MARRY RICH—WORLD'S LEADING CORRESPONDENCE club for lonely people. Many worth to $400,000. Quick results guaranteed. Confidential list free. Honorable Ralph Hyde, (86), San Francisco.

MARRY—FREE PHOTOGRAPHS, DIRECTORY and descriptions of wealthy members. Pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 81, Kansas City, Mo.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS DRINK SQUAW vine herb tea used by Indian mothers to promote easy childbirth; harmless, no drugs, $2 package. May Cochran, Long Beach, Calif.

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MARRY—JOIN THE HIGH CLASS SELECT club. Many wealthy, honorable, refined members everywhere. Confidential descriptions free in plain sealed envelope. Satisfaction assured. Long established, reliable. People's Club, Box 94, Los Angeles, Calif.

SORE LEGS WILL HEAL UNDER ANTI-Flamma Poultice Plaster. Describe case and get free sample. Bayles Distributing Co., 1856 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS, easily embarrassed? These troubles overcome. Send dime for particulars. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MARRY — MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and descriptions free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

STAGE SECRETS REVEALED. ACTRESS will send ten beauty formulas used by movie stars, $1. May Cochran, Long Beach, Calif.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS $6.00, superfluous hair permanently removed $4.00; guaranteed. Rachmaninoff Laboratories, St. Paul, Minn., Dept. J.

DIME GETS TWO WONDERFUL 25c ARTICLES, also extraordinary, easily worked plan, which pulled 84 quarters one day. Bowbeer, 1546 "C," Los Angeles.

MARRY IF LONELY; "HOME MAKER;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; years experience; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, California.

HAIR GROWN ON BALD HEADS WHERE fine fuzzy roots $10.00. Superfluous hair removed forever $5.00. Satisfaction or money back. Knapp Trio, St. Paul, Minn.

JOIN THE CLUB OF JOLLY PEOPLE. EXCHANGE letters and make real sweethearts. Send stamp. Eva Moore, Box 908, Jacksonville, Florida.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTING introductions, booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

INDEPENDENT WEALTHY WIDOW SEEKS correspondence with worthy gentleman, obj., mat. Stamped envelope. Box 1156, Milwaukee, Wisc.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL PAPER published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

IF YOU WISH A WEALTHY PRETTY GIRL, get busy. Write, inclosing addressed envelope. Lois Sproul, Cleveland, Ohio.

BRITISH GIRLS DESIRE AMERICAN CORRESPONDENTS. Proposition 10c. Clare, 16, Cambridge street, London, S. W., England.

LADIES, WRITE ME. BUSINESS MAN; healthy; some wealth. Box 894, Station H, Cleveland, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBLICATION for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55 Bridgeport, Connecticut.

FRIENDSHIP MAGAZINE—LEADING MATRIMONIAL and correspondence publication. Free. Address Lacy Brothers, Medina, N. Y.

IF YOU WISH A REAL LOVING LITTLE wifey and a home, write me enclosing stamp. Violet Raye, Dennison, Ohio.

HUNDREDS SEEKING MARRIAGE. IF SINCERE enclose stamp. Mrs. F. Willard, 2928 Broadway, Chicago, Illinois.

MARRY! FREE DIRECTORY WITH DESCRIPTIONS and photos. Bonafide Co., Dept. 5, Kansas City, Mo.

LOVE POWDER PERFUME. SOMETHING new, you'll be surprised, $1. May Cochran, Long Beach, Calif.

MARRY? JOIN THE "HOME CORRESPONDENCE Club." Particulars free, confidential. Mrs. Keena, B-23, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MAKE NEW FRIENDS. WRITE BETTY Lee, Inc., 4254 Broadway, New York City. Stamp appreciated.

WEALTHY YOUNG LADY, DECIDEDLY pretty and willing to marry. (Wilma) Care B-1022, Wichita, Kansas.

PHYSICIAN PAST 50, WORTH $30,000, wants wife. O-Box 35, League, Toledo, Ohio.

PRETTY BACHELOR GIRL WORTH $65,000 will marry. Club, Box 55, Oxford, Fla.

MISSING PERSONS

A department devoted to aiding readers of the Blade and Ledger in finding lost persons.

In sending information to the Missing Persons Department for publication in the Blade and Ledger, please write the information in the following order:

1, your name; 2, your address; 3, relation, if any, to lost person; 4, lost person's name; 5, age; 6, where last heard from; 7, when last heard from; 8, occupation, if any; 9, description.

Our rate for inserting notice will be $1 for 35 words and 10c for every additional word in excess of 35. To reproduce a photograph there will be an extra charge of $1.

Address Lost Persons Editor, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Richard Baumgardt, Erskine, Alta., Canada, wishes to hear from or concerning brother, Leo Baumgardt, 44 years old. Last heard from near Mankato, Minn., about 27 years ago. At the age of 17 years he was working for Louis Coal, 13 miles north of Mankato, Minn. Any information as to his whereabouts will be gratefully received.

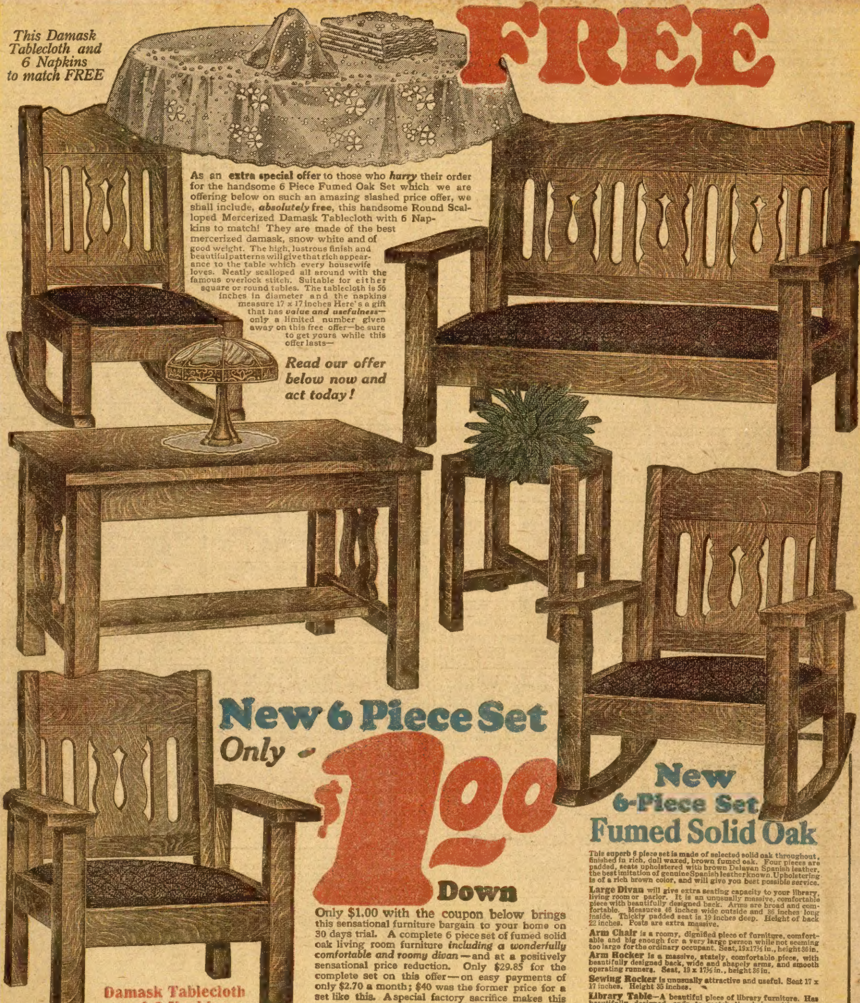
Mrs. Linda Miller, Kenvir, Ky., wishes to hear from or concerning brother, Sam Patrick, 38 years old. Last heard from in South Canon, Colo., in 1909. He has black hair and eyes. Information concerning this person will be gratefully received by his sister.

Mrs. Adler, 1085 New Hampshire St., Muscantine, Iowa, wishes to hear from, or concerning Rudolf Adler. Last heard from in Chicago, Illinois. He is a barber by trade and of German birth. Rudolf, please write if you read this; good news.

OTHER CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 24.

This Damask Tablecloth and 6 Napkins to match FREE

FREE



As an **extra special offer** to those who ***harry*** their order for the handsome 6 Piece Fumed Oak Set which we are offering below on such an amazing slashed price offer, we shall include, ***absolutely* free**, this handsome Round Scalloped Mercerized Damask Tablecloth with 6 Napkins to match! They are made of the best mercerized damask, snow white and of good weight. The high, lustrous finish and beautiful patterns will give that rich appearance to the table which every housewife loves. Neatly scalloped all around with the famous overlock stitch. Suitable for either square or round tables. The tablecloth is 56 inches in diameter and the napkins measure 17 x 17 inches Here's a gift that has ***value and usefulness***—only a limited number given away on this free offer—be sure to get yours while this offer lasts—

Read our offer below now and act today!

New 6 Piece Set

Only $1.00 Down

Only $1.00 with the coupon below brings this sensational furniture bargain to your home on 30 days trial. A complete 6 piece set of fumed solid oak living room furniture ***including a wonderfully comfortable and roomy divan***—and at a positively sensational price reduction. Only $29.85 for the complete set on this offer—on easy payments of only $2.70 a month; $40 was the former price for a set like this. A special factory sacrifice makes this slash in price possible now. **And Special Now—set of 6 Damask napkins and tablecloth FREE, if you send at once.**

Damask Tablecloth and 6 Napkins FREE

30 Days Trial—$2.70 a Month

When you get this magnificent 6-Piece Set, put it in your living room or library and use it freely for 30 days. Note the massive, solid construction, the beautiful fumed oak finish—the fine upholstery and graceful lines. Compare it with anything you can buy locally at anywhere near the same price—**even for spot cash.** Then if not satisfied for any reason, return the set at our expense and we will refund your $1.00 at once, plus any freight charges you have paid. If you decide to keep the set, start paying only $2.70 a month until you have paid $29.85—payments so low and so convenient that you will scarcely feel them. A full year to pay—at the rate of only a few cents a day. This wonderful value is not listed in our regular catalog. We trust honest people anywhere in the United States. We have only a limited number of sets—so send your order today. **No discount for cash, nothing extra for credit. No C. O. D.**

Free Bargain Catalog

Shows thousands of bargains in home furnishings: furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, phonographs, stoves, dishes, aluminum ware, porch and lawn furniture, etc. All sold on easy terms. Catalog sent free, with or without order. See the coupon.

Cut Price—Send Now!

Don't delay. Just send $1.00 along with the coupon. If you wish to return the set after 30 days, your dollar will be refunded, plus all freight charges which you paid. Remember, this is a special, limited, reduced price offer. **Damask tablecloth and 6 napkins FREE to those who order at once.)** Get your set while this offer lasts. 30 days trial—we take all the risk—costs you nothing if not satisfied. No obligation. Send coupon today—NOW!

Straus & Schram, Dept. 8534 Chicago, Ill.

New 6-Piece Set Fumed Solid Oak

This superb 6 piece set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Four pieces are padded, seats upholstered with brown Delavan Spanish leather, the best imitation of genuine Spanish leather known. Upholstering is of a rich brown color, and will give you best possible service.

Large Divan will give extra seating capacity to your library, living room or parlor. It is an unusually massive, comfortable piece with beautifully designed back. Arms are broad and comfortable. Measures 46 inches wide outside and 36 inches long inside. Thickly padded seat is 19 inches deep. Height of back 22 inches. Posts are extra massive.

Arm Chair is a roomy, dignified piece of furniture, comfortable and big enough for a very large person while not seeming too large for the ordinary occupant. Seat, 19x17½ in., height 36 in.

Arm Rocker is a massive, stately, comfortable piece, with beautifully designed back, wide and shapely arms, and smooth operating runners. Seat, 19 x 17½ in., height 36 in.

Sewing Rocker is unusually attractive and useful. Seat 17 x 17 inches. Height 35 inches.

Library Table—A beautiful piece of library furniture. Has beautifully designed ends to match the chairs with roomy magazine shelf below. Legs cut of 2 in. stock. Massive, dignified. Top measures 23½ x 34 in.

Jardiniere Stand matches other pieces. A decoration to your living room or library. Carefully built throughout. Measures 17½ in. high; the top is 12x12 in.

Entire set is shipped knocked down construction. Very easy to set up. Saves in freight charges. Weight about 175 pounds.

Tablecloth and Six Napkins FREE

Order by No. B7520A. $1.00 with coupon, $2.70 a month, price $29.85

Straus & Schram, Dept. 8534 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship special advertised 6-piece Fumed Oak Library Set, with Tablecloth and six Napkins FREE. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set, I will pay you $2.70 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set, tablecloth and six napkins, within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ **6-Piece Library Set No. B7520A, $29.85**

Name ....

Street, R.F.D. or Box No. ....

Shipping Point ....

Post Office.............................. *State*..............................

If you want ONLY our free catalog of home furnishings, mark X here. ☐